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THE LAST YEARS
OF
ST. ANDREWS

SEPTEMBER 1890 TO SEPTEMBER 1895

BY THE AUTHOR OF

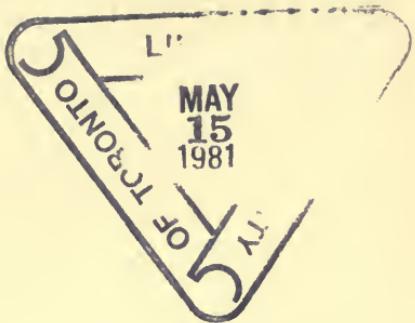
'TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF ST ANDREWS'
'THE RECREATIONS OF A COUNTRY PARSON' &c.

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.

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W/S

TO THE DEAR MEMORY OF
ANTHONY LORD BISHOP OF WINCHESTER
THIS BOOK IS INSCRIBED
IN TOKEN OF
THE WARM AND CONSTANT FRIENDSHIP OF
THIRTY-THREE YEARS

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THE
LAST YEARS OF ST. ANDREWS

CHAPTER I

AFTER ALL THESE YEARS

THIS is Wednesday, September 18, 1895. And ‘Evening in the West,’ as Wordsworth expressed it, ‘sinks smilingly forsown.’ It was a gloomy, rainy, and stormy forenoon. The tall oaks just outside my study windows were wrestling with the blast, and they showed dark against an inky sky. The equinoctial gales had come, not untimely. But now the carefully-mown grass in the little square on which I look out blazes golden-green in the setting sun ; and twelve little boys and girls are playing upon it. The long leaves of these uncommon oaks glitter. But the trees towards the sunset have grown so much that there is no looking-out now, as four years since, on the strath, green and golden, which stretches to Clatto Hill. The light is failing faster than one would wish. But something must be written to-day, and written by daylight, before setting one’s face to the evening rest, changed utterly, like everything else, to this lonely writer now.

I was ordained this day forty-four years: that is, admitted to the full orders of the Kirk of Scotland. For ten months before, I had been a licenciate, qualified or at least accredited to conduct ordinary services in church, but not to celebrate the sacraments or to officiate at a wedding. On September 18, 1851, twenty-three hands were laid upon my bowed head as I knelt: the hands of good men fully ordained by a previous generation of men fully ordained: and these again in long succession back to the very first of the Church. The beloved Liddon would have said that ever so many presbyters without a Bishop had no power to hand on the commission. But indeed in the solemn ordination of the Kirk, one of the Presbytery is *prelatus*, set above the others, for that day and that duty: and the only question is, must that prelacy be abiding or may it be ephemeral? This is all that keeps the two National Establishments, South and North of the famous Tweed, apart from one another: to the great sorrow of the best men in either.

In Scotland, ordination is given almost invariably along with induction to the charge of a parish. On September 18, 1851, being twenty-five years of age, and regarding myself as quite old enough for anything, I became incumbent of a parish of nearly five thousand souls. Everything about that departed day comes back to me in this hour as though it had been yesterday. I do not know whether or not other men possess that awfully-retentive memory which makes the long past live again. Many a time have I wished that my memory was not nearly so good: if good

be the word. Many a year has slipped away since Mr. Brewer of King's College in London (whereof I am unworthily a Fellow) set to many youths the task of writing a Latin Essay on the subject : *Hoc est vivere bis, vitâ posse priore frui.* Even on that early day I was aware that Mr. Rogers had set Martial's words at the beginning of the *Pleasures of Memory*. And I wondered if anybody had ever found enjoyment in a too-vivid revival of past time.

Ever since that day, forty-four years since, the writer has borne the anxious responsibility of a parochial charge : which sometimes has lain very heavily indeed. The famous parish of which he is now minister is his fourth. But by the provision of the law of this land, you continue to be incumbent of the parish you leave behind until the moment you become incumbent of that to which you are going. There can be no falling between two stools. The burden is never off the back. And as strength increases where it is called to heavier work, even so it diminishes where there is less to do. I never felt more anxious nor burdened, than when I held the beautiful country parish of Kirkpatrick-Irongray in Galloway, from which I went to Edinburgh nearly thirty-seven years ago. I never went to church more anxious about my service, than when on a bright summer Sunday I walked through ancient graves blazing white with great daisies, to preach in that little Kirk. Many times in after years, I have preached to two thousand souls with entire self-possession. Of course, one does not wish to feel quite cool in such circumstances. There must be some tension to the

end. Otherwise the duty will be lamely done: lamely done (that is) in the judgment of a Scottish congregation. Our work is done at high pressure.

If I had known in those days that the time would come in which a great English Prelate would think it worth while to make 'a pilgrimage' (so he called it) to see that Kirk and Manse, and would write me a touching account of it,¹ the incident would have appeared all but incredible. Even so had I been told that the sermons, nervously preached in that little church which can take in a flock of two hundred and twenty when quite full (which it never was), being published, would speedily be sold to the number of far more than a hundred thousand copies. For I had no confidence in myself, or in them. Indeed the season was going over, in which a homely individual informed me, when I had ministered in a little country church, that my sermons 'did not guv sahtisfahction': likewise when a worthy lady, having listened contemptuously, stated that the writer 'might dicht his neb and flee up': that is, might finally retire from public notice. A 'religious' newspaper, published in London, at that time declared that I was 'a Socinian.' And an extremely vulgar and self-sufficient old woman, who had counted how often the name of the Blessed Redeemer occurred in a sermon, volunteered to my saintly Father the statement 'I suppose he thought that saying fine things would make up for his not preaching the Goaspel': so she rendered the word. We have all had to run the gauntlet of that kind of thing, and

¹ *St. Andrew: and Elsewhere*: pp. 31-33.

sometimes a youth is tripped-up by it: and held back from preferment. I was a youth when I wrote the sermon, which the old woman condemned. But I delivered it within the last month to a dense crowd, which listened in that hush which is the reward of the public speaker. Looking back, one recalls with pure amazement the bitter Pharisaic Calvinism of ‘serious’ men and women in that lamentable time: the stupidity, self-sufficiency, and sourness. ‘Don’t read Macaulay’s History,’ I remember well: ‘he is not a man of Goad’ (*sic*). I hear yet (I was a young student) ‘The Church of England! Many of its Bishops are not evangelical men. And the closing organ-voluntary means *We’ll all go merry home!*’ It is easy to laugh at such things now. To laugh at them then was perilous to any youth entering the Kirk. I sometimes recall the virulent attacks on Episcopacy we heard continually from one of our Professors: a clever man too. It was always ‘The Prelatists.’ And I can testify that the learned man’s observations left an abiding result upon all his students who were worth counting: finally repelling them from opinions set forth so rabidly. We all came forth from those diatribes as Broad Highchurchmen, with a very strong bias towards Anglicanism. Yet we both liked and respected our instructor. He was a kindly and laborious soul. And I enjoyed his high favour: possibly through practising a certain ‘economy.’ A student will always remember pleasantly the Professor who informed the class that he was *facile princeps* among them. It was a cheering day on which the observation was made. I had learned,

early, to keep my real views to myself, in certain company.

The touching incidents in the writer's whole life tend to happen together. Last Saturday, September 14, 1895, I completed thirty full years as minister of St. Andrews. Thus I get to the very end of my tether. Never, for a minute, have I thought of going elsewhere. I have been offered a good many livings since I came here : three of them in the most beautiful of cities. Not a soul outside this house was ever told : and only one within it. It has ever appeared a singularly-contemptible thing to coquet with offers, and then make capital of having declined them. And I have remarked that the men who make capital in that way not unfrequently pretend to have declined places which were never offered to them. Assuredly these men failed to grasp the manifest fact that you cannot say you have been offered any place unless you have been offered it by somebody who can give it to you. I have known an old woman designate one, grievously unfit, to be Archbishop of Canterbury. I have known the Chair of St. Peter offered to a Canon of York, who said he would have accepted it had it been offered in due form by the Conclave of Cardinals. My position was humble : also quite intelligible. Several of the livings I should have accepted thankfully had I still been in the beautiful valley of the Cairn : that is, if I could have screwed up courage to accept any of them. A few years more than my five in that sweet rural place, and I should never have dared to go to town. For a reason, I record here that just once I

was asked, by one commissioned to sound me, whether I would accept a certain pleasant charge which somebody else has for long admirably filled. I never have chosen to answer the inquiry, *Would you take such a living if you could get it?* My reply, by the earliest post, was that if the living in question were offered, I should carefully consider things. And it was not offered. So what might have been a real temptation was withheld.

When one read long ago in Wordsworth of ‘a day like this which I have left Full thirty years behind,’ the famous words appeared to make mention of something impossible in one’s own experience. Other men might be able to look back so far, but never we. And even so when having reached the age of thirty-three, and writing the introductory essay to a first volume which has found many readers: one tried to look into the veiled possibilities of coming time. It was in a solemn churchyard on a sunshiny morning of July: a churchyard which a Guide-Book to Scotland calls ‘a romantic cemetery on the banks of the Cairn’: I see yet the great daisies, widely-opened in the morning sunshine. On most summer mornings I went there with a very little girl who is not a little girl now. That churchyard was never locked-up, God be thanked. It was a cheerful and beautiful place: and pilgrims without number visited it for the sake of her whom Sir Walter made known to all the world as Jeanie Deans. The clear, swift river ran by it on two sides: on the other sides were oaks, four hundred years old. From what was once my little vestry window the beloved Bishop Thorold of Winchester looked

out, and wrote that ‘the view up the valley is serene and lovely.’ I made quite sure I was to go before him. But after many weeks together in this last summer he was called to go first: like nearly every one the writer has valued most. But I pass from that now, and the reader may be sure that the words written more than six-and-thirty years since had nothing in them of falsetto.

‘You sit on the gravestone of your predecessor who died two hundred years since: and you count five, six, seven spots where those who served the cure before you sleep. Then, leaning your head upon your hand, you look thirty years into the Future; and wonder whether you are to grow old.’

That day thirty years that they were written, I read these lines again. I was to grow old. I had done so. And that day thirty-one years (it ‘happened by chance,’ as the youth in second Samuel expressed the fact¹) I went for the night to the manse which had been our home; and went the little way to the churchyard and looked round. The place was changed. Some additional ground had been taken into the old burial-place. And in that new space two men were laid, known to me very long before those words were written: each of them years younger than myself: each specially cheery and life-like when I had seen them last, not long before. A new generation had come into that sylvan vale which knew not the old minister. I could find but one woman who remembered me. And she knew nothing earthly of how things had gone

¹ I. 6.

with me since we last foregathered. Plainly she thought I ought to have been dead ; or in any case, not living on. So I came away. And now that I have received the sad news that two of the grand beeches before the manse went down in a terrible storm last winter, likewise that the acacia perished, and many other familiar trees, I shall never see Irongray again. Indeed, had the place remained as beautiful as it used to look on July days departed, I should never have had heart to go back to it now.

A year ago, ending a volume which perhaps the reader of this page has seen,¹ I said that if I were allowed to complete thirty years in this charge, I might try to continue a modest chronicle which came to a close five years since, and which had the singular good fortune to find many of the most sympathetic of readers.² For the simple story, if truly told, of the uneventful life of a human being of no earthly distinction, will find its way to various hearts. No doubt, it is likely to irritate some, who will diligently put about the expression of their deep regret that the writer has made many bitter enemies. But the kindly prophecy, which was meant to fulfil itself, has proved signally untrue in my case. Wherefore I am setting myself, as I may, and not knowing whether the book is to be finished, to the history of these last years of St. Andrews. I knew enough, a year since, to be able to say it would be a simple but pathetic story, the story of

¹ *St. Andrews and Elsewhere* : p. 384.

² *Twenty-Five Years of St. Andrews*.

the years since the Twenty-Five. But I never dreamt how sorrowful a story it was to be.

If I am ever able to relate how it has gone with this little household since January of this awful 1895, the story must come in its proper place. It cannot be told now. For overwhelming trouble has come to us, such as never came before though God has given our share. Those who are young and strong will doubtless in some way get over it, though it can never be forgot even by them : but the writer's life is ended. And indeed it is nearly time. For our years are three-score and ten ; and in a little while that span will have been measured out to him. And having been brought to the very edge, and having gone through an inconceivable experience of suffering in body and mind, I was feebly trying to struggle back to life only because entreated by one who thought she needed me for a while, when the overwhelming blow fell which had never once been anticipated, and with few hours' warning (never knowing she was dying) she died. I have come back to life fit for very little : and after five months of hopeless weakness am allowed to attempt a little part, for a little while, of the work I have done so long. I can venture to say no more than that it seems now, though one often repined in these vanished years, as if nothing could be so very bad so long as she was here. Of course, I have the most certain assurance of her happiness : and death seems very simple and easy, and absolutely without fear. One thinks often, too, that should the anxious morning come (and very many have come), there will be

some poor cheer in the remembrance that nothing can vex her now. But this dwelling is desolate, where everything recalls the one who had to go first : to go from life which she enjoyed, and where she was prized beyond words by many. And then, the kindest friend of thirty-three years to whom I feebly went in my black days, is gone. He was sympathetic as few can be, and wise : also bright and cheery, though (as he said) his scars were more than mine : and he was overworking to a degree almost incredible. What numbers heard that voice on public occasions in these last weeks : how many sought his counsel in private ! Life-like was no word to express that wonderful vitality which put weariness aside. And he was not old for his great office. None could have dreamt that in less than three months from the day on which I wearily climbed the long steps of Farnham Castle, its master was to go. He had made it both princely and homelike within and without: and sitting (warmly wrapped) in the May sunshine under a blossoming cherry-tree below the Keep, he delighted to point out the beautiful groups of elms, old and gigantic, in the far-spreading Park. I see, now, the slender active figure (he looked ten years less than his age) sitting down on the long low wall that blazed with great red roses which bounded the long terrace above the little red town, and eagerly leaning over to see a blossoming tree in the garden beneath, which had blossomed for him for the last time. But I must not think, now, of countless life-like words and looks, through the weeks of this departing summer, of the brother who has

gone before. He was seventy on June 13 of this year: just six months older than the writer: and this was the eighteenth successive summer of which we had been some part together. Only let me in a sentence tell of something which preachers will think strange. Our last evening together was that of Sunday June 30. Next day we parted. He knew that I had given the week before to trying to write a sermon for the morning of Sunday July 6, when after long silence I was (if I could) to preach here once more. And he asked me to read it to him: the last sermon he was ever to hear. It was in the great drawing-room, with the old Bishops looking down from the walls. When did I last read a sermon aloud to any mortal? Not, I am sure, for forty years: when in my study at Newton-on-Ayr I read one to my Father. The kindest of friends had ever a kind word for everything one did. And he said the text was a sermon to each of us: each somewhat stricken. It was from St. Paul: 'So soon as I shall see how it will go with me.' And so kindly anxious to know how I had been able to deliver it. He wrote on that Sunday afternoon, 'So the sermon is over. I long to know how you bore it. This afternoon, when I have been sitting out in the grounds, I think you have been resting: and soon the re-action will come, and you will feel all the old love and delight in the duty.' And then he went on with many words, in which wisdom and kindly sympathy were blended as they have been in the words of few. Specially he pressed (which I desired not at all) that he

expected me to survive him, and to work for ten years yet. I could not say Amen.

He would have liked to live, I know. He loved his work beyond expression. And though the responsibility of his place was awful, and felt most deeply, yet he had a power to cast the burden off for a little time, and to be bright and cheery as few of his years. His mind was capable of being applied to weighty cares and to lighter matters. I remember the marvellous ingenuity with which he elicited from an old gentleman who did not desire to tell it exactly how old he was. I knew what the Bishop was going to do: and thought what a cross-examiner was lost in him. And Mr. Bret Harte's famous hero never looked so simple and guileless as did the wily Prelate that evening. Then whoever has read that series of popular devotional books of which he was author, will know how the depths of religious experience were touched by his keen pen. It seems to me that it would have been better by far had he been left, and somebody else taken. Somebody who whether fit to go or not was certainly willing.

But setting myself to the present task, I try to remember his words: words which expressed something keenly felt by him. Only four were present: all these very special friends. Something had been said (it is some years since) as to how much he would be missed when his great place should be left vacant. But the dear man, the most lovable of the race, spoke with some measure of heat and impatience: I never saw him show so much feel-

ing, nor speak so eagerly. ‘Nothing of that kind,’ he said: ‘no brooding on the past. Lay me in the earth : sing *Now the labourer’s task is o’er* : then go away back to your work and take to it as hard as you can !’ I am quite sure that this is wise : but not every one can do it.

Not at first, certainly. And some can say good-bye to places, to work, to people, far more easily than others. To these last, the wrench is terrible ; and can never be made anything less. If I live, I shall come by the process of time to the place where the story of this sad year will come to be told as I cannot tell it now. But even now, I cannot bid farewell to that familiar spot without testifying that beautiful as it is, and warm as was the welcome there, these six or seven weeks in April, May and June, were a most miserable time. Things lightened, somewhat, when we sat down together and talked : and when he listened patiently to what one could not have told to any one else. But he had to be much away on duty : and there were long days and nights quite alone. Often I heard midnight strike from the queer little erection which old Bishop Sumner had set up : and the line from Christabel came with sorrowful iteration, ‘Twas the middle of night by the castle clock.’ Very often I slowly walked round every corner of the pleasance which surrounds the house, getting every detail into memory. For weeks, at first, the Keep was too much to climb. But there is a tree close to the corner of the terrace which touches the Park where one could sit down for long, and study the aspect of the castle stretching away to Bishop Fox’s great red tower : getting

each window by heart, and the venerable pile from the velvet turf below to the blue sky above : I do not believe that any mortal who knew that dwelling through its long centuries ever knew it better than I do. It is like the most familiar face. But surrounding all the sight of it, and now all the remembrance of it, was the never-absent ache. Sometimes, in a bewildered way, one would count the daisies (they count up to an incredible sum) : only thinking who was cold and dark beneath them for a while : only recalling the dying Keats, and 'I feel the daisies growing over me.' One's sole occupation in that time was to read : and one hated the books which were read more than words can say. One which abides as a nightmare (I grieve to say it) is Bishop Creighton's laborious and admirable History of the Papacy. What a story of the very vilest of the race compassing the high places of the Church of Christ ! When I expressed my feeling to the dear Bishop (of Winchester, not of Peterborough), he said there could hardly be stronger proof of the divine origin of Christianity than that it survived being represented by those unhung blackguards. I fancy that even Cardinal Newman, though hating 'the liberal spirit' so much, would have admitted that such Popes would have been impossible in the days of halfpenny newspapers. Half-a-dozen numbers of the outspoken *Truth* (edited by Mrs. Thorold's brother) would have ended the accursed line. One felt it hard that the very vividness and excellence of Bishop Creighton's history made it such painful reading to a soul in the depths. The only comfort one had in going through

the long volumes was to mark how a deserving man got on : the unknown incumbent, dating from some quiet spot in the North, gradually rising to where he ought to be. Let it be recorded, here, that at an earlier period, when still unable to walk or stand, and carried to a sofa, I read Mr. Balfour's *Foundations of Belief* with real interest. It was the last book ever given to me by my wife, and I read it for an hour daily, she sitting by. I read it to the end of discovering whether in that season of deadly weakness I had been stricken idiotic : and it was cheering to find I understood it and followed it with perfect ease : as indeed was only becoming in one who had worked, as hard as any, in metaphysical lore, in old days in Glasgow College. There is something in nature as well as in training. I remember how after one of Professor Edward Caird's Gifford Lectures a worthy Doctor approached me, and said 'Could you make head or tail of that? I could not understand a word of it.' I answered with a civil economy. For the entire discourse had been to me just as clear and simple as the alphabet. I do not mean by this that I thought it true. You may soak yourself in Hegel till you announce as a self-evident truth what ordinary souls do not see to be a truth at all.

Here I pass away from Farnham Castle till I come to it in my poor history : if I am to come. In any case, it is only a memory now : that kindly place is left behind for ever. Often I looked at the house intently, coming up from the town. Out and in, I committed it to remembrance : the quaint inner courts, the solemn chapel, the Keep with

its rose-garden and its peaceful prospects, the expanses of irregular roof, where Time had made the tiles rich to see ; the touching outlook on the red town, glowing in the sunset among green trees as the great orb came round again. And I had my room in that house, which was my own : a sad place indeed through these weeks of this year's summer for suffering both of body and mind. But every corner of the place was Home, like my own dwelling of these many years. These things matter not now. For to me, always, the place ceases to be when the people leave it. I should not find it, or anything like it, if I were to go back. For me, Farnham Castle perished when Bishop Thorold died.

There is a gate in Ghent,—I passed beside it :
A threshold there, worn of my frequent feet,
Which I shall cross no more.

CHAPTER II

FROM SEPTEMBER 1890

THIS time five years since, when the history of my Twenty-five Years of St. Andrews ended, I was Moderator of the Kirk. The proper title is indeed no more than Moderator of the General Assembly. But there is a tendency to push on. The Chief Justice of the Court of Queen's Bench (Sir Matthew Hale called himself no more) has come to be called Chief Justice of England. And in an Institution which has thought to expel nature by declaring that all its clergy stand on a dead level (there being no hierarchy at all), this tendency becomes specially manifest. Every one knows how common Colonels and Generals become under a Republic; and likewise how under that form of government preachers of whom one never heard come to be decorated with degrees above measure by Universities of which one never heard. Even here, I have noted a great unwillingness in certain parsons, of little account, to reveal where their degrees (I mean their Doctors' degrees) came from. Such have generally no degree in arts; having either been plucked, or wisely abstained from presenting themselves for examination where they were sure to be plucked. Such Doctors, of various faculties, were certainly

dubbed by quite unknown seats of learning outside the British seas : and in some cases have even assumed the title without troubling any University at all. I recall, vividly, a man who presented himself before a Presbytery of which I was a member, seeking admission to the Kirk, and describing himself as a Doctor of Divinity. Certain admirable souls, interested in the ‘body’ he proposed to leave, hastened to make it known that he had no degree whatever, from any University whatever. The good man, being somewhat sharply interrogated, admitted that he had none, and declared that he had never pretended to have any. But he asseverated that, in his judgment, Doctor of Divinity was the proper designation of every preacher, whatever his place or years. But this simplicity was too much for the Church-Court to which he had made application : which by this time had ascertained that the name under which he presented himself was not that which his father had borne. Here, too, his excuse was ready. ‘My father’s name was Thom : so I thought myself entitled to call myself Thomson.’ Strange to say, an uncomfortable feeling diffused itself that there was something not wholly satisfactory ; and Thomson, D.D. (calling himself so) was not admitted to the Scottish national Ministry. Many years after, I found him elsewhere : doing quite respectable work. I was in close relation with those who could have crushed him. But, hoping that the poor soul had just for once been tempted into doing a regrettable thing, I spake no word. He has long since gone where it would not matter to him though I gave time and place now.

Doctor Thomson's case (that was not his name) is to be distinguished from the case of men who make urgent application to the Professors for the desired distinction : sometimes declaring that they have on various occasions declined a proper diocesan bishopric in the great Church of England. I am not a Professor, and make it my rule not to interfere in such matters : but the number of times is beyond counting on which I have been urged by entire strangers to press their claims on the authorities of at least two Universities. Just this morning a letter has come from very far away : a letter of five large pages, from a man of whom I never heard : and marked *Private and Confidential*. I have not as yet read the confidential communication : and probably shall not read it at all. But I see at a glance that what is desired is that I should canvass the Professors of the University of St. Andrews to the end that they should give a Doctor's degree (any kind will do) to a preacher whose name and being are absolutely unknown to me. Which it is absolutely certain that I will not. Other people are not so scrupulous. It would be pleasant if some mark could be attached to the names of Pushers who get their friends, male and female, to write to and call upon the Professors, entreating that such a man should be decorated in a fashion which (one would say) must be a daily wonder to himself. It certainly is a wonder to every one else. I should be pleased to indicate some individuals I have in my mind. But it might aggrieve them : likewise their friends male and female.

The most interesting visitors whom St. Andrews received in the autumn of 1890 were Mr. Buckle, the Editor of *The Times*, and his wife. Mrs. Buckle is the daughter of that bright and charming writer, Mr. James Payn. To see her recalled vividly the first time I ever met her father. When I went to Edinburgh in April 1859, Mr. Payn was Editor of *Chambers' Journal*. It was all very well for *Punch*, long ago, to poke some good-natured fun at that popular weekly by quoting from it the 'startling and original sentiment, *All must die*.' But only those who know how awful was the literature which was read by the Scottish peasantry before the kindly brothers started their Journal, know how deep is the obligation of this country to its first editors. I do not know whether the Journal ever attained great popularity in England. But in Scotland it was read by everybody who read anything at all. Certainly it did not fall off under Mr. Payn. In 1859 the Editor of the *Edinburgh Courant*, a cultivated organ of quiet and reasonable conservatism, was Mr. Watson : a scholarly and attractive man and writer ; and a special friend of Sir Arthur Helps. Helps made me known to him : and he speedily asked me to dinner, to meet Mr. Russel of *The Scotsman*, Mr. James Payn (never named without the Christian name), and some others. These are the guests who stand out in memory. Payn was wonderfully bright and cheery : Russel was dry, cynical, fluent, marvellously sharp and clever. He was much the elder of the two. I listened intently, as one who had seen hardly any mortal who ever got into print. A good deal was at that

time said in Edinburgh about garotters : and Payn, who lived in a pretty and retired crescent with fine trees in my Edinburgh parish, expressed some apprehensions as to what might happen to him returning home at night. Whereupon Russel exclaimed, contemptuously, ‘ Oh, you’re perfectly safe ! They would know they could not get more than three halfpence out of you.’ For indeed such was the sum for which you could buy the famous Journal. But, swift as lightning, Payn burst forth : ‘ Still less would they meddle with you ! They would know that a penny was the utmost you would have about you.’ Russel regarded his junior with kindly appreciation of his smartness ; and answered, ‘ I saw that opening the instant I had spoken.’ For *The Scotsman* then, as now, cost that sum.

I suppose Scotland has never seen so brilliant an Editor of a daily newspaper as Russel. One felt, reading an article by him, what Helps said he felt in listening to a speech by Follett, that, though not caring in the least about the subject discussed, the marvellous brightness, originality, and tact, fascinated one. Yet sometimes for a week together he would write commonplace sensible articles ; and having then flashed out, would listen with a silent smile when some one said, ‘ Ah, we all saw your hand back again in this morning’s paper : how we have missed you for these days past ! ’ It seemed as if he sometimes resolved to be *par negotiis neque supra* ; and to prove that, contrary to the common belief, a wonderfully-clever man might yet be perfectly judicious. The writer, feeling no

interest earthly in ordinary political squabbling and wrangling, never read through Russel's occasional commonplaces. But he never forgets the other kind of thing : not after five-and-thirty years. One morning Russel took up a lecture which the cleverest and kindest of eminent Scotch Judges, the late Lord Ardmillan, had delivered against Darwinism. The point which the Judge pressed was that the doctrine of evolution degrades humanity, making brutal apes our ancestors. 'Not a bit,' said Russel, writing merely for his personal diversion. 'It is only our physical and material nature which comes to us through beasts our progenitors. Our intellectual and moral nature never came from them. It is certain fact that even yet, our bodies are made up of contributions from inferior animals. Why, Lord Ardmillan himself is largely derived from the cow. The very throat through which he now attacks Mr. Darwin was, a short time ago, in another form, bellowing in some Highland pasture.' And so Russel went on, with irresistible force, to show that we are all made up, to a great degree, of butter, cheese, beef and mutton, and even of grain and fruits which never had conscious life at all. Yet nobody sees any degradation of the race in this undeniable condition of our being.

I remember how *Adam Bede* was discussed that evening. The famous story had just been published. Not a soul suspected that it was written by a woman. Indeed, Russel was quite sure it was written by a man, whose personal experience had been even such as the heartless young squire's of the plot. He declared this in epigram-

matic terms, not to be related here. Principal Tulloch used to tell how John Blackwood, astutest of editors and publishers, made perfectly sure that George Eliot was a man, and wrote letters to the author under that undoubted conviction. But a little later I met for the first time Edmund Yates, in the last years just about the closest friend of Dickens. Yates told me that Dickens discerned the secret at once. With absolute assurance the sensitive genius said, 'That book was written by a woman.' I make no claim earthly to any special intuition. But having rapidly gone through the book once, with profound admiration of most of it, I made sure that the fact was as it soon proved to be. I never opened the book again. The story was quite too painful for art: in my unworthy judgment. Which I am well aware is, on such a question, of no value at all. I dare not read a good and life-like fiction: if it deals with irremediable wrong. I got through *The Bride of Lammermoor* just once, when I was a boy. But I will read *Guy Mannering* once a month, regularly, if needful. I will read the ghost story in *Redgauntlet* once a week, indefinitely.

All this has been suggested by the parentage of the great Editor's wife. With him everybody here was delighted. One was, indeed, disillusioned in some measure. There had been some vague impression that he who steered the course of that tremendous organ which gives voice to the common sense of most, would walk apart from his fellow-men, his countenance deeply worn with thought and strife, and occasionally uttering a moody laugh of

scorn of the petty judgments of ordinary mortals. It was not so. Mr. Buckle looked as cheery as though he bore no responsibility at all. He was just an unaffected, scholarly, well-read and altogether attractive gentleman. There was not a vestige of pretence about him: not a suggestion that he wielded a mysterious power which I say not could make a man, for that is a small matter, but which could tell the great mass of educated folk of no very decided convictions what they had in fact been thinking upon all possible subjects, they being quite unaware of the fact till they beheld their own views admirably set out in such form that it appeared that every reasonable being must think even so. He wore his weight lightly as a flower. How could he do it? How could he go about the Links looking like any one who was nobody in particular? I know not. But I know he did it. And he charmed us all.

Even so did the lady. But of her I venture not to speak. Only it may be said that one day they came and dined with us, when we had the Vicar of Aylesford and his wife staying here. Canon Grant is an Oxford man: and Mr. Buckle was a Fellow of All Souls: so they had much in common. The electors to that Fellowship must have forgot the *mediocriter docti* on that occasion, for they chose a Double First.

On another day my brother James and his wife drove Mr. Buckle and me to Magus Muir: and we two went through the thick wood to the spot where Archbishop Sharp was murdered. The rough pyramid was there, with

its Latin inscription. The Fellow of All Souls was instantly down upon it. For it is nothing to say it is not scholarly : it is not grammar. I know who wrote it : but no pressure shall elicit the fact. When the grand old laird of that spot rejected Dean Stanley's truly Broad inscription, which was equally complimentary to the Archbishop who was slain, and to the conscientious if possibly-mistaken individuals who slew him, it had been well that Mr. Whyte Melville had applied to the scholar in this place who was second to no man in scholarship. Bishop Wordsworth was with us still. And a reproach to Scottish Latinity (not to name knowledge of ecclesiastical technicality) had been averted. I rarely go to Magus Muir. But as often as I do, I wonder that the inscription is allowed to remain. Even yet, there are more than two or three souls in this place who are competent to set it right.

When we went to Edinburgh, we abode for a while in a house in Fettes Row, where Professor Aytoun had lived for some years. A singular reminder of the circumstance met these eyes, on going down to examine the cellar. Quite a number of cards lay about, bearing the inscription, Such and such a number of bottles of champagne, likewise of other pleasant wines, 'with Mr. Blackwood's compliments.' Every one knows how close was the literary connection between the delightful poet and professor, and the great publishing house in George Street. I did not know then that in long-future years, I should learn by experience how kind the representatives of the famous name are in the matter of giving presents. The number

of costly volumes in this room, bearing each that old inscription, is great. My study in Fettes Row was a small room, darkened by tall houses too near : but its history is classic. In that little apartment much of the renowned Bon Gualtier Ballads was written by one of the congenial authors : was revised and touched by both together. Pretty nearly equal, I came to know, was the share of each in the greater pieces. Here was elicited the grand climax of a poem very nearly as bright as that it parodies : the tremendous 'Cursed be the whole concern !' It is a strange and vivid recollection of that little study, that one morning as I was sitting at my work Mr. James Payn walked in, calling on an errand now inconceivable in the case of that voluminous and ever-pleasing writer, and that authoritative despot in the disposal of literary employment and fame. Yes, the youthful James Payn came to take counsel with this modest author, as to the publication of his very first book. It had come out in the Journal. Mr. Payn knew that certain essays of mine which had been published in *Fraser's Magazine* had just been brought out in a handsome volume, which had been very successful ; and he desired to know what had been my arrangements with the classic house of John W. Parker and Son. I willingly gave all the information I could : and after some pleasant talk James Payn departed, not knowing any more than I did how great a man he was to be. It has very rarely happened to me to see him in these latter years. But I can testify that whenever I have seen him, I found him just the bright, kindly, unaffected man he was

in Watson's rooms in Mound Place in Edinburgh, looking out on the distant Ben Ledi, six-and-thirty years ago.

A singular remembrance of him comes back. One I know, who is a friend of James Payn, was once staying in a hotel where were many tourists. He was speedily informed by one who spoke with awe, that the great author James Payn was in the house ; and had indeed been accepting much incense, offered him by many fervent admirers, for many days. As the awe-stricken informant spoke, the great author passed by, and was indicated to my acquaintance. It was not James Payn at all. It was a rascally impostor passing himself off for what he was not. The unsophisticated reader may be surprised to hear that this is a very common form of imposture. So John Blackwood told me. He added, as even commoner, the case of lying mortals informing their friends that they (the lying mortals) were the authors of this and that remarkable work, then coming out anonymously in *Blackwood's Magazine* or elsewhere. When *The Battle of Dorking* was so published, a lad in Edinburgh told his uncle that he was the author : and the delighted uncle gave the lad fifty pounds. It is within my own knowledge that a man in Edinburgh represented that he had written one of the best of Charles Lever's novels. It came out in the *Cornhill Magazine* without a name : and the man gave circumstantial accounts of where he found his characters and incidents. Soon after the book came out with Lever's name. The man stuck to his falsehood : and an old lady informed me, in the manner we call teethy, that she

would continue to believe the story of her acquaintance, no matter what any one said. This made me resolute to ascertain the truth. And I got it, in irresistible shape, from John Blackwood: also from the *Cornhill* Editor. I knew quite well who he was: he was a man of the highest eminence. But as he did not give his name in writing to me, I do not mention it here.

I may be permitted to have some feeling on this matter of dishonest pretence. It is thirty-three years since I received an extremely friendly letter from a lady unknown to me, speaking too kindly of help afforded her by things written by this old hand when young; and adding how interested her daughter and she were, the week before, in meeting me in a railway carriage in Devonshire, and beholding me in the act of writing one of my essays. Having enquired what on earth she meant, she informed me that a dishonest blockhead, travelling along with her, had produced a bit of paper, and with a rapt air had written something thereon: then had proceeded to tell her that he was the bearer of my initials, in those days known to some: and that he was turning his journey to account by sketching out a paper for *Fraser* or *Good Words*, as it might turn out. I hastened to assure my friendly correspondent that she had been cheated: that I was far from Devon at that time: that never in my life had I written anything in a railway carriage: and that never in my life had I told anybody in such circumstances who I was: finally, that till my brain softened to the point of absolute idiocy, it might be held as certain that I should never call

any fellow-traveller to take notice that I was in the act of literary composition. It is quite enough to answer for the wrongdoings of which one is painfully aware, without being represented by some unknown swindler in the character of a contemptible vapouring fool.

On that evening so associated with the names of Russel and Payn (each name curiously lacking the usual final letter), wonder was expressed by somebody whether people could stand going on for ever in this world as it is. Mention was made of one aged Edinburgh Professor who had recently declared that he wished, through eternity, to lecture to his students each forenoon : then to walk away home, have his dinner, and read the newspaper all the evening. But the feeling of the company seemed to be that his case was exceptional, and that the day would come on which each of us would be glad to depart : though not, as John Stuart Mill put it, to 'lie down contentedly to our eternal rest.' We look, most of us, for things and persons on the other side. This brought on a brief discussion on what scholars would call Eschatology, and it was stated that a very wealthy Glasgow man had been holding communication, by means of table-rapping, with a friend who had gone before him. Various things were said, indicating an accurate knowledge of the goings-on of the man left here. Finally came the serious warning, 'You had better mind how you behave, for I tell you this is a queer place.' The warning came in homely phrase, but it was received very solemnly. Russel was a warm supporter of Doctor Robert Lee's improvements in public

worship. These were then known by the depreciatory name of *Innovations*. They were regarded as far advanced ; though now they have been left far behind. And in estimate of the bleak severities of the unimproved service, Sir Walter was quoted, as he frequently is in the talk of Scotsmen. Though an Elder of the National Church, and more than once a member of the General Assembly, the greatest Scotsman did not pretend to defend what was in truth indefensible : a national worship which was whatever the officiating minister might choose to make it. But Sir Walter maintained there was a countervailing advantage : that it was worth while going into a Scotch Kirk for the pleasure of getting out again. Even that inducement did not much avail with the great man himself. It is strange to read in a panegyric of him by the Ettrick Shepherd, 'He was no lover of sectarianism (*sic*)', and seldom went to church.' Singularly, Lockhart, himself the son of a Glasgow minister, makes no mention in the famous Life of Sir Walter's eldership : possibly feeling that Sir Walter somehow did not look much like it. But the story is fully told in the Life, lately published, of Thomson, Minister of Duddingston, in his day held by many a greater painter than Turner.¹ Indeed it is to be confessed that though a certain glamour is cast over all things associated with our boyhood, I never heard the unimproved worship of the North defended save by those whose fundamental

¹ *John Thomson of Duddingston, Pastor and Painter.* By William Baird, F.S.A.Scot. Edinburgh, 1895. The volume is a handsome quarto, well illustrated.

principle was, that the uglier and more disagreeable anything was, the likelier it was to be the right thing. For that matter, Wilberforce told his boys that they must not enjoy the beauty of the summer world too much, because ‘in a certain sense it was accursed.’ In certain parts of the Highlands, still, it is a bad sign of you if you look happy on Sunday. As the Celt said, ‘It’s an awful thing to be in Edinburgh on a Sabbath: you will see people walking along the street smiling as if they were perfectly happy.’ The legend was conveyed to me by our great man, Norman Macleod. Besides the sour soul, that honestly believed there is danger in whatever is beautiful or pleasant, and that God is sulkily discontent to see any human being cheerful, there was no doubt the great array of lairds and factors who were legally bound to keep the parish church in repair (in many cases with an extremely small part of what their ancestors stole from the Kirk, which means the Nation, at the period of the Reformation): and who discerned with the greatest possible clearness that a shabby and ugly parish church was a very cheap one to build and to maintain. Indeed, it was well said by one of our best elders and lairds, that the Heritors, the proprietors of land in a parish, were not legally bound to provide a parish church, but only a building capable of being used as a parish church. Then, having done their worst to make the church despicable and the worship slovenly, they sometimes proceeded to loudly condemn the state of matters they had brought about. Things are mended, and mending

further. And I will not forget how the very greatest of the territorial princes of Scotland once said to me these very words, 'I tell you frankly, I hate your service, and why should I go to it?' My answer was prompt: 'Because you are the biggest man of an order that will go down whenever the National Churches go down.' And I went on further: 'If you had become an Elder, and a member of the General Assembly, and got up and told the stupid bigots who cry out against innovations that we must advance with the time, and have the improvements which the growing culture of the country demanded, they would have fallen upon the earth, and entreated you to have anything you wanted.' I understood the deplorable creatures that then ruled the Kirk. And I summed up, 'By this time you might have had a surpliced choir in the parish Kirk of Drumsleekie!' And an extremely good thing too.

The senior partner in the house of Parker was known there: and an instance was given of his peculiar humour. Mr. John W. Parker was amusing, but saturnine. One present, an Edinburgh man, had gone to stay some days with the lovable John W. Parker Junior: and the two had quietly gone to the theatre together. The visitor was a clergyman. Next morning, at breakfast, in the well-known apartment in the West Strand, for which Mr. Stirling of Keir had suggested the uncommon but beautiful style of decoration, the old gentleman, with a serious face, spoke as follows. 'The report of the police this morning is that of the two whom they thought right to watch last night, one is quite unknown to them, and there is nothing proved

against the other.' Then he gazed sorrowfully upon his son and the guest from Edinburgh.

I have willingly suffered the tide of old and pleasant remembrances which came of the mention of the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Buckle in this city to carry me far away from the mention of the way in which dignity unknown in departed years has gathered round the office of Primate (for a year) of the Church of Scotland. Not only has the title of Moderator of the General Assembly developed into that of Moderator of the Kirk; but the designation of *Right Reverend*, once accorded only during the twelve days of the sitting of the Supreme Court, has come to be given during his entire year of office. No Moderator ever assumed that dignified designation: it has somehow grown up. Further, after his year of office is over, the Moderator is by courtesy addressed as *Very Reverend* as long as he abides here. He does not call himself so: it does not so stand on his visiting card. But so does any little dignity please such as are given it, that I have noted that old Moderators who smiled at the title when it began to be, accept it without remark, and give it to all their brethren. Forty-nine of every fifty letters which reach me are so addressed. The Principal of a Scottish University, and the Principals of both the Colleges of the University here, are called *Very Reverend* in the same way, having no right to it. My venerable Professor of Divinity at Glasgow, the kindly and dignified Dr. Hill (whose father was Principal Hill of St. Andrews) once said to me, solemnly, 'The proper designation of Mr. Principal is

The Reverend; and I will never call him anything more.'

No doubt the experience is uniform, of all Moderators whose election has been generally approved. It would be most ungrateful if I failed to say that through all that year, one met inexpressible kindness and consideration everywhere: quite as much, all over Scotland, as an English Bishop meets in his diocese. And indeed, when one's year is past, one never quite steps down to the old level. Specially, marked reverence is vouchsafed by the younger clergy. All such, whether they personally know you or not, salute you on the street as an Anglican Bishop is saluted. At first, it seems strange. But gradually one accepts it. I am quite sure nobody worth thinking of is in any way lifted up. But it becomes very pleasant to know that a little help frankly given to any among one's brethren, I mean the occasional sermon preached just as well as one can, is valued far above its due. Also to discern that a kind word spoken to a hard-working young parson concerning his parish, manifestly cheers. Nor is it deemed presumptuous to say such a word.

All the same, this is not a specially reverent country. Three hundred and fifty years of a republican Church have left their trace. Odd incidents have come within one's knowledge. The Lord Provost of a city which I do not name was one day walking along its chief street, when he met a man of humble estate but of self-sufficient nature. This individual approached the chief magistrate, and said, in a loud voice, 'Did you say that you thought' no matter

what? ‘Yes, I did,’ was the reply. ‘Then,’ said the worthy individual, in truculent manner, ‘Then you’re a doomed man’: and departed. The incident was characteristic of the country where it befell.

I look back over twenty-seven years, to an interview which quite interested me. I was passing through a quiet street in St. Andrews when a worthy old man accosted me. He was of lowly degree, and I had even been able to be helpful to him in a way I will not indicate, but which commonly leaves some sense of obligation. In an uplifted voice, and with a manner approaching the threatening, he uttered these words: I hear them yet:

‘What gart ye bring a Dean to preach in the Toon Kirk on Sabbath?’

I have often said that nothing is to be regarded as impertinent which is not designed to be so. So I answered meekly:

‘My good man, I might refuse to answer a question put to me in that tone, and tell you that it is entirely for myself to decide who shall preach for me in the parish-church.

‘But instead of that, I will tell you why I brought Dean Stanley to preach.

‘I. Dean Stanley is one of the greatest men in the great Church of England.

‘II. He has repeatedly shown himself a warm friend of the Kirk of Scotland.

‘III. He has for many years been a specially kind friend to myself.

IV. I thought his preaching would interest many people. And I seem to have thought right. For about three thousand people came to hear him. All the passages were crammed.

'V. These were my reasons for bringing the Dean to preach. And I shall bring him again just as often as I can.'

My friend listened critically. He weighed my words. Then he answered, firmly :

'I dinna approve ava o' yer bringin' a Dean to preach in the Toon Kirk.'

Then he departed. For some time he ceased to come to church when I preached. I had never beheld him in church, and knew not where he sat in the considerable congregation ; and so missed him not. But a forward busybody 'thought it his duty' (so he said) to inform me of this distressing desertion. And I thought to myself that it would be a peculiar thing to minister in a Scotch Kirk after disestablishment. If a humble parishioner thus addressed a parish-minister whose living was absolutely independent of the congregation and parish, how would things be when he was one of those that paid you? At present, the minister is still set *over* the parish. How, if he were set *under* it? My Father told me that a worthy dissenting minister in Ayrshire said to him that having once replied to his 'managers' (well so-called) that he really could not do something they proposed, a chief man among them shook a threatening fist, and exclaimed, 'We'll starve you, sir.' I relate the fact exactly as it was.

I am perfectly aware that a flood of vulgar abuse will follow my relating it.

The incident in my own experience was characteristically Scotch : characteristically Presbyterian. I do not believe that a man in that position in life would have addressed his Rector in that fashion in any parish in England.

I have sometimes wondered whether the Rector of an English parish ever had such a request preferred to him as was made to me twenty-nine years since by one departed. Of course I was a good deal younger then, but I had been several years an Edinburgh Doctor of Divinity, and I was quite understood to be a decided Churchman. In a solitary lane bounding St. Salvator's College, I met a little man whom I had never seen before. He accosted me and said, 'I have a freen stoppin' with me, a preacher-lad ; and I wad like to hear him preach. I wad like him to preach in the Toon Kirk on Sabbath afternoon.' 'Freen,' in the good man's speech, means relation. I ministered once on a Sunday in the parish-church ; and at that season a great congregation of visitors filled it, who would have been aggrieved had the preacher-lad appeared in the pulpit. So I said that I feared I could not well be absent from my proper duty, and must not ask the help of his young friend on the approaching Lord's day. My tone implied that I thought my acquaintance was one of the congregation. Whereupon he explained that he was a dissenter, and never entered the parish-kirk, but that he would come for once if his freen held

forth. On which I rejoined that I could not possibly ask a person of whom I knew nothing earthly to preach in the parish-church, even at the request of another person of whom I knew just as little, and who did not even attend church. The honest man meant no harm. But really the proposal that a congregation numbering at the time more than two thousand should be disregarded to please one dissenter, appeared remarkable.

Not only those of humble degree make inadmissible proposals. It was a man of high position who once wrote to me saying that his friend Smith (that was not the name) was staying with him, and that Smith would like very much to preach in the church here. He added particulars which he regarded as making in Smith's favour. I replied that I knew Mr. Smith was a layman, absolutely without credentials of any kind : that it was contrary to law for a layman to preach in a parish-church, and that the thing could not be done. But I added that I liked to oblige : that I was aware Mr. Smith was nephew of the Archbishop of (say) Melipotamus ; and that whenever I heard that Mr. Smith had been permitted to preach in Melipotamus Cathedral, I should carefully re-consider the question of his preaching in the parish-church of St. Andrews. No further communication ever reached me. So the matter (as Scottish folk say) took end.

Wednesday, October 8, 1890, was a day to be remembered in this house. Never was elevation to a place just as high as may be conveyed more modestly than in the letter which came that morning from Bishop Thorold.

'Like a woman who gets married, I have to change my signature. No longer *A. W. Roffen*, but *A. W. Winton*.' The saintly Bishop Harold Browne had been in St. Andrews not very long before: beautiful and fatherly to see, but plainly getting past his work. It is a kindly association with this room that he has sat down in it, and rested, and quietly said many things. So Bishop Harold Browne departed from his place, and Thorold became Bishop of Winchester. The work was less, and less anxious, than the work of Rochester, which means all London south of the Thames: but Thorold never could take his work lightly. Curiously, the signature was not as he stated. It was merely *A. Winton*: he thought it better not to repeat the letter. And for a Bishop, who has sometimes to sign his name a hundred and twenty times in a day, it is desirable the signature should be short. It had been proposed, when the diocese was re-arranged, that the Bishop should sign himself *A. W. Rochester and Southwark*. But that could not be. Such troubles never come to us. And I hope we are thankful.

Ah, far too short was the good Bishop's tenure of the famous See! It wants a week, to-day, of five years, since the cheerful letter came, conveying his translation. Delays came, concerning his predecessor's resignation: he did not actually become Bishop of Winchester for some months longer. And then he spent on beautiful Farnham Castle, outside and in, as no Bishop ever spent before. I do not believe that the throne in the vast Cathedral was ever more worthily occupied, looking at the Bishop's qualifica-

tions all round. Yet how modest he was! I never will forget the summer day, driving ten miles back to Farnham, and speaking of the place where he was to be laid (and is laid), when he said, so simply, ‘ You know I am not a great Bishop of Winchester.’ Incomparably greater and better than some who have filled the place. But in him the nature of the self-seeker and pusher was not at all. I had been told, when with him at Selsdon Park that summer, that the change to Winchester was possible. But considerations absolutely severed from any thought of desert had made some think of another man. How the matter was finally settled one knows not. For, as Bishop Thorold once said to me, musing on facts which had come to our knowledge, ‘ It’s a miracle that anybody ever gets anything at all.’

As I draw this chapter to a close, I recall what was once said to me by a very eminent and successful author. The words were, ‘ If ever I have written anything amusing in any of my books, it was just when things were at the blackest, and when I was as low down in spirits as I could be.’ Then, it seemed wonderful. Now, one understands better. For though it has helped me, some little, to set myself to this work, which perhaps I may be allowed to finish, it seems strange to look back on these pages, some of light strain. Perhaps the reader may understand. Very likely not. But I do not believe, whoever you are, that you have ever read pages written with a heavier heart.

CHAPTER III

GOING THROUGH THAT YEAR

IT would not interest the reader, if I were to tell the story of that season through which I was at the service of the Kirk at large. The Bazaars opened for Church purposes, the churches opened, the sermons preached upon occasions, are not to be recorded here. I see the Moderator of the present year, called to the Chair just at the same age with myself, has suggested that such as hold the office should be set free for the year from the care of their parish. I have no doubt that, like myself, he has found the perpetual claims upon him from all parts of the country extremely fatiguing. He has learned what weary work it is to travel by cross-country trains, which do not follow on. I do not know whether he keeps a diary. But if he does, possibly he has written in it, after various weeks of never-ceasing hurry, as I know somebody else did in like circumstances, ‘Very tired. I feel my years.’ I may record here that to the present date I have been asked to minister at the opening of 106 churches and organs. I have kept the list carefully. So, in this little National Communion, I have had my share. I have not been able to go to every place which asked for me. But I can say

truly I never declined to go to the smallest or remotest place unless when it was impossible to go. I remember how a saintly man once said to me, 'It is not worth your while to go to the dedication of so small a church.' But if there be any being whom I despise and detest, it is the preacher who thinks to keep up his value by making himself scarce; and who, like a Derby winner, will not appear save on a big occasion. I never forget how the saintly Double-First who wrote *The Christian Year* was ever ready to preach to the smallest flock of his fellow-Christians. There are singular ways of estimating a congregation. I remember hearing it said of a large one gathered in a beautiful kirk, 'There is not a family in it that keeps a servant.'

The record of that departed time says, on a bright October day, the oaks before the study windows green as in July, 'Trying to rejoice in Thorold's great elevation.' For lowly souls, like us here, to whom any elevation is impossible, can but sun themselves in a dear friend's success. And indeed I think I got as much enjoyment, through these short years, out of Winchester Cathedral and Farnham Castle as my dearest friend did. He used to think so himself. A day comes back on which he put into my hand his latest volume of sermons. It is called *The Gospel of Work*; and is one of a series entitled *Preachers of the Age*. One smiled, just a little, looking at some of the names on the list; and hearing what was paid them for their compositions. I could not but say to the beloved Prelate, that one would shrink from appearing on

a list bearing that proud designation. Was it not too like putting upon your title-page *Most Uncommonly Good Sermons*; or words to that effect? Guthrie told me he distinctly objected to a volume of his sermons being published as *Speaking to the Heart*. He had no share in the choice of that title. But it is odd how preachers are got at, odd how they let themselves be drawn. It was just last night, sitting by a lonely fireside, which for forty-one years had not been lonely, and reading the sorrowful record of past days, I found (which I had entirely forgot) that I too had been approached as one of those set on a level to which I really had not (as we say in the North) evened myself. I suppose it pays to be complimentary, when you want anybody to do anything. On October 17, 1890, I received a communication from a publication of phenomenal circulation, which has been more than a gold-mine to its proprietor, to the effect that it was to publish a series of articles called *How Great Preachers prepare their Sermons*: and that I was requested to relate, in writing, all about how I (1) Prepared, and (2) Delivered, my sermons. The history of the time merely adds, No. But the like request has come to me, as to many others, on various occasions. And my answer was, that leaving apart the question whether the description applied to me, I should think it extremely presumptuous to obtrude upon the public a matter so merely individual. I could not relate how I think of subjects and prepare sermons, if I would. And assuredly I would not if I could. You finally ruin the interest of any composition by explaining exactly

how it came to be. People should see results. They have nothing to do with processes.

Think of Poe's account of how he wrote his *Raven*. Of course, on the face of it, that account was not true. But remember how Anthony Trollope, only too truly, took pains to spoil the pleasure with which one used to read his always life-like and often charming tales.

Do you feel, reader, placed or who have been placed, like me, in the charge of a parish, even a small one, how the details of your hard work of past years fade even from your own memory? Far more completely, of course, from the memory of your parishioners. Never dream that you have got a tight hold of people, a hold that will last with your own life, by any amount of kindness and attention. I do not know England, in these matters, quite so well as I know Scotland. It may not be so there. But here, for the pettiest offence, an old friend will split off from you. I have a friend, who on a certain Sunday preached a sermon on the warm tie which ought to be between the members of a congregation which has worshipped together for many years. The text was the unforgettable 'We took sweet counsel together, and walked unto the house of God in company'; or, in the Prayer-book version, as you may read it above Archbishop Tait's grave, 'and walked in the house of God as friends.' The preacher spoke of the sad lack, in Scotland, of any sense of this tie: the readiness with which the words come, 'I'll never enter his (*sic*) Kirk again.' For the vulgar idea is that the Kirk is the minister's place of business: that

you are thus withdrawing your patronage from him : that as if dissatisfied with your baker you cease to eat his rolls, so if aggrieved by your minister you cease to hear his sermons. No doubt all this comes partly of the deplorable degree to which the unimproved worship of the Kirk is flavoured with the personality of the cleric who performs it. My friend told me that a family was present that morning to which he had been specially kind for more than twenty years under his ministry. But during the week the head of the family took offence at the parson for a reason which he would have been hooted down if he had mentioned in any company not idiotic : and no member of it ever entered the Kirk again. My friend is quite independent of his profession : and his standing is assured. But the like, in many years, had never happened in his experience before. And it was a sad comment upon his sermon : which had, indeed, been listened to in that hush wherein the proverbial pin might be heard to fall. And he thought of Frederick the Great's estimate of poor humanity.

Looking over the record of the time last night (which was as new to me as it would have been to you), it was singular when one read the story of manifold parochial perplexities and labours which had weighed heavy at the moment, but which had not merely been forgotten till their story was read. For they could not in the faintest degree be remembered even after their story was read. What long and sometimes anxious talks my good colleague and I have often had on parish questions, urgent in

their day, which are now gone into absolute oblivion : never, let us hope, to be recalled from it. And it is much better that one should forget the things which are behind. We should be very bitter of spirit if we did not. But pleasant things are forgotten too : the faded pages briefly record cheering words and letters, gone from one like the old tyrant's dream, which make one recall Sydney Smith's advice, a vain advice, to a lady-friend subject to depression of spirits : 'Think of all the pleasant things which have been said to you all your life !' Simply, the thing cannot be done. In dark days you can remember nothing but what is dark. Pleasant hours, words, and events, fade away. But sorrow plows a deep track. And its remembrance is easily re-awakened.

Still, I really think that we who are preachers should not be so often beaten down under a terrible sense of the futility of all our work, if we could remember just a few instances in which tried souls have said they had been helped. There are some, I know well, who think it wrong to think much on things which might encourage, and who in fact manage to forget them in simple sincerity. Nor can I believe that any spiritual counsellor worth counting would show the communications which come to him to more than one person in this world. To some, there is no person at all.

One notes with approval the ultra-accuracy of those who fill the highest places in the land. On November 5 a letter came from our great Scottish Chief-Justice, the Lord President Inglis. The address sharply distinguished be-

tween the office and the man : and of course he was absolutely right. It ran, ‘The Right Reverend the Moderator of the General Assembly, St. Andrews.’ In the corner, according to his use, was the honoured name ‘John Inglis.’ You are not the Right Reverend Doctor Story, or Doctor MacGregor : even as it is the Right Honourable the Lord Provost of Edinburgh : not the Right Honourable Sir James King, or the like. Nor would the Lord President (the son of a Moderator) talk of ‘the Moderator of the Church.’ The present Lord Advocate, then the Procurator of the Church, was a shade less unbending. A few days later, his letter came to ‘The Right Reverend the Moderator, D.D., St. Andrews.’ Thus the claim now made (if indeed a claim is made) was evaded : no deliverance was given upon it.

Not many men who have reached sixty-five years are permitted to pay a visit to their very first instructor. That touching experience was this year permitted to me. On November 3 I reached that age, once unimaginable save in the case of other people ; and on November 7 I went away to Ayr to minister on Sunday, November 9. I was an Ayr Academy boy for two years : I was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Ayr : and I was ordained by the same body to my earliest parish, which was practically part of Ayr though another municipality : the famous two bridges of Burns uniting the parishes of Ayr and Newton-on-Ayr. But the west and the east are far apart, even in Scotland ; and it was more than twenty-two years since I had seen Ayr last. At that time, I had only passed forty-two :

I was in middle-age though not thinking so, for I accepted age too soon: and certain great events in the history of this little household had not occurred. The record of this final visit to the old scenes says 'It was a very touching experience to me': treating it briefly. But even as a boy at the Academy under Doctor Memes, who had in him some of the makings of a great teacher, I remember well how one read famous lines of Byron and wondered whether they said true: 'Dear the school-boy spot, We ne'er forget, though we are there forgot.' I know now that they are true. There is to me a glamour about Ayr: a light as of a summer sunset over that part of central Ayrshire which was of old called Kyle. I am perfectly aware it is illusion. But I desire that the illusion may last. I do not want to clear my mind of what I know is fanciful: as that the hedges about Ochiltree are always white with hawthorn blossoms: that the trees in the manse garden are always rosy masses of soft fragrance: that the huge stacks of corn are always standing, beautifully round, at Holmston Farm: that the sea at Ayr, the first I ever saw, is quite miraculous: and that the sun never sets in such glory as behind the serrated outline of Arran. I shall never see them again.

But the pleasant remembrance abides of the days in that beautiful country-house, hard by the Doon, among very old friends. The hounds met there, on the Saturday morning: and it was a fine sight to behold the red-coated men sitting about on their horses in the most drenching of November rain, ignoring the weather. That was rigorously expected: and looking at the unmoved countenances in

the bitter blast, one thought of the stoic of the woods at the stake. ‘Delightful hunting day,’ was the word. That morning, the faithful record says, ‘Many letters, but none disagreeable’: aging folk will understand. Among them was indeed one, written at Aberfeldy, by a good woman unknown to me: informing me that I was ‘a Liar, a Blasphemer, and a Perjurer.’ All that the words meant was that in *Blackwood* for the month of November I had a lengthy article, favourably relating the work of the Church Service Society. The letter may be read at length, by any who desire so to do.¹ For all comment the history of that day adds the words ‘Good woman.’

The Sunday there was memorable. But its story has been told.² And I go on to Monday morning, when a pair of magnificent horses swept me into Ayr at a tremendous speed. And I remembered how, many a year before, when two ferocious chestnuts, wonderfully restrained by the good Mrs. Baird, conveyed the humble writer over the same road at about twenty miles an hour, the great James Baird dismissed us with the cheering words, ‘There’ll be a vacancy at Irongray.’ Indeed if any man had wanted the living, he might have been hopeful, as the tall thoroughbreds galloped on their reckless way. One was calmed by Mrs. Baird’s entire composure. She talked continuously to the steeds, but was plainly in no degree frightened. But on that November 10, 1890, we reach the door in Charlotte Street; and I was taken upstairs to

¹ *Twenty-Five Years of St. Andrews*: Vol. I. pp. 196 sq.

² *St. Andrews and Elsewhere*: p. 196. ‘Just a November Morning.’

the room where my dear old instructor sat, alone. He was eighty-seven : very frail : but memory, hearing, every faculty, were entire. Seldom have I met a heartier welcome. Strange, an old man, to see him who taught me when I was seven years of age : who began me with the Rudiments. ‘Do you remember *Penna, Pennæ?*’ Perfectly ; and all the departed life, and the departed people. Mr. McRae had the genius to communicate knowledge in an interesting way, beyond any teacher I ever have known. But when I spoke warmly, as I felt, the old man shook his head, and said, ‘I often think I have been very inefficient.’ It was a very sad day to me, and many more, when he left my Father’s parish for a better place ; and it was strange when I came to be Minister of Newton to find Mr. McRae there, in charge of a great school of a new generation. It was touching, indeed, when on the day I was ordained and inducted, he made a speech at the regulation dinner-party in the evening : and said ‘I hope he may have as much pleasure in teaching me, as I used to have in teaching him.’ The good old man was quite alone : wife and children were dead : all save a son, thriving in Australia, and writing very regularly and kindly. It was pleasant to see he was comfortably off : and well taken-care of. And I suppose that, having lived all his life in Scotland, an old pupil coming to see him as Moderator of the Kirk appeared to him as it would have appeared to Arnold had Stanley come back as Bishop of London. ‘You have always been rising,’ were his words, as he held my hand, parting for

the last time. And when he added, he had always watched me, he said true. So I came away.

I cannot but add, though the reader may smile at it, just a line to say how touching that interview was, and how thankful I was that I had thus gone to see the dear old man. For I found, after he was dead, how unduly he had valued my visit: also how he thought I was even as the boy he used to know. It brought the tears to my eyes, when I was told how he spoke to certain of his special friends, of that November morning. ‘He came into the room, and he took my hand in both of his, and said My dear old Master!’ It was not much to do. But it cheered up the failing heart. And I would have gone many miles to do so.

Sadly, I turned my back on Ayr, and turned my face to the winter’s work. When last in that famous town, I had been ordained seventeen years. Now thirty-nine. It makes an awful difference. Without the faintest desire to be younger, and thankful that the days before one must needs be few, still one thinks serious thoughts so returning for a little to where one was a boy. I was pleased when a lady of position, who had been at Alloway Kirk, and listened to sentiments made real at least to one present by the occasion, wrote to say that she believed she had been the oldest person present in the congregation that morning, and that she entirely agreed with all that had been said in the sermon. She did not add that she had been just about the cleverest there, though it would have been true. But she stated she would look forward to hearing

the same voice there again. Which can never be. Even if the preacher should return (which is practically impossible now), he would not find her there.

That year was one of terrible work and worry. I know there are good men who would like to reach some elevation, perhaps a very small one. They may be assured that it is ballasted with care and toil. ‘It is a ruinous thing to be a Bishop of Winchester,’ wrote to me one day one set very high : who has indeed made it much easier, in that regard, to such as shall come after him. And I read yesterday in the newspaper the moan of our present Primate : ‘A Moderator is kicked about the country like a football.’ So the modest dignity has to be paid for in suffering. One would not mind the kicking-about so much : it might be partly evaded : but not so the awful mass of letters to be civilly answered. When I got back from Ayr, I found a fearful accumulation. That Tuesday morning I made, as always, a list of things to do indoors and out. The indoors list contained forty items ; and one was *Answer all letters*. And there was a considerable list of things to do outside. But one began at 9.45 A.M., and wearily struggled on, occasionally laying aside something which could wait : and by 6.45 P.M. one had got through most of what had been thought of in the morning. One thought of Archbishop Tait, grown old : it was at Lambeth, on a June day : ‘Interviews and business all day long till I was nearly mad.’ I dare say the good man was very weary. But he was uncommonly well paid for what he did, both in dignity and revenue. A poor

Moderator has to work as hard as a Bishop, and was (till this year) heavily out of pocket besides. As for facing the day, and mapping-out its work, I know there are divers ways. One distinguished friend of mine said to another, of different nature and ideas, 'I kneel down, and think of all I have to do, and ask help in it.' The other replied, unsympathetically but sincerely, 'I don't say I kneel down: I sit down, and think what I have got to do.' I know another, who in earlier years tended to be flurried; and whose special petition, beginning the day, was that of the saintly Horatius Bonar: 'Calm me, and keep me calm.' Devout earnestness may express itself in very diverse ways. And who will dare to judge another?

The event in St. Andrews of that week was the opening Gifford Lecture of Professor Edward Caird of Glasgow: now Master of Balliol College in succession to Jowett. As I write the name, I look towards the fireplace, and I see the smooth rosy cherubic face of that great man as he stands on the rug, and talks more than he sometimes did. The last time he was in this room, his parting words were: 'I can't preach on Sunday. I must go to-morrow. Even if I could stay, I have not a sermon with me. But I will preach next time I come.' It was not to be. But he preached more than once in the parish-church of Elie, on the other coast of Fife. And Bishop Claughton of St. Albans was much scandalised by his treatment of his text. Further, instead of preaching as we do, even when we read our sermons, with the manuscript

spread out before us, and looking at the congregation just as much as if preaching extempore, the great Jowett not merely held his sermon in his hand, but occasionally turned it over on its side that he might read something which he had interpolated in the margin. The effect of spontaneous oratory was not there at all. And certain homely souls declared to the minister, afterwards, that ‘they couldna thole the paper’: ‘he was a slavish reader thon !’ ‘And nae great preacher.’ Homely souls here tend to speak their mind, when it is far from acceptable. One has known objection taken to a gentleman of high position reading the lessons in a parish Kirk. ‘We couldna understaun him ! He read wi’ that Inglish awkcent !’ The parish clergyman replied that he would give due attention to the objection. And he did. But the words were spoken in one sense and understood in another. Even as when Archbishop Whately said to the dull author who unwisely asked the Prelate how he liked his book : ‘Ah, Good is not the word to apply to such a book as that !’ The author departed, thinking the Archbishop meant that the word was Magnificent, Incomparable, or the like. The astute reader discerns that the Archbishop meant that the word was Bad.

Do you think this explanation needless? I have reason to know it is needed, very much. That is, by some.

Professor Edward Caird long held the Chair of Moral Philosophy at Glasgow. When he went to Glasgow, many would have explained that he was the brother of

the more renowned Principal, who has held quite the highest place among Scottish preachers now for fifty years. But so has the fame of the Professor expanded, that I have heard it explained, to an English tourist, that Principal Caird was the brother of the famous Professor. And the Professor's election to his present place is a tremendous testimony to the estimation in which he is held by very competent judges. It is a striking and interesting fact, that two youths from Greenock, by their own merit and by nothing else, should have risen as these brothers have. In speaking of Professor Edward Caird, I speak merely as one of the outer public. My acquaintance with him is extremely slight. And I have neither call nor wish to puff him. But the record of the day, not written to be seen of any but its writer, says 'A splendid lecture. Not merely a worthy treatment of such an awful subject, but a thousand times more interesting than brilliant effervescence. I shall go regularly, please God.' I did : the hour was 5.30 P.M., and convenient enough. The place was the hall of St. Salvator's College. That session, I missed not more than one or two lectures. The earnestness and seriousness were becoming : the knowledge of the subject wide and deep ; and the lecturer's manner was thoroughly natural and unaffected. One remarked that when he turned from his written page, and said a few sentences extempore, the thought was as clear and the language as accurate as ever. One felt an unfeigned reverence and admiration for the man ; which grew week by week as he went on. If I had merely wished to be

interested, and stimulated, or (as I have heard illiterate souls express it) 'to enjoy an intellectual treat,' I should have been more than satisfied. But I went to be helped, and I was not. Like Samuel Johnson, asked whether he had not evidence enough of certain vital truths, I 'wanted more.' And I did not get it. Possibly it would need an inspired Gifford lecturer to give me what I desire. It is extremely evident that various of the eminent men who have held the office were not inspired at all: even in a degree far lower than what I wanted. After days of diligent attention, the record says 'Very clever, but not convincing.' And then, the repeated statement that one awful truth was demonstrated, was self-evident; which most assuredly I do not believe because of the reason given for it in these lectures. Hearing the confident assertion made over and over again, one got angry. A thing which you cannot see till you have soaked yourself in Hegel is not self-evident. And though the conclusion be right, the reason assigned for it is wrong. If a certain tremendous proposition be demonstrably true, then Tyndall and Huxley would have seen it to be true. And they did not. One was always interested: sometimes charmed. One felt the power, the grasp, the earnestness and goodness of the lecturer. But when I go to such lectures, I want what Dean Stanley's old woman called *feeding*: and though I looked up hungrily, I was not fed. I could easily have answered divers statements and arguments. On the whole, I was so impressed, that being hard-driven with duty when next year's lectures were delivered, I did

not go to hear any of them. I do not add, in the fashion of some men, that probably it was my own fault that I did not profit more. For I do not think it was. I was helped and profited unmistakeably by Professor Flint's Baird Lectures on Theism. No doubt there is that instruction which suits you; and that which does not. Professor Caird's lectures have been published; and they have, in the judgment of many, taken the highest place.

It was a touching incident when next day, Saturday, November 15, a sunshiny winter day, the saintly Bishop Whipple of Minnesota came for the first time to St. Andrews. It was but for a few hours: he was staying with a Dundee friend. When we parted, a good while before, at Selsdon Park, we did not think to meet again. Nowhere was Bishop Whipple more beloved than under that roof. Three or four good photographs stood always on the table where the master of that dwelling wrote, that they might meet his eyes continually: 'each a man from whom I have learnt something,' were the words. One of the men was Bishop Whipple: one sees vividly the worn ascetic face. He had been brought up as a Presbyterian; but for many years was a Bishop not second to any in the Episcopal Church in America. And hardly did St. Paul himself exceed, in the perils he came through, the kindly and unambitious Prelate. The Bishop had called when I was out, but left word he would be found with Bishop Wordsworth; and I speedily followed him. By this time Bishop Wordsworth was getting weary; and Bishop Whipple and his friend came back to this house

and rested while they could. There was no time for the ruins. To my wife he was far more than welcome ; and he left her thinking of her as everybody thought. It was eager talk for those two hours ; there was so much to be said. Finally I saw the Bishop off by railway : he parted always from real friends with a demonstrative affection little known here. Papers come oftentimes from the Far West, which keep me informed of the progress of the great works he began and has carried on. But time tells upon the warmest heart and wiriest frame ; and he cannot cross the Atlantic now, easily and regularly as of old. I have never seen him since we parted as that November afternoon grew chill ; and I shall never see him again here. I thought, when his brave and gentle wife was taken from him, that his feeling ought to be pure thankfulness that they were spared so long together. I know quite differently now. No one will ever come for a minute into this lonely room to ask how I am getting on. And the departed days, in which the like used to be, are departed, utterly.

About this time a friend told me a story of Christian liberality, of a striking character. He was a parish-minister. Travelling by railway with a member of the flock, he screwed himself up to asking a subscription. The member of the flock was more than seventy years of age. He was without wife or child, or any relation nearer than distant cousins. And he had a clear five thousand a year. My friend said to him, 'I am a poor man, but I am going to give a sovereign to that good purpose, and I have

promised to get a few : now you will give me one.' 'I can't possibly afford it,' said the rich man. ' I am a shareholder in many railways, and I am constantly pressed with applications to subscribe for churches and schools for the railway people.' ' And you give to all these churches and schools ?' said my friend. ' Not to one of them !' My friend thought that the rich man's power to give him a sovereign was not materially abated by his liberality as a shareholder of railway stock ; and indeed pointed this out to the rich man. But he met a flat refusal.

I do not know how it may be with others. But to me, quite the most repulsive work which can come is the raising of money. It is specially repulsive in a little community, where you know perfectly well what are the resources of most people round you, and know that honestly they cannot afford to give. In my experience, such are the people who give most. Seldom have I looked on a human being with more amazement than once I did on the secretary of a very great organisation, whose headquarters are in London. Surely he was made for his place. ' I never feel the faintest difficulty in asking anybody for money. And if I am told that such a man is specially unwilling to give, I feel a special pleasure in going and tackling him.' Is it thickness of skin, or what is it ? Of a surety, the power was there. I have known that admirable secretary get a handsome subscription where I could not have got a penny. I have known a good man, possessed almost to mania with the idea of a certain good 'Cause,' who went to an immensely wealthy

man of business, and forcing a way into his office, in excited and innumerable words pleaded for it. The wealthy man heard in silence ; and when the spate of language was exhausted at last, got up and pointed to the door with a single sentence of cursory character. But the philanthropic pleader had got hold of him : next day he sent a gift which might be called munificent. And in explaining to his friends how it was that he was thus swept away, the rich man (who was also an extremely kind-hearted man though his speech was of a fashion now past away), uttered the memorable and substantially-true sentence, ‘ Od, yon was a wild buddy ! ’

A very lamentable fact is, that there are regions, both North and South of the Tweed, where a young parson’s success and usefulness in his vocation are roughly but quite frankly estimated by the money he can squeeze out : specially if it be squeezed out of people who manifestly cannot afford it. There are missions which are in a chronic state of crisis, demanding extraordinary gifts and exertions : this grievous state of matters being plainly the result of their managers failing to cut their coat according to their cloth. For a poor parson to spend a great deal more than his income is sinful extravagance and folly. For a Christian mission to undertake obligations which it has not the means to meet, is (in the judgment of some) a grand act of faith.

On the evening of Monday, November 24, many people had opportunity to judge how far the comminations of those who had solemnly declared that the smallest change

in the bare worship of the Kirk was of the instigation of the Devil, had availed to check the flowing tide. For several days meetings had been held in Edinburgh on occasion of the Jubilee of a number of societies of young men : and the 'Celebration,' so it was called, ended with a most ornate service that evening in St. Giles' Cathedral. The Edinburgh Choral Union, numbering three hundred thoroughly-trained voices, formed the choir ; and was rightly arranged under the crossing. I went to Edinburgh from St. Andrews that afternoon under a magnificent winter sunset, with a grand moon. Admission to the church was by tickets, until a few minutes before service began at 8 o'clock. The large building was crowded from end to end : a most impressive sight : and the music was really grand. The organ is a very fine one. The order of service was printed, and none of the psalms or hymns were announced : the only time I ever saw it so in Scotland. The opening Voluntary was the Overture to the *Messiah*: then came the incomparable Hallelujah Chorus, rendered just as well as it could have been by that number of voices : which, the reader may be reminded, was five times as great as ever was heard by Handel himself. Next, the Lord's Prayer was beautifully intoned, and prayers for the occasion were read. The hundredth Psalm was sung to its proper tune : the volume of sound seeming as though it would lift the roof off the old Cathedral. The lessons were suitable. The two young ministers who rendered the service were specially pleasant and attractive men. Going to the pulpit, one

realised the multitude in an alarming way : but the sight was inspiring. I got the pitch at once, and was well heard. Of course the sermon was for the occasion, and the best I could do. The dead hush of the congregation was to be remembered. It proved the people were accustomed to listen to the sermons preached to them. After the sermon, for anthem, a great selection was given from the *Messiah* : solos, choruses, the pastoral symphony. It lasted just half an hour : nobody wished it shorter. After the Amen Chorus, I said the blessing : the service took exactly two hours and a quarter. It was touching to me to remember that I had first preached in Edinburgh that day forty years. I came, a lad, that the Kirk-Session of St. George's might judge whether they would have me for assistant. They took me : and I ministered there at the afternoon service for eight months. Large congregations came to church : and I have no doubt my sermons were very juvenile. But people have great patience with a youth. And the discourses could not have been froth, exclusively. For of the thirty-two I delivered, twenty-five were published after a few years. They are known to the readers of *The Graver Thoughts of a Country Parson*. Never, since that departed day, have I beheld the good men who were associated with me in St. Giles' in that memorable function. And having said my say to (the newspapers said) quite three thousand souls, I went down to the University Club, where I was to stay the night, and sat long time in the huge drawing-room there without a soul to speak to. Many people, hearing a preacher speaking to a multitude from

the pulpit, fail to take in from what a solitude he comes, and what a solitude he goes back to. And it is very often so.

There is no pathos, to some, like that of homely domestic incident. On Tuesday evening dear Mrs. Baynes bravely made the great effort of having a few friends to dinner: the first since her husband went, that good Professor beloved of all. My wife and I were there. It was a very quiet and subdued little party: nothing at all was said of what was in every one's heart. No braver nor better woman has ever known St. Andrews. Every one felt it a trying occasion: but there was reason for it that day, and it was better faced. I know a house where the departed wife's seat at the table was for long kept vacant. But she never would think she was forgotten. And when a married daughter came on a short visit, she was without a word put in her mother's place. This was well. But only a member of the family has ever sat there.

Next day, Wednesday, November 27, brought two memorable communications. One, from Bishop Harrison of Glasgow, a kindly and admirable man, sending a paper he had read at a Church Conference in Hull; and adding 'the mention of your name in it was greeted with warm applause.' It was not the first time, by many, that I had met the most cheering recognition from the Church of England; and that while I was a suspect person in my own, and diligently held back by the individuals who still managed to rule in it, though they were despised and detested by every man worth counting in the Kirk. For

some years, their day is happily ended. I would not have walked across the street to prevent the disestablishment of the Church of Scotland, had it become what those persons would have made it. In my judgment, it would have been a nuisance in Christendom. As it is, those blatant and illiterate individuals have managed to drive at least half of the culture of the country out of the National Establishment. They could not preach, not a man of them. And no spiritual element was apparent in them at all. But they could bully, and they could pull wires. A quiet but irresistible revolution, and the process of time, made us rid of them. And now the Kirk is ruled by men whom they would have deposed, if they durst.

The same morning brought the news of the death of Dr. Hodson, Rector of Sanderstead in Surrey. Selsdon Park was in his parish. His brother was the famous leader of Hodson's Horse. He was a brilliant scholar; and he came to Edinburgh, many years before, to be Head-Master of that Academy of which Archbishop Tait was the first Dux. So, in Scotland, we call the head-boy of a school. He and I both lived in Great King Street, but a few doors apart; and I met him continually, coming and going to school. The Edinburgh Academy is in St. Bernard's Parish, quite near the church; and the governing authorities asked me yearly to the dinner on the evening of the prize-giving day. A succession of eminent men took the chair: I have seen in it Lord Neaves, that brilliant scholar and Judge; Lord Moncrieff, one of our Chief-Justices, long Lord-Advocate, and author of *A Visit*

to my Discontented Cousin: and Professor Campbell Swinton, who lived with Archbishop Tait when both were lads at Glasgow College. I remember in the vice-chair, once, Mr. Beatson Bell, a bright and scholarly barrister : to whom an honour has befallen, as yet without parallel. For not only was he, in his day, a specially outstanding Dux of the Edinburgh Academy : but the year came in which his son attained the same distinction : which in Edinburgh is held a very great one indeed. It implies hard work, as well as great natural ability. After years in Edinburgh, Dr. Hodson went to a living in the Diocese of Peterborough, under the great Bishop Magee. In my annual visits to Selsdon Park, I had come to be well acquainted with the Rector of the parish, Mr. Randolph, whose grandfather had been Bishop of London. When Mr. Randolph was taken, not an old man, Dr. Hodson succeeded. I had not known who was the new Rector ; and it was striking and interesting on my first Sunday morning one May, sitting beside the Bishop in his pew in the chancel, to see the familiar form walk in at the end of the surpliced procession. We renewed our acquaintance : and on my Sundays there I used to read the Lessons and Psalms for him : putting on what he called ‘a rag of Popery,’ the surplice, and walking into the solemn little church with my old friend. Dr. Hodson was ‘High’: he took the eastward position, once regarded as a decided note. But he often wished me to preach for him. I did not. Coming from the Bishop’s house, I could not do anything irregular. And I always laid to heart the Bishop’s serious saying, ‘You can’t ask God’s

blessing on a breach of the law.' It is so indeed : even if the law be as little worthy of respect as the Act of Uniformity. It was pathetic, year by year, to see the old scholar fail : his sight gradually leaving him to that degree that he had to repeat the prayers without help from the book. He did them wonderfully well, though now and then there came a touching blunder. Though his sermons cried aloud that they had been carefully written, he had committed them to memory and gave them as though extempore, never being at fault for a word. The sermons were unequal, but commonly very good. It was in the prayers that the failing sight made one anxious : I am sure his household must have been so. And on a Trinity Sunday, trying to give the Athanasian Creed from memory, he got all astray, and (as the Bishop said) 'gave utterance to the most awful heresies.' He kept on his feet till very near the end. One beautiful evening, when the great hawthorns in Selsdon Park were in glory, he walked with me after service in his cassock and cap to near the Bishop's door. Parting, he said 'I am seventy-two, and I don't know the feeling of being weary.' As we sat that evening, only ourselves, on either side of the drawing-room fire (ah how often those quiet hours of discursive talk, all gone for ever), I could not but record to the Bishop, who had two heavy Confirmations that day, what the hale and wiry Rector had said. 'Not know what it is to feel weary !' said the worn Prelate, who was to depart while yet two years short of Dr. Hodson's age : 'I never know what it is to feel anything else!' So the high place had to be duly paid for.

The Rector's last summer at Sanderstead was likewise my last in his parish. And when I went back to see Selsdon Park again, which I shall see no more, I went to visit Dr. Hodson's resting-place. He sleeps just at the church's threshold, beside the door through which we used to enter it and leave it together: and (as Keble would have it) 'beneath the church's shade.'

One never gets accustomed to a very sudden death, though one has known so many. On Saturday December 13, I attended the funeral of one of our Elders, the thirty-first since I came here. He was but thirty-one, and left a wife and three little children. I had gone the day before, to see the widow and fatherless. The record of the day says, 'I fear anxiety did it. But I saw his face, a fine handsome face, no trace of it now.' Another Elder was at the funeral, that bitter cold day: an old man, solitary and wealthy. He went home chilled: went to bed, and died next day: Sunday evening. I had heard he was ill, and went out of the Sunday School that afternoon to see him, but thought of no danger. He was gone in two hours. The history says, 'Very awful. Number thirty-two.'

It does not make things less solemn, to number them in that business-like way. Just the contrary, as it seems to me. I have a little sheet of paper before me now, a numbered list of names, which impresses me deeply. Long ago, on a page like this, I said that it had been appointed to me in God's Providence to have had personal relations with an unusual number of suicides: I calculated the number exceeded thirty. But just a year

ago, I began to note down the names, as they recurred to memory. You cannot make out a list like that with any completeness, at once. At the top of the page is written *The Sad List*. And it is longer than I thought. I believe it is still far from complete : but the names are fifty-one. It would be a considerable congregation on a week-day in many cathedral churches, if one could bring these souls together. And a strange congregation. Not more than two or three of them were insane. And a good many were specially bright, kindly, and cheery. Of course one knows that people who are always cheery beyond common before people not very familiarly known, are all but invariably depressed when alone. They collapse, unless put on the stretch. Eleven of my sad list were clergymen : all more than ordinarily clever, all thoroughly well-behaved, all standing high in general estimation : every one of them beneficed, almost all of them quite well to do : several of them distinguished as preachers. There was but one case of religious melancholy. I have performed the burial service over a proportion of that sorrowful number : I do not say what proportion, save that it was considerable: the service we have in the house of death ; and then have read the beautiful final portion over the grave. Always with humble trust in God's infinite mercy to his poor creatures. It is painful, at the service in the house, which is not liturgical, to know how the prayers are watched when there is anything peculiar in the case, to see what is the minister's view of the prospects of the brother or sister who has gone before us. The

prayers are generally wise and good, and express no judgment on the departed save the general lowly hope for all. But I have known them terrible : terrible in taste only. The brutality of pharisaic condemnation I have heard of, but never heard with these ears. ‘There lies your wicked brother : his soul is in hell.’ I can but exclaim the *Anathema sit*, thinking of the inhuman wretch who said that, and justified it. I have gone, long ago, to see the two sisters of a man called suddenly away, not of exemplary life. It was an awful sight to see one sister, every now and then, shudder violently : some brute had told her where her brother (in his judgment) had gone : and it came back on the poor soul in a frightful way. But indeed, in my youth, the ways of certain ghastly religionists in Scotland were beyond exaggerated description. I remember an old woman mentioning, as something very grand and earnest in a preacher of general damnation, how, being on a steamer, he got certain persons to look into a glowing furnace, and said, with brutal triumph at the terrors he could inspire, ‘What does that remind you of?’ And had I expressed the loathing with which, as a boy, I heard the old woman, there is no doubt to what place I should have been consigned, forthwith. I have been in a parish school, where I heard small boys repeating a hymn which begins ‘My thoughts on awful subjects roll, Damnation and the dead,’ and goes on to still worse. Sad, written by good Isaac Watts! But I suppose he had been frightened by doubts of his orthodoxy : expressed by the beings who used to say ‘None of Watts’ Whims.’

Though I never, at the funeral of a suicide, heard condemnation expressed in the (so-called) prayer, I have heard the matter reasoned out with the Almighty in such a discourse. ‘Thou knowest that when reason reels-ah, responsibility ceases-ah.’ These ears heard the words : whose impressiveness seemed to be increased by the *ah* which followed each important word. Those who liked not the *ah* hated it exceedingly. And of them was I.

On the evening of Friday December 19 we had a great congregational tea-party, very hearty and pleasant. We reckoned that about sixteen hundred were present. In the great hall where we met, there were seats innumerable, but there was likewise room to move about ; a great matter at a parochial festival. There was abundance of excellent music. One feels, on such an occasion, the un-wisdom of singing songs which nobody present ever heard before, and whose words cannot by any possibility be made out. More especially, songs, how beautiful soever, in the language of Italy, are not well adapted to interest a great mass of Scots folk, who know not the language. The speeches were few, but uncommonly good. Principal Cunningham spoke, very brightly. How young he looked, up to the last ! And he went at seventy-six. He expatiated, that evening, on the immense dignity of being Moderator. He suggested that the existing Moderator should be continued in office for all his days, being created Archbishop of St. Andrews, as in old time. Then it appeared to rush upon him that possibly he was making too much of an office which he had himself held. Where-

fore he added, in modest tones, ‘Of course, I was once Moderator myself ; but that was quite different.’ He did not explain how this came to be. But the feature of that evening was a speech from Dr. MacGregor, designated to succeed me in the Chair. He had come over from Edinburgh early, and wandered about the streets in his eager way, reviving his student-associations. Of course he had a sleep after luncheon : of course we called on Bishop Wordsworth. The great party began at seven, and went on unflagging till eleven. MacGregor spoke for an hour : playing on the crowd as on an organ. He could easily have gone on for another hour. It was extraordinary to look at the little figure, standing beside me, the face blazing with animation : not a scrap of paper in his hand, trusting wholly to memory : and not merely brightening his speech with many amusing stories, but holding his reasoning well in hand, and never long away from it. For it was a Church Defence address : and quite full both of facts and arguments.

In return for Principal Cunningham’s speech, I had undertaken to go for Sunday December 21 to his old parish of Crieff, where a magnificent pulpit of white marble was to be used for the first time. It was a weary journey of four hours and a half, in bitter frost, that Saturday afternoon. All the country round Crieff was white with snow, and the frost intense : the great hills were a wonder to see. I abode with the Principal’s successor, Mr. Paterson, now Professor of Divinity at Aberdeen ; and was specially charmed with the people and the things in that Manse.

Sunday was a day of bright sunshine and bitter frost : at Crieff you are the farthest distance from the mitigating sea that you can be in Scotland. The services were most memorable to me, and the kindness of everybody extreme. But of them I say only this : that when a preacher who (most improperly) sometimes emphasises a sentence by bringing his hand down vehemently on the side of the pulpit unthinkingly does so in a pulpit of white marble (however splendid to behold), the hand tends to be jarred painfully. And when one looked at the hand in a startled fashion, though the discourse was a very serious one, certain hearers near the pulpit tended to smile. Let it be hoped, sympathetically. In a day or two, a handsome present came to me from the kind giver of that beautiful pulpit, which was duly appreciated. The pulpit was very costly, but it was in keeping with a really decorous church. An honoured Elder of the Kirk, the son of an Elder of the Kirk, tried by bereavement as few have been, thought he could not better commemorate pleasant faces vanished and beloved voices hushed than by setting up a memorial of them which would be serviceable for the worship of God Almighty. For centuries to come, it may tell its pathetic story. I have seen one like it which has lasted for five hundred years. I was a stranger in that church : but even those who never knew them could think tenderly that Sunday of the bright little faces that never grew old, of others called away in the bloom of youthful hope and promise, and of the mother re-united to the children 'whom love and death had gifted, With everlasting

youth.' So passed that Shortest Day, which is not forgotten: and next day in killing cold I got home just in time to miss a specially malicious and needless strike which paralysed the railways for some weeks to come. The organisers of it were able to think that they had been able to torture poor girls coming home from school for the Christmas holidays, some of whom got their death. But the beings in question replied, quite frankly, that their object was to make their strike cause as much vexation as possible. As plain fact, it did far the most harm to the poor wives and children of men who were bullied into joining a movement for which they had no heart, and which did mischief impartially all round.

So that year, memorable in certain little histories, came to its close. On one of its last days, just in the season when poor folk have heavy things to pay, and need every penny they have got, a Committee of Assembly, with characteristic idiocy, sent out a badgering appeal for money to meet one of the regularly coming crises. It asked me, and all parochial clergy, to go about trying to squeeze money out of people who just then had it not to give. Human wit could not have pitched on a more inopportune time. In the record of the time, with the careless frankness which sometimes characterises a history not written to be seen of any, the sender forth of that badgering appeal is described as 'an irritating Nuisance.' If he had wanted to damage his 'Cause,' he could have done no more.

On St. John's Day, Saturday December 27, I read that Archbishop Thomson of York was dead, aged only seventy-

one. Bishop Thorold was his great friend : and preached at his consecration as Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol in Westminster Abbey. Thorold was then Rector of St. Giles'. He stated, with great frankness, that the position of the Bishop of an English diocese was just about the pleasantest which could be reached by man. And he argued the thing out, with outspoken worldly wisdom. Thorold was a Canon of York, and the Archbishop wished to make him Suffragan Bishop of Hull. He was a good deal aggrieved by Thorold's firm refusal. For things were opening, and had Thorold become Bishop of Hull, it is quite certain he would never have been Bishop of Winchester. It is as Lord Campbell might have been Mr. Justice Campbell twenty years before he ascended the Bench. But then he would never have been Chief Justice nor Lord Chancellor. So it was well to wait, in either case. I looked back, that day, on the record of the days whereon, in September 1870, I had walked about with the young Archbishop at Invergarry, and been rowed by him in a boat on Loch Garry with incredible force. 'I learned at Oxford how to put my back into it,' were the words spoken of the Primate of England. He was grand to behold, and most pleasant and unaffected to talk to. We all know how Bishop Wilberforce spoke of his elevation. But read the Archbishop's Introduction to the Gospels in the Speaker's Bible ; and you will think highly of him. The great Samuel of Winchester could do many things : he could not have done *that*. Kindly reflections, perfectly sincere (he never saw them, and it was impossible that I

should ever get a farthing's worth from him), followed the statement that Thomson had been taken from his high place. I suppose no man ever reached it so early. And when he got it, certainly he had not deserved it. But he soon proved himself equal to the position. And you have only to look at the list of his predecessors, to be well assured that the question of merit had sometimes not been raised *there*. Lord Melbourne's high-toned sentence is historic. 'I like the Garter: there is no cursed humbug of merit there.' Cursed was not the word of the conscientious Premier: he used one familiar on his lips as household words. Chalmers and other Scotch parsons heard him frankly use it. And they stared. Chalmers's words, coming out from the interview, were, 'That seems to me a very uncivil man.' Such as have read recent puffs of the individual, may well turn to *The Times* biography, published the day after his death. There was nothing of the sneak about the biographer who wrote it, and the meaning of the Saxon-English was unmistakeable. Melbourne was easily pleased: Sir Arthur Helps used to relate an interesting instance. But though he 'liked the Garter,' he would not have liked that brave Number of *The Times*.

Christmas-Eve was frosty and sunshiny: all the country gleamed. But Christmas-Day was one of dismal rain and darkness: ever a sad disappointment to some. We had a pleasant service in St. Mary's: all the Christmas music; and it is noted that the sermon had been given before just on that day ten years. After four years I hold a sermon as new. Unluckily, some people's sermons are far too well

remembered. Probably only bits of them. On Wednesday December 31, the usual task of writing from ten till one : at 1.30 out and visiting sick folk all the afternoon, till a little while to the Club. Entering that door, I often recalled a saying of Bishop Thorold : 'If you work, as hard as you can, till four o'clock, you may then reasonably hold the day's work over.' It was never so with me, till failing strength hedged in. Always work till 7 P.M., save the half-hour at the Club. And when one was young, work again after dinner to all hours of the night. Once, at Irongray, aged thirty-one, I wrote through a summer night : saw the sun set, and the sun rise again in blazing glory. For long, now, Bishop Thorold's rule : 'No work after the last meal of the day.' Finally, on that day, one came in : having seen the light go for 1890. One tries to keep up the old feeling. It will not do to say that a year ends every evening, and that the divisions of time are not in nature. They are in our feeling. Which is the great fact.

I cannot but mention another matter. Monday December 29 was the birthday of my brother James, next to me in age : and taken away in June 1894. Only the eldest and the youngest of my Father's household are left. On that day the record bears a bit of that incident which is real life, but which is never told to any : not to the nearest. It seems too small. On the afternoon of the birthday, forty years before, I took the afternoon service at St. George's church in Edinburgh. Well I remember coming out of the costly and ugly pulpit after preaching, and the gaslight shining on the red velvet, which glowed as in the

summer sun. I can testify that when you are dying, such are the infinitesimal things which are really present to your mind. Here is the unutterable pathos of incident. And no one knows it but one's self. Never, to mortal, did I name that real fact before : though it has recurred often-times.

There was one who went just as near death as may be without dying, who noted these odd things which possessed the weakened mind. Often recurred an incident in his boyhood : a grey-headed old lady saying of her revered pastor, 'He feeds us with an empty spoon.' Dean Stanley would have approved the imagery.

Also a striking instance of co-operation with the Almighty in the moral government of this universe. Two men, strangers to one another, came together out of an establishment where they had each been exorbitantly charged for a very good dinner. One said, 'He ought to be punished for such extortion.' But the answer came, 'Oh, don't be hard on him. God has punished him already, very bad. My pocket is full of his spoons !'

Then the co-worker with the Divine Ruler departed rapidly.

CHAPTER IV

BEGINNING 1891

ON January 1 in this year, the Indian postage on letters was reduced by half. A letter goes to Calcutta now for the same small charge as to Paris, and the book postage to India is the same as that within the British Isles. So to the United States. One forgets, sometimes, what an immense blessing is thus given. When my first volume of essays came out, in November 1859, it was republished by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, of Boston, U.S.A. In a little while, these eminent publishers asked me to send them my next volume as early as might be, to the same end. It was both expensive and troublesome to send it. The Cunard Company charged five shillings for the carriage from Liverpool to Boston, and something appreciable had to be paid for carriage from Edinburgh to Liverpool. In this house, India is never forgotten. On that New-Year's-Day, at luncheon, having been asked so to do by our youngest boy who had left us for Calcutta in July, we solemnly drank the health of the absent, specially in India. The little household was gathered here: and nearly at the same hour our two lads in Calcutta would be dining. For the shining East meets the rising sun long

before he comes to us. The day brought various kind letters from unknown friends: among them one of eight pages from a lady at Cork. One sentence in it is preserved: ‘Surely you can join the Church of Rome, once for all.’ The conscientious writer expressed, in strong terms, her unfavourable estimate of my humble self, and all my doings. But her virulence against the Ancient Church was such as we cannot understand. For here, Romanism has no strength at all, and certainly it is not growing. In Ireland, of course, its power is overwhelming: and the protestantism of Protestants is accentuated accordingly. There, as Mr. Froude used to say, they are put side by side with ‘the rael thing.’ Some very ‘high’ Anglicans, he held, know not what they do. But even here, Rome now and then gets it hot. I read in the paper, just yesterday, that at a Protestant congress somewhere in England, the word ‘stinking’ was, amid general applause, applied by an enthusiastic speaker to the Roman Catholic Church, and her ways. The phrase appeared lacking in refinement. But it appeared to quite suit the taste of the folk who were gathered together there.

A Scotch parson, supposing him possessed of ordinary common-sense, is always glad to publicly show his approval of innocent amusement. With most, work is too hard and too constant, here. On the evening of Friday January 9, my colleague Dr. Anderson and I had an opportunity. The members of the parish-church choir had their annual festival in the Town Hall. Never were there more exemplary young folk; and their music leaves me, at least,

nothing to be desired. Many of them I have known all their days. Just a hundred were present that frosty evening ; and, as before, the occasion was most pleasant. There was tea, followed by singing : then by dancing. I stayed two hours, and quite enjoyed the whole. And I cordially approved everything. About that time, I noted that a church-choir, not very far off, proposed in like manner to have a cheerful little dance : but that the authorities of that unhappy sanctuary announced that no one who danced could possibly be allowed to sing in public worship any more. I really had not thought that such stupid bigotry could have been found, anywhere within the national Kirk. I was not likely to desire to preach in the place of worship in question : but I suppose that had I proposed to do so, I should not have been permitted. For though my own dancing days ended when I entered the Church, I was doubtless partaker of the wrong-doing (if any) of my young friends here. And quite unashamed.

The next day, Saturday January 10, Bishop Harrison of Glasgow came to stay with us, to preach in the College chapel on the Sunday. Like most of the Scottish Bishops, he is an Englishman, and in English orders. A bright, devout, kindly, cheerful man : very active and capable. Like many holding his office, a total abstainer from wine. Sunday was a raw cold day. A youth came to guide the Bishop to the chapel ; and I went to the parish-church as in duty bound, where the service was ‘all Epiphany.’ The Bishop came back, pleased with his congregation and service. In a blustering afternoon we had a long walk.

It would have been specially pleasant to me had he preached at my evening service at St. Mary's: but 'our unhappy divisions!' So we passed out of this door together; and parted at the gate of my little church, he going on to preach at the Episcopal. Quite right, of course, things being as they are. But very often one laments that they are so. And that evening I think each of us rather injured the other's congregation. There was hardly room for both of us on a dark inclement night, on which many are little inclined to quit the fireside. We sat up late in friendly talk; and next morning the Bishop returned to the great city of the west, carrying with him the best wishes of the Kirk. The recorded judgment of the time was 'A kindly cheerful gentleman: leaves the pleasantest impression.'

I am aware that in rigour of law, one has no right to publish any letter one has received, without the permission of the writer if he be living, or the permission of his representatives if he be dead. I fancy that most men who have written in entire frankness to special friends have good reason to be thankful that the case is so. For temporary moods find expression, which are not the abiding mind. Views are expressed, with nothing wrong in them, yet as to which it is expedient to practise an economy in conversation with many whom you see daily. Estimates of acquaintances are given, which the acquaintances might not like at all. And a general easiness of speech is permitted, which some might regard as inconsistent with a grave position. But my solitary letter from

the brilliant Archbishop Magee of York is so short, and so absolutely free from anything which might not be published from the house-tops, that it is not worth while to ask leave to publish it. Yet it must be given here. I have a great many letters from men holding the like place which the reader will never see save in brief extracts, and then after permission received. Remembering in the pleasantest way what I had found the great Prelate in the Bishops' room at the House of Lords, also on the memorable evening at Fulham when he told his best stories in his very brightest mood, I had congratulated him on his being appointed Archbishop of York : 'a very strong appointment' were the words to me of one of the Ministry that made him.

The Palace, Peterborough : January 16, 1891.

MY DEAR MODERATOR,—As you are a Brother Chief Doctor, your letter demands a longer reply than I can give it, oppressed as I am just now with an immense amount of letter-writing. Though brief, however, my thanks are very hearty.

Believe me, yours sincerely,

W. C. PETERBOROUGH.

Pathetically short was the Archbishop's tenure of his place. Yet, eminent as he was, his predecessor could bear comparison with him. It was not here as with an Irish see which I know Magee knew all about. The great Archbishop Whately of Dublin had got a friend appointed to it who would have filled it magnificently ; but when he had held it a few months he died. The Archbishop, with

entire frankness and absolute truth, wrote what he thought of the Church's heavy loss when the Bishop was taken : giving name and diocese which I do not. Then he added the awful sentence, 'His predecessor ate and drank for forty years !'

Quite a curious and touching incident came on Monday January 19. It was an old-fashioned season : upon that day we had intense frost, and all the country was white with snow, gleaming in the cold sunshine. An Anti-Popery lecturer of little account had intimated a lecture here for that evening. He had given such in various places, and had generally said a good deal about me, and two or three of my chief friends, as Professor Story and Dr. Marshall Lang, both of Glasgow. I had quite forgot the lecture, which indeed I should not have attended. But about 9.30 P.M. my wife and I were sitting quietly by the fireside where now I sit alone, the day's work over : when we heard a students' song approaching, rendered by a host of voices in melodious fashion. In a little, a crowd of students, Madras College boys, and others, stopped before this house, and cheered loudly. I said, 'Rely upon it, this is the night of the Popery lecture, and these dear youths have come to bid us cheer up, and not be cast-down even under the inappreciable trial of the man's observations.' We kept quiet ; but after a while pulled up a blind and looked out, amid redoubled cheering. All the space before the house was tightly packed, back to the railing round the garden : and torches were blazing, according to our fashion. We thought about four hundred.

We bowed ; but the youths remained, raising cries for a speech. They were resolved to have one : and of course there is nothing I would not do for St. Andrews students : this with extremely good reason. So after a little I went down, and opened the front door and went out, amid uproarious and quite-undeserved applause. The youths crowded up to the steps. Then there were cries for silence, and a dead hush. I have made a great many speeches in my life ; but never any with more feeling. These were the words, exactly as said :

' My dear young friends, thank you for this visit. It is always a delight to my wife and myself to see and hear you. But it is an awfully cold winter night, and the sooner you are all by the fireside the better. So I merely say, I think your coming here to-night very kind. And perhaps I may interpret it as meaning that if, anywhere about, you hear evil spoken of me, you won't believe it.' Here assent was conveyed in a manner not to be mistaken.

' So, good-night ! '

I have a reason for thus, once only, reporting my own little speech. Another version of it was put about, which would have gratified the anti-popery man by appearing to convey that I attached some importance to his observations. And assuredly I never dreamt of noticing him so far as to name him ; or even of alluding to him save in oblique fashion. There are mortals who are absolutely safe from reprisal.

Then the youths departed, a number shaking hands. Their hands were very cold : the frost was terrible. And

we thought the whole thing specially pleasant and kindly : the students coming straight from where they had heard me remarked-on ; and without a word just showing their kind feeling. It was not the first nor the fiftieth time that our hearts had warmed to these fine young fellows. ‘ I’m a St. Andrews student ’ is quite enough to say in this house. My Father was one. I have got Pope’s *Odyssey* in two shabby little volumes, bought by him here out of a very small purse. I cannot read very easily the ‘ James Boyd, St. Andrews, 1805.’ If he had known, then, what his son was to be here, it would have pleased him far better than to see me a Bishop. I never forget how the saintly old Dr. Wylie of Carluke sat down in my study in Great King Street when I was in doubt as to accepting this living. ‘ You will promise me to accept before I leave this room. I knew your Father as well as any man. If one had asked him what place in all the Church he would be proudest to see his son in, he would have said the First Charge of St. Andrews ! ’ I promised, and I came. And though there have been the needful troubles, I never repented. I do not believe that to any human being St. Andrews can be more than it is to me. The last months have made the place more sacred which was always sacred. As far as human being can know anything, I know where my long rest will be.

On Friday February 13, 1891, the record bears ‘ This day five years Tulloch died. God rest him ! ’ The last words came. And I suppose no one will reckon them as ‘ praying for the dead ’ in any fashion to be condemned.

But indeed people are courageous now as once they were not. At a meeting of a society of devout Scottish Churchmen something was said as to remembering the departed in our prayers. In one sense, we always do. I have not conducted a service, nor taken part in a service, for nearly forty years, in which, rejoicing in the communion of saints, we did not give thanks for those (specially those most dear to ourselves) who are now at rest in Paradise. At that meeting, it seemed to be said that even more might fitly be done. A vicious enemy of Establishments hastened to raise a cry of heresy against the Kirk. But his mouth was shut up, tight, when next day's *Scotsman* published a letter containing outspoken lines by the brave and lovable genius who was at that time Moderator in the Free Kirk. *He* practised no 'economy.' You could not mistake his meaning. Yet a Free Kirk-man could not well raise a howl against the National Church for permitting in a devout silent soul here and there what was manfully said to all the world by his own chief minister.

O'er land and sea love follows with fond prayers
Its dear ones in their troubles, griefs, and cares :

 There is no spot,
On which it does not drop this tender dew,
Except the grave, and there it bids adieu,
 And prayeth not.

Why should that be the only place uncheered
By prayer, which to our hearts is most endeared,
 And sacred grown ?
Living we sought for blessings on their head :
Why should our lips be sealed when they are dead,
 And we alone ?

Idle ? Their doom is fixed ? Oh ! who can tell ?
Yet, were it so, I think no harm could well
 Come of our prayer :
And O the heart, o'erburdened with its grief,
This comfort needs, and finds therein relief
 From its despair.

Shall God be wroth because we love them still,
And call upon His love to shield from ill
 Our dearest, best ?
And bring them home and recompense their pain,
And cleanse their sin, if any sin remain,
 And give them rest.

Nay, I will not believe it :—I will pray
As for the living, for the dead each day :
 They will not grow
Less meet for heaven when followed by a prayer
To speed them home, like summer-scented air
 From long ago.

Not a syllable of explanation or apology was elicited from the writer of the touching lines. Nor was any attempt made to cast him out from his place. Had he been expelled from that door, I know various others which would have been opened wide to take him in. Indeed it always appeared to me that Dr. Walter Smith was a misplaced man. But his career, like mine, is very nearly over. And it matters not at all, now.

Just once in a life-time can the ordinary Moderator be present at the dinner of the Royal Academy before the opening of its exhibition. It is a most interesting occasion ; and it fell on the evening of that same February 13, a Friday of intense cold. The scene is striking. A circular table, having the guests on only one side, goes round the large central hall of the building on the Mound

at Edinburgh which everybody knows. Many of the finest pictures are hung in that chamber. That evening, two life-like portraits by Sir George Reid, now the President, quite joined themselves to the company. They represented men specially-well known by most. The company was large, and remarkable. Many judicial and civic dignitaries were right and left of the then P.R.S.A., Sir William Fettes Douglas. The Lord Provost of Edinburgh was on his right: the Lord Justice-Clerk and the Lord Provost of Glasgow on his left. For my office-sake, I was placed on the right of the Chief Magistrate of Edinburgh: divers Judges came next. It is not superfluous to say that the dinner was the very best. But the feature of that entertainment was the high level of the speaking. Plainly, even the most practised orators had taken pains to prepare, as not on ordinary days. A Judge on my right hand, who had been Lord Advocate and eminent in Parliament, after being most lively and bright through dinner, when the season of toasts drew near said he must be quiet and think of his speech: then, with entire frankness, he produced a considerable manuscript and proceeded to study it beneath the sheltering board. I could not but exclaim, 'You don't mean to say that you prepare your speech?' The answer was, 'Not usually, but here most certainly.' I had in fact done the like, having a tremendous toast to propose. And, as a Bishop once said to me, going with him to a great function, 'It would not do to make a failure.' I can judge of the London speeches on the analogous occasion only by the newspaper reports. But though

in the Academy there they have the Premier and various members of the Cabinet, likewise divers Archbishops and Chief-Justices, not to name Royalties, it appeared to me that the Edinburgh speeches were distinctly the better. They were not too long : they were expressed with graceful felicity : fluency was perfect : jokes were few, and the few were quite unknown to Joe Miller. The entertainment, from the moment of entering, lasted four hours and a half: one speech was lengthy : Dr. MacGregor's in proposing the Literature of Scotland. But it was remarkably good, and must have been got up with care. The number of names the orator managed to introduce, without a scrap of manuscript to keep him in mind, was wonderful. And they all came in opportunely.

Visitors to St. Andrews do for the most part come in the brighter months of the year, and come not for work but for play. In the season now going over, Mr. Crockett, at the height of his popularity, spent July here ; but having hard work to do he went elsewhere for the months of August and September. The task being finished, he returned here in October and gave himself to reviving golf. But in that cold February of 1890, a popular authoress came here to work. Miss Adeline Sergeant, well known as a novelist, spent six weeks here, busily. Her abode was where her windows looked out upon the wintry sea, fifty feet below, and as near as it could be. The billows' sound must have been in her ears, as constantly as with St. Rule in his ocean-cave. I found her most pleasant and unaffected. And like others in this place, I hastened

to read several of her books, which I found bright and clever. On Friday February 20, Professor Caird gave his final lecture for the season. There was a large attendance. There had been a bright blue sky, with cold sunshine. But that afternoon at 3.30, all at once, rolling along South Street like the Solway tide flowing, there came a thick white fog, which overspread the region. At 5.30, the time of lecture, the damp impervious mist enveloped St. Salvator's Hall, and (physically) entered in. The testimony of that day, for what it might be worth, was 'Extremely good: but *not* the Gifford lecture, to my mind.' I can but add that it was some hundreds of miles nearer to what the founder intended, than various other so-called Gifford lectures. They bore that name only in the sense that they were paid for (very dear at the price) with Lord Gifford's money.

A few days later, I was interested in a gracefully-written sketch of myself and my preaching which came anonymously. When I read it, I felt that it was written by a lady. I learned that indeed the case was so. A very clever lady, who has the command of her pen. She had indeed heard me only once, and had chanced upon a quite-exceptional sermon. But we have to take our chance of that. And the clever lady's criticisms were, I doubt not, well deserved: in so far as not quite favourable. What interested me was the occurrence of certain phrases which I did not understand. What is meant by 'Hochma wisdom,' I know not at all. And being unwilling to betray my ignorance, I never have asked any one. It

is perplexing, when a trait is ascribed to you of which you know not the meaning. I have indeed a friend who, having been led by Government influence into proposing a change in the constitution of a large school which was (quite wrongly) regarded by some as limiting the privileges of the poorer children, was somewhat severely attacked at a public meeting. He, and a special friend who had acted with him, were described by a fluent local orator as 'Weasel-souled alligators.' He felt no soreness, nor the very slightest wrath: but he was greatly exercised as to what the epigrammatic phrase exactly ascribed to him. It is conceivable that the outstanding word did not mean the animal which is differentiated from a crocodile only as an attorney is from a solicitor. For it is recorded that an indignant speaker, holding himself as unjustly accused, exclaimed, as the climax of a highly-wrought paragraph, the remarkable words, 'I deny the allegation : and I despise the allegator !'

'But wherefore weasel-souled ?' said my friend, with pathos. 'I want to know myself, according to the well-known counsel of the ancient sage. And I cannot.' Neither could I help him. He was in darkness, and so was I.

There is a great deal of quiet heroism about in this world. I saw an instance near this time. On Saturday February 28 I went away to Greenock, once most familiar, now long unseen. Sunday March 1 was a memorable day in the history of the West Parish Church, there. Quite a series of remembrances came together in this year of grace

1891. Three hundred years ago, the first incumbent of the newly-erected parish had been inducted to it. A hundred years ago, one was inducted who is outstanding in the succession of incumbents : he was always called Bishop Steele. Fifty years ago, the existing parish-church was opened. It is large, and well-situated : but a beautiful Gothic church was abandoned, which is now happily restored. Five-and-twenty years before, the existing minister was ordained to the sacred office : a man who in divers important charges gained the name of one of our most powerful and attractive preachers. The Sunday was most interesting : the congregation at all the services was a crowd : the offertory was liberal as is usual in the hearty West. But the fact that remains in memory is, that neither on Saturday nor Sunday night could Mr. Barclay lie down at all. He suffered terribly from intractable asthma : he bore it without complaint. At a later time he came to St. Andrews : preached in the College chapel in the morning, and in the parish-church in the evening to a multitude. Rarely could one hear so good a sermon : and as for the dramatic force with which it was delivered (not read), I have hardly seen it paralleled. Yet the night before, in bitter winter, he had to get up from his bed at 4 A.M., and sit the rest of the night with his arms on the back of a chair, gasping for the breath of life. Yet he came down on Sunday morning quite cheerful ; and told me he had had his best night for many weeks past. Only by cross-examination did one elicit the facts. He was a brave man, and a patient sufferer : how he had heart, after his awful nights,

to face the Sunday services in his large church, it was difficult to imagine. That Saturday evening I was with him at Greenock, he had a large party at dinner, and was the life of it. Next morning, there was no complaint. But the day came on which, sitting out in the sunshine, without a moment's warning my good friend died. And I could not say I was sorry that he was relieved of the terrible burden of this life. His family asked me to preach his funeral sermon, according to our custom when a minister dies. To my great regret I was inevitably engaged elsewhere. For I should have liked to say a warm word concerning the quiet endurance I had seen. Leaving him on that bright Monday morning, I had noted how cheering all things were about his position : save the terrible Thorn. The kindness of the house was beyond words. And the record says, ‘A chief thing about being Moderator is that one can so please good men, and cheer them, by giving one’s services.’

Patronage has been abolished in the Kirk, where indeed it worked atrociously ill. All the secessions from the Scottish Establishment have originated in the intrusion of unacceptable ministers. A tide of warm feeling arose in that Greenock congregation : and Mr. Barclay’s son, a youth, was suddenly set in one of our chief charges. He was as hopeful, bright, and lovable an assistant as I ever had ; and he distinctly inherits his father’s gift of oratory. If health and strength are spared him, there can be no doubt as to the place he will take as a preacher. The choice was impulsive : and congregations make mistakes. But, at

least, the people who are to attend the church regularly are more concerned that it have a minister who will make the services pleasant and helpful to go to, than a patron who from year's end to year's end never enters the church at all. And looking at the character of divers men and women who have been able to push men into places in the Church, both high and low, I prefer, decidedly, the common-sense of most to the judgment of (very nearly) any individual.

This was a lovely October afternoon. The air had that miraculous stillness which always brings back the beautiful Irongray woods after you have passed the Rootin' Bridge with its waterfall, and are going on towards the bare tract where Carlyle and his wife lived together very unhappily. Some married couples, truly married, and everything to one another, would not have called that sort of thing living together at all. There had been bright sunshine all the forenoon, but later the light was subdued, and all the western sky was pale gold. I went away out alone to take that Saturday walk which hitherto has always been taken in company. Nearly all the Saturdays of my life which are worth remembering with my wife who has gone: all the others I can remember with Bishop Thorold of Winchester. I knew him as well as any one did, not excepting his dear and trusted friend Archbishop Benson of Canterbury; and he knew me much better than any one else, not excepting my best friends Professor Story and William Tulloch: often did the Bishop say, in speech and in writing, that he knew

what I had written far better than I did myself. But the never-failing companion of St. Andrews had to walk slowly in the latter days. Yet the change came quickly, looking back: it is a very few short years since we walked from Strathyre to Callander, nine miles, in two hours and a half. The first eight miles of that beautiful road which skirts Loch Lubnaig lying beneath the crags of Ben Ledi were indeed done in just two hours: then, as there was time, the last mile was sauntered. To-day, along the sea-side, above the cliffs, looking on the famous Bay: and so to the Cathedral: where rest the old and wearied of St. Andrews, and many of the fair and young too. Aye: that simple grave: and it was as yesterday she was Miss Hardcastle in the students' Play, and acted so brightly. 'I'm soon coming down to the east end of the town,' were the words of one of my best and wisest Elders, when I climbed St. Nicholas' Brae to see him near the end. Of a truth they have gathered there. As John Brown said, in a sentence which my old friend Doctor John Skelton has taken for the motto of his charming *Table Talk* which came last night, 'I have far more dead friends than living.' Yet now I do not find it sad, but cheering, to walk about that sacred ground: which, not thinking at all of the associations of these latter days, Dean Stanley used to call 'as sacred a spot as any within the British Isles.' He compared it with a place unknown to us stay-at-home folk, the Rock of Cashel in Ireland.

Coming back through the little pointed arch in the grand old gateway of the Abbey (they call it now *The Pends*:

that is, *Pendentes*: an arched passage with chambers above it is so called in Fife): there was solemn South Street. The leaves of the limes on either hand have grown thin: and to-day they are tremulous, twinkling in a breeze which has its suggestion of what season is coming on. The ancient street runs East and West, as great streets tend to do: think of Edinburgh, of Glasgow, of London; and at the West end there is that cold yellow blaze over all the sky. Midway (they set it down 783 years since *in mediâ civitate*, and there it is still) we come to the great parish-church: thirty years my Kirk: and I look at it continually, trying to get every aspect in light and dark into memory: yet how strange it often seems to me yet! To-day the trees which hide it in summer are growing bare, showing the great gaunt walls and huge windows which testify to the awful taste of the sacrilegious beings who pulled the mediæval fabric about, just this time a hundred years. Walking slowly by, one looks at it very kindly: as though saying to it, 'You have in these long centuries belonged to innumerable people, very queer people some of them: my turn is short in your æonian history, but for this little while you belong to my colleague and me.' The old edifice smiled back a grim smile of recognition: as though saying, 'You run your course very quickly when compared with mine.' Then I thought that the ancient place had heard some of those sermons (not all of them) which have perplexed the newspapers in these last days. When that latest volume of mine was announced (the thirty-first), many stated that it was autobiographical: a volume of

reminiscences. Possibly the title tended to mislead : it was *Occasional and Immemorial Days*. So it was deemed necessary to correct that impression : and I read to-day in divers organs that ‘This volume consists of Discourses which have not appeared in any periodical, and which are not autobiographical.’ Likewise I noted in the letter of a London correspondent to a paper in a vast northern town, that the book ‘is not of a humorous character.’ And I reflected how the delightful old Dean Ramsay, long ago, having charmed a large portion of the race by his stories of Scottish life, told me he found it quite imperative that he should retrieve his character for seriousness by publishing something dull. So he put forth a volume of extremely sensible sermons : which were not read of many.

That church is not like other churches. Strange things have been said and done there. I do not refer to John Knox getting so animated in preaching that ‘he was like to ding the pulpit in blads, and jump out among the people’: a detail which always delighted Froude. Nor do I call to remembrance how the Kirk-Session imprisoned offenders against Church-law in that tower, very cold and comfortless ; and made some sit at the church door in a coarse sack-cloth vestment (euphemistically called a white sheet), to be stared at by the congregation entering : specially by those of the congregation who had sat there themselves. Possibly one considered how Archbishop Sharp’s coffin was set down one Sunday before the pulpit, covered with his episcopal robes, while the Bishop of Edinburgh preached to the people of the virtues of the

Primate who had been ‘removed’: a pleasanter thought in any case than that of Knox dealing from the pulpit with a poor witch set up at a pillar before him ere she was taken out and burnt. Though I am minister of St. Andrews I frankly say that had I been present on that horrible day I should have thrown something at Knox’s head, as heavy a thing as I could find. I can think of nothing more revolting except it be of that accursed preacher in New England who boasted in a sermon concerning a poor soul he had got burnt, that ‘she had gone howling out of one fire into another.’ I really do not see how, if I had lived among those brutal fanatics who burnt witches and flogged Quakers (men and women), I could have been anything but an atheist. One could not get far enough away from their accursed creed. Some remember how brave Charles Kingsley told, in blazing wrath, what effect was produced on his youthful belief by the type of Christianity thrust upon him from certain quarters. ‘I spewed it out: and for three years I believed neither in God nor devil !’

But this afternoon I kept away from tragic remembrances which must stir to unquenchable wrath every heart that is worth reckoning. One learns, in the latter days, if one would live at all, to keep away. And I loathe and abhor Knox, burning a witch, exactly as much as I do Bethun or Mary or Calvin burning a heretic. Looking at the church to-day I thought rather how Adam Masterton quarrelled with Agnes Boyd his wife: even such was my daughter’s name. The matter was brought before ‘the

Sessione of the Superintendant of Fyff and ministrie of Sanctandrois, holdyn within the parochie Kyrk of the citie of Sanctandrois.' And the pair were reconciled. The man 'acceppis hyr in his favouris, and grantis to adheir to hyr as his lawfull wyff. And in sygn of concorde, amite, and simple remit of all displesor, the said Adam, at the dizyr of the said Mr. Ihon Dowglas, kissed and embrased the said Agnes and drank to hyr.'

I have friends who have fine churches, while mine is arranged with incredible shabbiness : that being very cheap to those who have to keep it up. But I do not believe that anything so quaint and strange ever occurred in any church built within this century. So I have the advantage in one respect. Truly these incidents are strange. And the flavour remains about the old walls. Here are homely comedy and tragedy. Read the two great printed volumes of the St. Andrews Kirk-Session Register, beginning July 25, 1559, and you will find abundance of either. It bears indeed to be *Liber Registri enormium delictorum correctorum per ministrum seniores et diaconos congregacionis Christianæ civitatis Sancti Andreæ*. Strange and beautiful is the handwriting in which these words are preserved. And the offences of which note was taken are, some of them, black enough. The Kirk-Session of St. Andrews was the very first founded in Scotland. It numbered 58 members : which, curiously, was precisely its number in this year of my Moderatorship.

Various persons at a distance take an interest in our

ancient Kirk. I have before me a printed legend, inaccurate in nearly every detail, recording an incident said to have occurred on one occasion when Dean Stanley preached there. I have told the story myself accurately,¹ and am not going to repeat it here. It is just as well for the man who put about that legend, that in the awful time I have come through, at the very door of death, I resolved that I should never say or write an unkind thing any more. For a scourge of scorpions was ready to my hand, had I thought it worth while, or right, to use it. The legend states that an individual, easily identified, 'who dearly loves to introduce Anglican ways into Scottish churches often ill adapted for their exemplification, had, on this occasion, organised a would-be imposing procession, embracing several of the dignitaries of the University in their robes, to lead the Dean from the little vestry to the places assigned for the Clergy a few yards off.' I pretermit the rest of the story, which is a pure invention: and ask the reader's attention to these lines. 'It would be difficult to put a greater number of misstatements into the same number of words. One really thinks of the old parson's account of a letter from his nephew Tim. 'It consisted of five lines. And it contained five lies.'²

i. I had organised no procession whatever. The 'procession' consisted, as it does every Sunday, of the Beadle first, and then the two or three who are to perform

¹ *Twenty-Five Years of St. Andrews*: Vol. I. p. 207.

² *St. Andrews and Elsewhere*: p. 94.

the service. No change whatever was made, or dreamt of, that day.

2. There were no 'dignitaries of the University in their robes.' Not one. Such a thing was never thought of.

3. The 'little vestry' is the place where the Presbytery of St. Andrews meets. It is seated for a hundred persons. It is fitted up as a chapel of decent aspect.

4. The distance 'from the little vestry to the places assigned for the clergy a few yards off,' is exactly 72 of my steps. Immediately after reading this story (whose animus is apparent) I stepped it. Seldom do 'a few yards' count up to 72. I should say, a good many.

5. As the writer never took part in any service with me in my church, he knows nothing earthly, unless through vulgar tattle, as to my methods of worship there. But I fancy what was meant was merely general depreciation. And the acquaintance who wrote that I 'dearly love to introduce Anglican ways' and so on, probably intended that his remarks should be read by some who would think them just the worst thing which could be said of me. To be an unscrupulous pusher, self-seeker, and putter-about of unhistorical stories, is nothing at all when compared with that.

6. I will try to forget this gratuitous attack on one in whose case it was specially unworthy. It is not the first nor second erroneous story, tending to put me in an unfavourable light, which came from the same source. I can but add, in the words of Lord Clive, I stand amazed at my own moderation.

Let us get away from that kind of thing. Sermons have been spoken of. Let me add, that it is very extraordinary what in certain quarters makes them impressive and memorable. I remember an intelligent lady informing me, long ago, how she was thrilled (that used to be the word) by a certain sermon by a great preacher. It was tremendous, she asseverated, when the orator said the words, ‘Thaht mahn wheetch.’ ‘Can you give me any more of that remarkable discourse?’ was my natural question. ‘No. That is all I can remember. It was very fine.’ One thought, of course, of Whitefield and *Mesopotamia*. Then a remarkably clever man told me that after deep reflection, he had found that a certain systematic mispronunciation of words gives them an immense impressiveness. ‘There was a dead hush in the Kirk here, when Mr. Bahoo wound up a climax as follows : Soft as the wheespairs of sommair, soothing the wyves to sloambear.’ He added, with deep conviction, ‘It would have been nothing to say Soft as the whispers of summer, soothing the waves to slumber.’ But the people gaped when the words were mispronounced, and incredibly lengthened out. My brother Walter, long taken away, was much cleverer and more observant than most men. He had been present when the eccentric orator held forth. And he said to me, ‘You may smile at what Abercromby said as you like : but I tell you it is true.’ If so, the more the pity. This was more than thirty years since. Vulgar barbarisms would not go down now. Of that I am perfectly sure. We pronounce now just as well as we can.

And with our best preachers, there is no marked provincial accent. The horrible fashion of signifying special earnestness by adding an *ah* at the end of the outstanding words, is gone by nearly everywhere. It is long since I heard, in a very great church indeed, 'For in Thee we recognise alike the Friend in needah, and the Friend indeedah.'

On Sunday April 19 I assisted Dr. Burns at the Communion in Glasgow Cathedral: my twenty-fifth April there. I found the arrangement of the beautiful Choir greatly improved. When Bishop Thorold, leaving us for Maxwelton, passed through Glasgow and visited the famous church of St. Kentigern, I was not surprised when he wrote 'The interior is simply painful.' The pulpit was set where of old was the high altar. Now a sumptuous altar-table of elaborately-carved oak, backed by a beautiful reredos of alabaster, was in its proper place. Decorous stalls of oak were duly arranged. The pulpit, made of ancient oak, was set to one side against a pillar: the French polish being carefully scraped-off. The prayers, instead of being read to the congregation from the pulpit, were read from proper stalls at either end of the sanctuary. Not only was everything in its right order, but it was wonderful how much easier it was to be heard by all present, speaking from the pulpit diagonally across the vault, than when one spoke along the axis of the roof, ninety feet high. A stately eagle lectern was there. Indeed, the solitary objection to the decorous arrangement of things possible was that it was so extremely like what the majority of Christian people choose to have in a church

of that dignity. But the crowded congregations which worship there do not raise that objection. One change for the better is needful: to wit, that all men, entering the Cathedral, would uncover their heads. It is most jarring to see that many do not. Nor does one quite enjoy hearing occasional mention of the Reerydoss. Neither is the word Clerrystory to be approved. Something may be done by always spelling the latter word in modern English, *clearstory*. The reredos might also be rendered *reardos*: which would avert the blunder. In both cases, the meaning would be made plain.

The people who live in Maxwelton, I am told, get very tired of hearing *Annie Laurie*. Even so, in that year of my little history, it was of interest, for once, to minister in a church where no mortal knew I was Moderator. It was strange, on Monday, to walk with Dr. Burns to the Pear-Tree Well, on the banks of the Kelvin, whence my old Professor William Thomson takes his title. When I was a lad at College, this was a long country walk. But the great tide of stone and mortar has come on, and the pretty rural spot has perished. A terrible underground railway, too, bursts from the earth at unexpected spots.

No more interesting duty came in that year, than it had been to go to Glasgow a month before, to the anniversary services in William Tulloch's parish. When that parish was created and endowed, the tide in Glasgow had somehow turned against saints' names for churches: and this received the not quite ecclesiastical designation of Maxwell Church. But it is a handsome and solemn fabric. It is

rather fuller than it can well hold, and all the parochial machinery is in great efficiency. W. T. is a wonder to me, for the quantity of work he gets through, without appearing overdriven. But excessive labour must tell at length: and the day came when he had to stand aside for an entire year, visiting Egypt and India. The critical period passed over, and to-day he is hard at work in busy Glasgow as before. I went to my dear friend on the day of the Equinox, Saturday March 21. With the apprehensiveness of an aging man, I had written that morning, ‘W. T. has been anticipating this, and I find things much anticipated disappoint.’ But if you expect to be disappointed, perhaps you may not be. This visit to the west was all I could have desired. March 22 was Palm Sunday, and the services were suitable. The church was crammed: the music was excellent: the offertory most liberal. Never was more attentive congregation: but indeed in these days I find all congregations so. The days of sleeping in the kirk are happily over: the days wherein in my little country church, an old minister was wont to exclaim, ‘Waken up, or I’ll name you out, name and surname!’ My dear old Heritor, Mr. Wellwood Maxwell of The Grove, told me he had often heard the remarkable words. Next day, W. T. and I took a walk to Pollok woods, never seen before, and very fine: and we called at a charming old-fashioned dwelling, Haggs Castle. That evening, there was a congregational dinner-party, numbering sixty, in a grand hotel in town: Maxwell parish is suburban. Glasgow hospitality and heartiness. I sat next

the Lord Provost, and found him quite delightful. And it is recorded that the speeches were extremely good. This, indeed, is characteristic of Glasgow. The municipal Parliament is an excellent school: and no man can rise to prominent place in that great city without being clever and well-informed beyond what is common.

April 2 brought the first letter signed *A. Winton*. I had read all about the quaint ceremonies attending the enthronement in Winchester Cathedral. But it was interesting to have them related by him who had been the central object of interest. ‘I was never so stared at in my life.’ And, with characteristic accuracy, the new Prelate of the Garter had gone back to the narrow dark blue-ribbon, carrying the order. The broad ribbon of light blue, which one used to see round Bishop Wilberforce’s neck, was wrong. That belongs to the Knights only. Here it may be said that May 14 brought various newspapers, in which it was announced that the Bishop of Winchester was to be Archbishop of York. I knew he would not go. And, in fact, York was not offered. I believe it would have been. But just when Archbishop Magee died of influenza, Bishop Thorold was near death’s-door with the same terrible trouble. No sane Prime Minister could run such risk. When Thorold had been a Canon of York, residing there three months yearly, though he took kindly to Cathedral services, his wife told me, outspokenly, that she did not like anything about York except the Minster. The flat land round the city was depressing to both of them. Many competent judges hold the see of Winchester as the best

place in the Church of England. It is very long since an Archbishop said, ‘Canterbury is the higher stall, but Winchester the better feeding.’ The ‘feeding’ is not so good now, as in the unreduced days when Bishop Sumner refused York. But it is extremely good still : specially to a Prelate of private means. The plain Presbyter could but write, concerning his dearest friend, ‘This gives one a near view of great worldly place. What great things there, compared with our possibilities !’ The remark was quite impersonal. I never *evened myself* to these elevations. I knew as well as my most kindly friend that I was quite unfit to be a Bishop. I might have made a decent Dean. A good deal may be made of a Scotsman, if he be caught early. This is known both at York and Canterbury.

It was on Monday April 6, 1891, that Lord Dufferin gave his inaugural address as Lord Rector of the University : and charmed everybody, both in public and in private. But the story of that day has been fully told.¹ About the same time I received a lengthy letter of unsought advice from a dissenting minister. Turning up the Almanac, I found that his ‘Body’ numbered just eight congregations. I do not know their size. But I remember, on the occasion of a minister of the Kirk publishing a very spiteful attack upon me, I referred to the official record ; and discovered that he served a flock numbering 29 communicants. It appeared that modesty became a good man whose power of attraction was so small. Our communicants here number 2090. One thought thst the lightly-worked man might

¹ *St. Andrews and Elsewhere*: pp. 81–84.

have had some sympathy with an overdriven ‘brother.’ The actual charge was of heterodoxy. Anybody may read the sermon on which it was founded.¹

The Forth Bridge has made a great difference on the journey to Glasgow. Formerly, one had to go first to Edinburgh, crossing the five miles of rolling Frith. Now the journey is made in two hours and a half, with no change save at our junction at Leuchars. Most St. Andrews people, each time they are swept past Burntisland, are sensibly thankful that there is no longer the scramble over slippery stones to the ferry steamer, and the weary squeezing in and squeezing out through inadequate gangways : all this carrying in your own hands everything you had in your carriage. On Friday May 1, a dismal May-day, December-like for cold and darkness, I did easily what used to be impossible. I went to Glasgow to attend a meeting of a Trust of which I was a member, which gives help to parish-ministers whose failing health demands a holiday. A good lady had left a considerable fortune whose income was to go this way. We made various worthy men happy. Then I came back, taking just two hours and twenty-three minutes from Glasgow to St. Andrews. Had it been so in my Father’s day, what a thing for him ! For though to him a glamour invested the place where he studied, he never beheld it after his student days. Finally, after that long journey across Scotland and back, I preached in the evening at the parish-church.

¹ It is on *The Privilege of Repentance*: p. 93 in a forgotten volume *From a Quiet Place*.

There was quite a hearty service, before the Communion on Sunday. The sermon was very extempore indeed, as it must be when one is weary. And it was strange to look round the quaint old place, and think of the regions through which one had passed that day. Strange, that is, to a stay-at-home human being.

A word must here be said, touching that Leuchars Junction, whose name puzzles the Saxon. At missionary meetings I have heard many jokes made in the speeches of good men, all to be classed under the three heads of Bad, Worse, and Worst. But I do not think I ever heard a worse one than was made at a meeting here, and that by a really-clever man. Even Homer may nod. He said, with feeling, that earnest orator : 'I am told it is difficult to get money here, because the place, though learned, is poor. I can't think it is so poor. Why, your very junction-station is called Lucre : and surely there is lucre enough in St. Andrews to do something handsome for this excellent cause.' A dead silence followed. And one saw an awful impression possess the speaker of the true value of his pleasant jest. It is thirty years ago. But I see clearly the face of extremest misery.

The season went on. Friday May 15 was the Term-Day : a day of many payments and a few receipts. It was a dismal day, alternating between cold, drenching showers, and blinding clouds of dust. The record of the time says, 'The Assembly is growing big, and the first day falls most heavily on the retiring Moderator. But things were very pleasant last May, and all my brethren only

too kind. I hope I may get through fairly this year, and so end pleasantly. For I never can be an Assembly man: That I know well; and I have no desire to be.' Then, the next day, what some will understand: 'Read diary of this time in the last three years. With all present troubles, I would not go back. And I am very thankful that my Moderatorship is well over: or very nearly so.'

Some Moderators take a long holiday before their duty. One judged that certain weeks in Italy would brace him up: the existing dignitary went to Madeira. This year, as before, I thought it far better to go on with my regular work up to the last. On the other hand, I got sensible help from little things, not noticed by some. Sunday May 17, the last before the Assembly, was Pentecost. It was bright, but cold: the Sidlaws were white with snow: the more distant Grampians gleamed. The services are noted as memorable: though in fact quite forgotten. But going that afternoon to the Sunday Schools, the geans (which are wild cherry-trees) in the Queen Street gardens were in most beautiful blossom: also, the pear-trees at Orchard Cottage. It is better to be so made as to be truly lifted-up by these common phenomena, than even to be (like some of one's big acquaintances) solemnly hung round with strings. Even should the strings be red or blue.

CHAPTER V

THE ASSEMBLY OF 1891, AND AFTER

ON the evening of Tuesday May 19, after all our preparations had been made for going to Edinburgh next day, I received a lengthy communication from a zealous man with whom I had no personal acquaintance ; though I had heard his name : and I read it carefully, resting before the fire, according to our use. It suggested that the General Assembly should publicly repent of having put in its Chair the dangerous Jesuit who had mainly led the Kirk into approving the Scottish Hymnal. I thought, for a moment, of sending a line of reply, to the effect that admirable as the suggestion was, it hardly fell to me to urge it. It would come more fitly from somebody else. But I adhered to my unvarying rule, of never suffering myself to be drawn by such communications. I have received many, but never answered one.

Next morning was bright and calm : and we went away together. In the railway carriage I read over my sermon for the next day, and my address for opening the Assembly. The dignified apartments at the Waterloo Hotel were not for us this year : but we were pleasantly housed at 15 Athole Crescent. Nothing is more touch-

ingly associated with that house, than two little volumes of exquisitely pathetic short tales of New England life, by Mary E. Wilkins. Her name stands not among the *Men and Women of the Time*, Edition of 1891. But she deserves a niche better than two-thirds of the persons who (some of them) have been permitted to sound their trumpet there: no uncertain sound. The true spark is here, beyond question. Never was real and homely life set out with more beauty and pathos; and with abounding humour, too. Always these things together. My wife bought the little volumes that day we came to Edinburgh: she read them continually during our fortnight there. And I have come to know them pretty well by heart. I am not going to speak of divers special associations with the departed days. Only that the little volumes, prettily bound in one, abide in an honoured place in my study where I have worked hard for near twenty-three years; and will abide there till I can work no longer. They are published by Mr. Douglas. And more daintily-got-up books will not easily be found.

That afternoon at three, I went to St. Giles' to meet my successor, and arrange about the Holy Communion which we were to celebrate there together on Friday morning. Dr. MacGregor has been for many years the outstanding pulpit-orator of Edinburgh: and he has the orator's temperament. I could not but remark under what a nervous strain he seemed. When I came back to Athole Crescent, William Tulloch was there: it would not have seemed the Assembly-time without him. In the

evening we dined at Holyrood, all according to strict rule ; and after dinner I solemnly introduced my successor to the High Commissioner and Her Grace. Every one was delighted that we had the Marquis and Marchioness of Tweeddale again. The Kirk has been in special luck to have in succession Lord and Lady Hopetoun, Lord and Lady Tweeddale, and Lord and Lady Breadalbane. Comparisons are needless, when all are the very best. My wife was assured by the dignified official who took her to dinner, that save the few who must be present, there would be no congregation at St. Giles' next day. Unless, he added, 'people come for the Moderator' : which he plainly thought unlikely.

Thursday May 21 was bright and beautiful. According to rule, I was excused attending the Levée at Holyrood : and I was at St. Giles' in good time. For the first time on such an occasion, we had the decorous service of that church, shortened a little, and with special prayers for the Assembly. Till now, the Moderator appeared in the pulpit, and rendered all the service thence. To-day William Tulloch read the prayers as well as might be : Dr. Cameron Lees, Dean of the Thistle, and minister of St. Giles', read the Lessons in a beautiful clear voice, which reached everywhere. Somewhat Erastian was the pause, after we were in our places : worship does not begin till the Commissioner and his party arrive. The music was excellent, the psalms and hymns being appropriate. Such too were the Lessons, and very short. I had been sitting at the north end of the Holy Table ; and I did not

realise what the congregation was till I went to the pulpit, which is placed under the crossing. The record of the day says, 'A wonderful sight. The Cathedral was crammed, and many standing. Very inspiring, and humbling.' I had written a sermon for the occasion ; surely it deserved one's best. The congregation was most sympathetic. There was a host of good ministers, and I felt and spoke as a brother. It was to-day that an eminent member of Parliament explained the tone of my discourse by stating that I was 'a Jesuit.' He should not have said so in the presence of little Tom Eaves.

Just once before had I been present at the service on this occasion. It is a changed world. It would be overbold to say the sermon then was the dullest and stupidest I ever heard : because one's experience has been large. But I can say truly I never heard a duller or stupider. At that period, it was deemed undignified to be interesting : something must be wrong if the congregation eagerly looked up and listened. I did indeed go to hear Norman Macleod. But in those days the eastern limb of the Church alone formed the 'High Church' : not one-third of the present St. Giles'. I found I should have to stand in the passage, such was the crowd. And the opening psalm was incredibly ill sung, to a tune absolutely unsuitable. So I withdrew.

Immediately the St. Giles' service was over, I drove up to the Assembly Hall, hard by. It had been curious, the moment the sermon was over, to behold the stampede from the Cathedral. People hurried away to get into the Hall :

and the pretty anthem (it was *O taste and see*, which Dr. Peace calls the finest of short anthems) was sung to the Commissioner's party and the magistrates. When I entered the Assembly Hall, I found it crammed: the multitude stood up to receive me for the last time. Speedily, heralded by a tremendous salute of cannon from the Castle, came the Commissioner. I prayed, without any reading: and following the precedent of last year, all joined heartily in the Lord's Prayer. Then I read my little address, and proposed Dr. MacGregor for Moderator: speaking, of course, for the little College of Old Moderators, whose function, in nominating, is simply to interpret and express the mind of the Church at large. Then Dr. MacGregor was brought in by Professor Milligan, the senior Clerk; and received enthusiastically. He was very nervous. I took him by the hand and placed him in the Chair, retiring to my place at the side of the table. He was thoroughly equal to the formal matters he had at once to do. Then the Assembly closed as usual on the first day. And the Moderator drove us down to Princes Street, where we left him to be photographed in his gorgeous array. The record of the season adds, 'It has been a lovely summer day. Troubles will come, of course; but I am thankful.'

Next morning, before the opening of the Assembly, there was Holy Communion at St. Giles'. It will hardly be believed that a few years before there was violent and even ferocious opposition to this devout innovation. I heard with these ears a blatant bellower, howling at the

top of a voice hardly human, declare that it was ‘ritualism.’ The protestantism of the good man was keen : but to be Thorough, he ought of course to have declared against ever having the Communion at all. It surprised me more to find one of our best men objecting, on the ground that this was like the profane old fashion in England, of requiring that all (Dissenters too) should receive the Communion according to the order of the English Church before becoming members of any municipal Council. It need not be said that there was not the faintest resemblance between the cases. No member of Assembly needed to come to Communion unless he pleased. It was not a test qualification. The celebration was most devout, and largely attended by members and others. It may here be said that suspicious souls find the mark of the Anglican Beast in the use of the words *Holy Communion*, and *celebrate*. Within this week, a very kind and intelligent reviewer gently admonished the present writer : stating that my ‘fondness for Anglican phrases’ appears in my ‘speaking of a sermon on the Communion Day’ ‘as preached at *The Celebration of the Holy Communion*.’ The good man knew not that, like other ‘innovators,’ I commonly have the law of the Kirk on my side. In ‘The Directory for the Public Worship of God,’ the chapter on this subject bears the title ‘Of the Celebration of the Communion, or Sacrament of the Lord’s Supper,’ and its first words run, ‘The Communion, or Supper of the Lord, is frequently to be celebrated.’ Two or three ministers, it ought to be told, have come to St. Giles’ to spy how

things should be done: refusing to receive the elements when offered them. I felt very sorry for them. The Duke of Argyll has well said that the most ridiculous thing in the world in these days is a Scotsman lifting up a testimony. But in a case like this, ridiculous is not the word.

That morning the Moderator was assisted by me, by his colleague Mr. Wallace Williamson, and by Mr. Fleming his Chaplain. He did not choose me, as I was there like himself by command of the Assembly: but he could not have found in the Kirk better men than the two he selected. All was most uplifting. The Moderator used the beautiful liturgical office which had been prepared for the previous year, and which has been used ever since save on one occasion when it was cast aside with deplorable result. For awkwardness, irreverence, and ugliness, that day is sorrowfully remembered. If such were the Communion everywhere, I should leave the Kirk: even yet. But in the Kirk, every man is free to make the service just as bad as he likes: in fact, to bring it to his personal level. The single fly in the ointment in MacGregor's year was that, carried away by his warm heart, he *would* interpolate here and there little bits of gush of his own which did not go with the calm and restrained felicity of the beautiful service provided. Still, some like these little bursts. They seem natural and real. I know that so it sometimes is; and that with both high and low. The Church Service Society need not fancy that everybody likes liturgical propriety. Extemporaneous impropriety commends itself to some: the 'eloquent and impressive prayer,' during

which some have exclaimed *Hear, hear!* It is not to be supposed that the exhortation was addressed to the Hearer of Prayer. It was not quite so bad as that. But it was bad enough. It was meant to convey to the persons present that such were the sentiments of him who thus bellowed out.

Within these few days, quite near this place, a strange incident befell. A very dear young friend of mine, once a curate here, writes me :

‘Here is a Liturgic story which I got from a man who asserted that he was present on the occasion. It was at (Kennaquahair) : a function which was to be opened with prayer. The day was stormy, and many of the guests failed to appear. A (Muggletonian) parson; being entrusted with the duty, thus delivered his soul : “O Lord : owing to the absence of the (Exarch of Melipotamus), and because of the tempestuous weather at present prevalent, we do not propose to address Thee at any length.”’

I do not deem it expedient to more nearly indicate time and place : nor to name the dignitary whose absence tended to cause that the excellent man’s words were few. I have no doubt he spoke in all simplicity and sincerity. And he was absolutely honest. He was not like one, hostile to liturgical form, who said to a little gathering, thinking it would go no farther, ‘Because I used this ancient form, I was called a Puritan.’ That individual knew perfectly well that it was not because he had used that form that somebody called him what he did call him, whatever it may have been.

Passing from any recollection of him (which tends to ruffle) let me say that I have noted, with satisfaction, that even as the rattlesnake has to indicate his presence by his rattle, so certain persons, when they make a misstatement, are somehow constrained to speak very much through their nose. Likewise that in such circumstances, a singularly-mean aspect of a sudden invests their whole outward personality.

I did not relate at length the history of my own Assembly ; and I was not going to give more than two or three incidents of Dr. MacGregor's. He was a most genial and delightful Moderator : somewhat informal in his ways. Like the Speaker in the Mother of Parliaments, the Moderator has always maintained an impassive demeanour, unless when called upon. And it was strange, when a grand speech was ended amid loud applause, to see the Moderator warmly shake hands with the orator, and say that this was one of the best speeches ever made in the General Assembly. But he is 'a child of freedom and a child of nature' : as is well known to the readers of a volume of Ballads in Ecclesiastical history written by one who was brilliantly to fill the Chair. I sat close to our Primate : took his place when he went out for sustenance, and presided for him at evening sittings. Never in the world was there more loveable man. It was delightful to be near him. He was one of my dearest friends before that Assembly : and I think our mutual regard has been warmer since, if that could be.

No doubt one remembers vividly the many occasions

on which the Moderator approved himself thoroughly equal to his place. But somehow, thinking of him through these days of elevation, nothing comes back more clearly than an incident which fell upon a day. He went out at his usual hour for the needful food ; and I took his place. After due time, the door behind the Chair opened, and he came rapidly in. The Assembly takes no notice of these changes. But where was the stately form which had gone out, grandly robed ? Lunching, he had laid aside his gown, forgetting to remove his hood. Commonly, a Moderator has some one to take care of him : but that day he had been alone : and hastening back to his place in the venerable House, he quite forgot the robe which should have been endued. Thus he entered as no mortal ever entered before, in his court suit, without his gown, but with his hood upon his shoulders. Suddenly realising the situation, just as he reached me he turned and fled away precipitately. There was a great crowd that day, filling the space he had to cross ; and none but those he had to squeeze through ever remarked that singular little forgetfulness. Specially grand and stately was his demeanour when in a few minutes he re-entered with majestic step. Beholding my friend, I remembered how Bishop Thorold told me, more than once, of the time when he and MacGregor crossed the Atlantic together ; and on a stormy day, whereon the orator had invested himself in a yellow waterproof wrap, he came down to dinner still wearing it, and so sat for long. His appearance was in a high degree remarkable ; and his yellow raiment stuck most tenaciously

to all persons and all objects he approached. But that dear man is an absolutely-privileged person, and can always do exactly what he pleases. And every one is delighted.

It was specially interesting to go down to St. Giles' on Saturday afternoon, May 23, and give the short discourse at the daily service there. Such services are still rare in Scotland, and many who were in Edinburgh for the Assembly came that day. The daily service is held in the solemn little side-chapel called the Moray Aisle. It was quite full, and a good many people in the Nave. The prayers for the day were admirably read by Mr. MacVicker, then the assistant in charge: now minister of the lonely though beautiful pastoral parish of Kirkconnel in Dumfriesshire. The occasion was a very different one from the great service in the same church on the Thursday: but it was very soothing and uplifting. I never miss, when it is in my power, going to that quiet worship in St. Giles'. It has been kept up now for a good many years, through the liberality of a wealthy and excellent man who has in other ways done much for Edinburgh. And the good example set by St. Giles' has been followed in the new St. Cuthbert's, where, to the help of some, daily prayer is also made. Tulloch thought it a mistake when the kindly Founder made it essential that there should be just a word of exhortation at every service. But of course it was felt that most Scots folk hardly think it a service unless the sermon be there. It need not be said that it has to be short, not much beyond ten minutes. Nor need it be

told that what is desired is something very different from the formal sermon of Sunday: something informal, quiet, devout, specially meant to help and comfort. This good end, I fear, is not always attained. Twice have I gone when the meditation was given by Dr. Lees himself: and it is no more than just to say that for adaptation to time and place and all surroundings, it seemed to me to be perfect. But more than once or twice have I been present when a worthy man, not possessing the gift of devout extemporaneous expression, produced a long formal sermon, and read at the beginning of it for ten minutes, or (I grieve to say) more. The effect was most jarring. One could but rejoice that very few were there to be jarred. For me, and an eminent friend who went with me, the good of the prayers was lost on that disappointing day.

Nothing remains more distinct in remembrance about that General Assembly, than a great Church Defence debate on Thursday May 28. One can hardly, indeed, use the word of an occasion where all the speakers were on one side. The record of the time specifies Lord Balfour, Dr. Macleod of Inverness, and Mr. Macdonald of Aberdeen, as making ‘great speeches.’ By the way, why is it that we always talk of *making a speech*, but never of *making a sermon*? The only human being in my knowledge who habitually wrote that such a preacher ‘made a very good sermon’ (or otherwise), was that great but forgotten essayist, John Foster. The speakers that day were lifted up by a densely-crowded and wildly-enthusiastic audience. I know nothing which so excites feeling in

Scotland as the mention of Disestablishment. I have heard a Moderator say from the pulpit, 'I never will join friendly hands with any man actively compassing the downfall of the Kirk. And should the Kirk go down, I never will unite in any way with those who shall have ended it: So help me God.' The excitement of the congregation was intense. Unfit though it would have been, there was just the beginning (instantly hushed) of wild cheering. My time is nearly over: and I am thankful it is so. But, like almost all my brethren with whom I am in sympathy, I should in that case seek refuge in the Church of England. I attach not the smallest importance to Presbytery. As actually worked in country Presbyteries, I may say of it (as Liddon said to me of Episcopacy) 'it seems to me a very bad form of government.' The tie I recognise is that of a National profession of Christianity, and a National Church. Not an anti-state-church Presbyterian, but a good Anglican Churchman, is the man with whom we feel brotherhood. I am not to mention names: and they shall not be drawn from me. But when Bishop Thorold of Winchester was with me at my Assembly, he was quite startled by the number of influential Scottish Churchmen who spoke to him in the same strain. 'In case of Disestablishment, we come to you.' And never was ranker nonsense than the talk of re-uniting the utterly-discordant elements of bitterly-divided Scottish Presbyterianism. Those men among us who talk claptrap about that, have already ceased to belong to the same Church with me. If I had to choose whether to

range myself with such, or with Bishop Thorold, Archbishop Tait, even Dean Church and Liddon, I should not hesitate for one instant. Nonconforming Presbytery in Scotland is not the least like the National Church : though talking of the same worship, government, and doctrine. The speech or writing of the ordinary 'liberationist' affects me with a repugnance not to be expressed in words. So does the roar of vulgar laughter which in certain gatherings greets a spiteful reference to the Kirk by law Established. And, to be frank, I dislike and distrust certain of my own 'brethren' just as much as I do the bitterest anti-state-churchman.

Glowing summer came at a step that week. At the evening service on the second Assembly Sunday, May 31, the Moderator ventured on an innovation which came better from him than from a High Churchman : even from an Evangelical-High-Broad Churchman ; such as are my closest friends and my humble self. For the first time, the Moderator said the blessing from the Holy Table : hitherto it had always been said by the preacher from the pulpit. I had not ventured on what might have been denounced as a bit of sacerdotal assumption. Nor did I suggest to MacGregor the decorous change. But when the suggestion was made (it was in the vestry just before service) I entirely approved it. I was one of those who accompanied him that evening ; and sitting at his right hand I heard the blessing delivered with due authority and in a voice which must have reached everywhere. That evening, after church, I managed to write

'The Tributes': already sketched out. These are kindly brief notices of ex-Moderators and leading Churchmen who have died during the year. The last Moderator always prepares them, and reads them to the House on the last evening of its sittings. I had known well the men I had to describe, and could say only good of them. After being read and approved, these Tributes are engrossed in the Minutes of the Assembly.

Monday June 1, the final day, was of dismal November mist. We had to go to the Moderator's last breakfast: a huge party: where my wife and I had some experience of the feeling of abdicated sovereigns on a small scale. These entertainments are enjoyed by many, and the scene is gay. Years after, a poor Moderator is occasionally accosted by some good lady who makes sure he knows her perfectly, she having breakfasted with him in that grand apartment in the Waterloo Hotel. The Moderator and his wife stand by the door of entrance, and shake hands with each guest as he or she is announced: seeing the guest never more. Many more than a thousand meet this rapid welcome. An infinity of weary detail is struggled through by the Assembly that last day. In the evening, there was the last Holyrood dinner for the season. This year the party was a small one: and dinner was in Darnley's room. Happily for me, the Moderator stayed away, preparing his address; and so I had the privilege, as often the previous year, of taking in Lady Tweeddale: also of proposing her health. Assuredly the charming Marchioness charmed all with whom she came into any relation. Then came the

solemn close of the Assembly. MacGregor's closing discourse was, if the impartial record of the time be received, 'a magnificent piece of eloquence.' Even when subjected to the test of publication, it was excellent. But a great orator cannot publish the first, second, and third thing, which in fact gives his discourse its telling power when spoken. Almost every Moderator wears much lace which is worth incomparably more than its weight in gold. Mac Gregor vehemently folded his arms, various times, forgetting his ruffles. Ere he was done, they were hanging in rags which I fear not even Mrs. Treadwin, of the Close, Exeter, who keeps us smart, could have made anything of. But two sets of lace are always provided.

Just once was I witness, at a Moderator's breakfast, of an innovation which was the reverse of an improvement. As though one had not speeches enough and to spare in Edinburgh at that season, the well-meaning Primate introduced speeches at that entertainment. I should not have been there had I known what was coming. For not only were the speeches extremely stupid and wearisome, but their tone was, to me, disagreeable in a high degree. Possibly they were precious to others. But not, assuredly, to any mortal whom I heard speak of them. As they drearily dragged on, I recalled a scene which I personally witnessed: though I am aware it seems impossible to have occurred. An eminent Doctor said to a dismal preacher whose ministrations he irregularly attended, 'You ought to let us know beforehand when you are going to give an elaborate discourse like that to-day.' The preacher, not

unnaturally, concluded that the remark was meant in a complimentary sense ; and modestly replied in a concatenation accordingly. ‘ Oh,’ said the M.D., with an air of great simplicity, ‘ that’s not what I mean. I mean that we might know to stop away.’ Then he looked up at the ceiling, intently. And silence fell on the little party. After a pause, the physician went on : ‘ I meant, of course, that I was not equal to following such high-class thought.’ I ventured, though a youth, to intervene : ‘ Over the heads of the multitude.’ A theological student scarcely more than whispered, ‘ An audience fit, though few.’

The misery of most ‘ quasi-public dinners’ is the inordinate length of the speeches delivered there. The Moderator’s dinner, on Tuesday June 2, began at 7 P.M. I came away at 11.40, when six speeches still remained to be made. As I beheld one arise whom I had often heard speak before, and who could not admit the idea of people being sick of hearing him, I fled from the spot along with many more. As a rule, the worse speaker a man is, the longer he holds forth. Not many listen. The phrase ‘ If you have followed me in these remarks’ affects me sorrowfully. For I never once had followed the good man. The skies were leaden when we got back to Fife, and the June cold was wintry. There was an immense deal to do after a fortnight’s absence. The record says on Friday June 5, ‘ Just as driven as ever in my life till 1.45. A great many letters. And at an unlucky time, two big volumes of Archbishop Tait’s Life to review for *Longman*.’ I do not relate how my work is done : but though that

article was not done hastily, it was done quickly. The resultant of the near view of the eminent Scotsman's career is briefly given : 'An unenviable place.' And I was pleased to find that my article met the approval of those whose approval I most valued.¹ Certainly I knew what I was writing about ; and now, as often before, some Anglicans were surprised to find that I did. Quite as interesting to me as anything in that serious biography was the miraculous blaze of daisies and buttercups in the Cathedral churchyard at this time. Specially, on Friday June 12, having a little leisure, I went and gazed on them : thankful that such simple beauty is a real and great thing to me.

Saturday June 13 was Bishop Thorold's birthday : of course it brought a pleasant line from him. We were soon to meet. Not, as for thirteen early summers, at Selsdon Park, but at the curious Bute House on Campden Hill, inhabited till he died by the late Duke of Rutland. Poor and incapable travellers are still deeply impressed by the rapidity with which one passes over great distances in these days : even when no railway race at seventy miles an hour draws all eyes. By the railway, London is more than 460 miles from St. Andrews. Yet on Sunday June 14 in that year, I preached twice in that little city : it had to be morning and afternoon ; and I was at Bute House on Monday morning before seven. That Monday my wife was to journey by rail to Greenock, steamer

¹ *St. Andrews and Elsewhere* : pp. 96-117. *Archbishop Tait of Canterbury*.

thence to Belfast: rail on Tuesday morning to Dublin. ‘Great journeys for us poor people’ was written, with apposite reflections and hopes. All very simple to look back upon: and benignantly smiled on by the dear Prelate who thought little of going through the Rockies to Vancouver, and so to Alaska: the very place Campbell meant, when in *The Pleasures of Hope* he made mention of ‘the wolf’s long howl from Oonalaska’s shore.’ Things change. I remember when (even being in Edinburgh) I thought it wrong to leave home on Sunday evening. I remember when it was named as something quite dreadful that Norman Macleod had set out on a journey in that particular way. I remember when in a place so enlightened as Great King Street, abode of Judges and great Advocates, I thought it wrong to make a list on Sunday evening of a host of worldly matters to be attended to on the Monday: and so slept not at all that night. I told the story in an essay thirty years ago, and no Scottish person seemed to think it strange. St. Andrews has always been a place of latitudinarian tendencies: and my bands have been loosened, even burst asunder, since I came here. When a youth in my first parish, I remember well an earnest preacher saying that when he beheld a number of people quietly walking on a summer Sunday evening on the Low Green at Ayr, he always thought of Sodom and Gomorrah, and expected to see the earth open and swallow up the wicked race. Even then, I thought the orator went too far. One thing which weighed with me was that my old Professor of Divinity, Doctor Hill, as good a man as ever

lived, walked there regularly with his family. But I can remember the fact being partly explained as resulting from his having been brought up at St. Andrews. There, it was added, things were very loose indeed. And instead of my having pulled them up, it is too certain that they have pulled me down.

It must be briefly told how that tremendous journey was made. The morning service at St. Mary's is named as 'very bright.' The day was such that the first hymn was Bishop Walsham How's 'Summer suns are glowing.' In the afternoon, the sermon was extempore, from a text Bishop Thorold had sent me when he was Rector of St. Giles', and seemed likely to die. It was 'I will hope continually, and will yet praise Thee more and more.' At that time he broke down so completely that no one knew how great a work he was to do for thirty years to come. He wrote a very touching little poem, 'Shall I go or stay?' He had to resign his living, and appeared to be quite shunted aside. That afternoon service was at 2 P.M. It was over by 3.10. The Sunday Schools had to be seen to. At 4.35 I drove away to Leuchars Junction : somebody looking out of my study windows who was always there when I went. The Aberdeen express was stopped, and I got swiftly into the carriage which bore to King's Cross. The reading for that journey was the volume of sermons by Dr. Potts, preached in the chapel of Fettes College. I read them all : with entire interest. Strange, with that grand train: the engine broke down : an hour late at York, and the same at London. It is a long drive from King's

Cross to Campden Hill. Yet I was there, at that home-like door, so early that nobody was stirring. And having preached in two Scottish kirks the day before, I read prayers (as I have times without number) in the pretty little chapel that morning. Ecclesiastically, I am amphibious: and quite as much at home in the surplice as in our robes of sombre black. In fact, for divers reasons, I prefer the surplice greatly. I once stated my reasons in print: summing up with the statement that the surplice was much cheaper. And I was interested in remarking that an anti-popery lecturer, who is, I fear, a Jesuit, largely paid to go about making Protestantism ridiculous and even disgusting, speedily quoted my simple words as proof of the malignity of my nature.

The Bishop had been away that night of my journey. But he soon came, and we walked about the beautiful place. Farnham Castle had to go through many repairs and alterations, before the day came on which a crowd drew the carriage with the Bishop of Winchester and Dorothy up that dangerously steep hill, in token of kindly welcome. On that day, though his peril must have been considerable, the Prelate was safe from the trouble which came to Lord Chancellor Erskine in Westminster. ‘I should have liked it better, if I had ever seen my horses again,’ were the Chancellor’s words. Bute House is a remarkable place. The house has no architectural beauty, but it is extremely comfortable. One saw curious instances of the tastes of the old Duke who spent his last years there. One, that there was a rail on either side of the

staircase, so that the old man might pull himself up. And what had been the Duke's bedroom had been made the Chapel. The grounds were beautiful, and most skilfully laid out. There were various blossoming hawthorn-trees. And though there be but four acres round the house, the prospect of trees and grass seemed limitless in that leafy month of June. For there are five dwellings together, each with its four or five acres : the domains being parted only by wire fences : so that each house has the advantage of a pleasure of twenty acres or more. When the leaves go, the ground must be overlooked by divers terraces, hard by. In summer, there was nothing but grass and foliage. 'Could not you imagine yourself far in the country?' were my dearest friend's words, spoken with a becoming pride. And yet, looking over those fine trees, there was the spire of Kensington parish-church, strange to see. For it arises beside a street as crowded as need be.

That evening, there was a large dinner-party. The dear young lady who had to preside at that table, aged seventeen, said to me, with feeling, that she was never taken in to dinner by anybody less than four-score. That evening, it was the very eminent retired Judge, Lord Bramwell. I remember also Mr. Bryce, a great man in Lord Rosebery's government, and Mr. Benham, the Archbishop's biographer. I never knew any man who, while burdened with great concerns, was so thoughtful as to little matters, as my host. So duly walked in my brother James, his wife and daughter, who had recently quitted Moray Place in Edinburgh for Queen's Gate Gardens not

far away. I should not have done so, but human likings vary.

Permanently abides in memory a story related that evening by the great Judge. There is no reason why it should not be recorded. A friend of his, a Chief-Justice, had recently visited the Dominion of Barataria, in Central Africa : where certain information reached him, which he conveyed to Lord Bramwell. The Prime Minister of that kingdom was a man of great eminence : he had but one fault. At intervals, he had to disappear for a week or so to some rural spot : that he might subject himself to the pernicious influence of alcohol. Then he came back all right, and remained right for a considerable space. All this was quite understood by his colleagues, but never expressed. But it unhappily befell, while the Premier was in retreat, that a sudden emergency came : and it was absolutely necessary to bring the head of the government back, still unfit to come. He came : and made a speech. It was incoherent nonsense. The hearts of his colleagues sank : the hearts of his enemies were uplifted. It appeared necessary that he should resign. But a clever reporter was found ; and sent to the Premier. He produced his copy of the fatal speech, and read it over, saying that explanation was necessary. The Premier, quite right now, said, ‘That is not my speech at all : I will tell you what I said.’ Thereupon he dictated to the youth a wise and admirable discourse : which was duly taken down. More had to be done. The statesman went on : ‘Young man, you have a career before you. You wish to gain a

character as a good and accurate reporter. Let me entreat you never again to report a speech when you are drunk.' Then, without another word, he dismissed the youth.

I could not refrain from saying that had so impudent a statement been addressed to me, I should have replied that the speech should be published exactly as it was in fact delivered : that all men might judge who it was that had been drunk. 'No,' said the sagacious Judge. 'If you had a career before you, you could not afford to quarrel with the Prime Minister : not if you were to live in Barataria.' I have no doubt he was right. For it was plain that the Prime Minister would not be fettered by any scruples. And as to his cleverness, there was no question.

On Tuesday the Bishop had a holiday, save the letter-writing. At 12 we went out and walked about the place, conversing of many things. That day twelvemonths we had heard Magee make his great speech in the House of Lords : much had been in his history since then ! Taken to York : then taken higher. Was it not Magee himself, master of that keen tongue, who had once said, with the playfulness of a growing tiger, to a Primate of a past age, 'Only Canterbury and Paradise before you, and you are not fit for either !'? In the afternoon a long drive. First, through the Park to Portland Place, to call on Mr. Macmillan the Publisher. A man advanced in life : physically disabled, but with such a shrewd keen mind. I had met him just once before, in a steamer on the Firth of Clyde, far away. That evening again a large party at dinner.

I remember best Sir Arthur Blomfield the great architect, and his wife: Lord Victor Seymour and his wife, known of old at Selsdon Park: Lord Basing and his daughter: Mr. Glynn the Vicar of Kensington, and his wife, the daughter of our Chancellor. Next afternoon, two hours' walk and talk with my host: then with two of my boys to see the famous play, *A Pair of Spectacles*. The record says, Very touching. And Mr. Hare's acting was admirable. That play was a sermon, and a fine one. And Mr. Hare quoted a magnificent text of scripture with a simple earnestness which remains in my mind.

Thursday brought the proof of the review of Archbishop Tait's Life, which the Bishop read and approved. Then we went together to dine in the princely house of a great London banker. Here I sat next the wife of the designated Archbishop of York, and was made to feel that elevation has its drawbacks. It was a wrench, to leave pleasant Lichfield; and both of them felt it so. It was as with the Scotch parson who, in his elder's pathetic words, 'aye preached about goin' to Heaven, but would rather stop in Drumble.' Yet you cannot be in two places, even the very best, at a time. And to some, it is an unaffected trial to say good-bye.

Friday June 19, a day of blazing sunshine, was the great day in that brief stay with the Bishop of Winchester. We drove to the St. James's Hall, to a great meeting on occasion of the Jubilee of the Colonial Bishops' Society. There was an immense crowd. Nearly every Bishop in England was on the platform. Only the Archbishop of

Canterbury was down with influenza, and the Bishop of London was in the Chair. Unworthy of such distinction, I was placed among these dignities. The speaking was what examiners would call ‘Fair to good’: save only a speech from Mr. Gladstone. Magnificent had to be the word here. I was seated directly behind him, and could have touched him as he went on. He was born December 29, 1809: so on that day he was well through his eighty-second year. But the octogenarian was upright as an arrow: his eye had the gleam of manhood in its prime: the lines of the face, the profile, were vivacious as youth. It was a grand sight. The fluency was marvellous. In the longest and most involved sentences, every word fell exactly where it ought. The tact in handling certain points was wonderful. While appearing as the enthusiastic churchman, there was an eulogium of voluntary liberality well fitted to gratify those who were keen anti-state-churchmen. A speaker who followed, most unequal to his attempt, tried to have a poke at the great orator: wondering he had not said something of the voluntary liberality which gave us our ancient endowments. The Bishops understood, and applauded: but the meeting did not take up the point. Bishop Alexander of Derry was quite the most popular speaker after Mr. Gladstone. But though pleased to see one whose poetry I had read with much enjoyment, I looked with incomparably greater interest at a quiet lady below, that C. F. Alexander who has given us some of the most exquisite lyrics in the English tongue. The Bishop was very good: his wife

was better. If the reader does not know *The Burial of Moses*, it is his grievous loss. In the parish-kirk of St. Andrews, the Sunday after she was laid to rest, all the hymns sung were Mrs. Alexander's. They suited that day. They were *Forgive them, O my Father: His are the thousand sparkling rills: Jesus calls us; o'er the tumult.* There are others even better known: which need not be recalled. I never spoke to Mrs. Alexander in my life: never saw her save that once. But when she died, I felt as though I had lost a friend. The meeting over, we drove round the Regent's Park. I had not seen it since I was a boy: it was unexpectedly rural. Passing a row of houses, the Bishop indicated one. 'It was there where we lived when I came to town, to be Mr. Garnier's curate.' So the old time came back, and there was silence. I understand, very thoroughly.

That evening, a large dinner party. In London, the Bishop entertained as could not be at Selsdon Park. I was specially interested in taking in Miss Kate Hankey, never seen before. People beyond numbering have a very warm feeling towards the good lady who wrote 'Tell me the old, old story.' A little bit of that pathetic poem makes a touching hymn. We have sung it in church here times innumerable: for years, we used to sing it continually. The proper time for it is at a hearty evening service, when the congregation is warmed up; or on a quiet weekday, in a gathering of the devout few. I felt it a great privilege to meet one to whom I am under real obligation. And to me, who thought the music usually

sung to the verses singularly appropriate, it was strange to find that the authoress did not care for it. When I got home, she kindly sent me the music she preferred. I had it practised by one of my Choirs : but they thought the old was better, and could not be weaned from it. Simple-minded individuals, abiding in an out-of-the-way place (such as St. Andrews), come to hold severe ideas. Somehow it appeared as inconsistent when the saintly lady told me she had come by herself in a hansom. It appeared what used to be called fast. In my first visit to Bishop Thorold, more than thirty-three years before he died, my simplicity was such that I wondered when he informed me he always went about in the gondola of London. One lives to learn. Very often, in after years, have I followed the slender figure, arrayed in a fashion which people used to turn to look at, into the rapid vehicle, and gone off at a tremendous rate. The words said to the keen driver were either *The Athenæum*, or *The House of Lords*. And he plainly counted on a handsomer fare than usual. And got it.

It was very pleasant, that evening, when a grand old man whom I had sat next in St. James's Hall, walked into the drawing-room at Bute House, accompanied by his daughter. I needed not the accompanying announcement, 'The Bishop of Chichester and Miss Durnford.' And what a wonderful old man he was: just two days laid to his honoured rest being close to ninety-three years old. No doubt, the dear young Dorothy said to me, 'You see on Monday evening I had Lord Bramwell, eighty-four, and

to-night the Bishop, eighty-nine.' For youth draws to youth: and rightly so. But every faculty was bright in that benignant Father. Hearing and sight were perfect; and the mind was alert and keen. I think the aged saint was somewhat pleased at being able to show that his memory was better than mine on a certain detail. And mine has been esteemed as good. I think it by far too good. He spoke in lively fashion of Mr. Gladstone's speech. His admiration and affection for that great man were deep: though I gathered that, like most of us here, he had not been able to follow his more recent politics. Many years before, going with Bishop Thorold to East Grinstead in the diocese of Chichester to preach, I had first met Bishop Durnford: and at a great public luncheon had heard my friend declare that his brother had 'discovered the secret of perpetual youth.' The critical reader may possibly object to my statement as to the purpose of our going to the charming village-town where Dr. Neale rests. For only the Bishop was to hold forth. I can but say that when I was a youth in my country-parish, the ancient man-servant of the biggest cleric in our Presbytery was wont habitually to say, 'Me and the Doakter was preachin' at Caerlaverock on Sahbath'; or words to that effect. I shelter myself under that precedent.

I had much pleasant talk that evening with Bishop Durnford: though I hardly remember anything said on the occasion quite so well as certain information conveyed to me by a tremendously-popular London preacher, who is also a Canon of a Cathedral far away. Visiting a devout old

lady of his flock, he had offered to lend her certain books of mine. But the dear old saint flared up suddenly, 'I would not allow a book of his to enter this house!' Then she stated an extremely-bad reason why, founded on a total misapprehension. Such things have to be. And we must just bear them. Here, too, it was not that the great lady had been set up against me by anybody. She had arrived at her conclusion, quite unaided. It is indeed wonderful how the best-meaning writer may give mortal offence, when it was far from his mind to do so. I thought, with a sigh, of my dear friend Liddon. 'That Man!' As for this case, I did not mind.

It was my good fortune to be placed next Miss Durnford, the devoted daughter. She was just as interesting to me as her good Father. So wise, so benignant, so charming in every way. The day came on which an extremely-big Prelate said to me, 'She is the Bishop of Chichester!' Indeed no one held that office but the man placed in it. But it appeared to me that I never had seen a more capable and helpful Bishop's-secretary. Yearly, from that day till now, as the Bishop's birthday came round, I sent him my respectful greeting. For his birthday and mine were on the self-same third of November. And regularly, there came a long and most interesting reply: going fully into Church politics and prospects: written in a beautiful hand, and absolutely without even one of the pathetic little blunders which indicate that time is telling: telling on far younger men. But this year the patriarchal Bishop and the inestimable daughter went forth for their last holiday-

trip together. My daughter and her husband were about the Italian lakes: and she wrote to me how wonderfully well the Bishop of Chichester was looking, and how active. But at the end of a pleasant day's travelling, he was taken without warning. He was always ready, and needed none. As my good Father used to say of such a gentle call, 'It was a Translation.' Alas, his brother of Winchester had to go before him: younger by three-and-twenty years.

I must not delay here upon a brief visit to Aylesford for the Sunday: where I heard the Vicar preach at the parish-church in the morning, and in the evening preached at St. Mark's after a hearty choral service. St. Mark's is unconsecrated: and I could legally do so. It is noted that on this evening, for the first time, instead of saying a collect as at home, I prefaced my sermon with the solemn 'In the Name of.' One always feels as if a sermon ought to be inspired, to be so introduced. As Archbishop Whately said, if you feel free to say 'The Spirit moves me to say' this or that, you might as well begin 'Thus saith the Lord.' Which not many would dare to do. It was a striking fact to find in the little hamlet of Eccles a young woman from St. Andrews. And my curate son told me of the enthusiasm with which he was received when in a railway carriage he heard four or five soldiers, bound for Chatham, speaking with the kindly accent of their native land, and suddenly addressed them 'And whaur div ee come frae?' It was wonderful, and welcome, to hear the familiar tones from the Anglican parson; and every hand was held out warmly to the brother Scot.

On Tuesday June 23, after prayers in church, I had to go : the curate driving me to the railway in very wetting rain. Parents will understand the line in the day's history, 'He is very good and happy : yet sad so seldom to see my boy.' That evening, away from Euston Square at 8.20. Holyhead before 3 A.M. The *Leinster* tore along through a rough sea : Kingstown : where an extraordinary man appeared, selling newspapers, and accommodating his remarks to what he judged the sentiments of those he addressed, Home-Ruler or Unionist. He took for granted that I was a Tory : which I am not. Rail to Westland Row : and under Granby Burke's roof in Eccles Street before 7 A.M. A rapid and easy journey. And here was the face which had looked out of my study window, when I came away. In the pleasant dwelling, the pleasantest of all welcomes.

I must not speak of my eight days in Dublin : though I might say much of kindly Irish hospitality in beautiful houses both in town and in the surrounding country. As Charles Kingsley here took to the Scots, so did I there to the loveable Irish : not forgetting that for many a year *Scotus* meant an Irishman ; and that my own blood is Celtic : though the Saxon strain has given me my awful tidiness and punctuality. Which things are not Celtic at all. I found myself much among those of the ancient Church : they were quite delightful. My anti-popery lecturer would have explained why. At one beautiful country-house, luncheon began without grace said. For they could not ask me to minister ; and there being only ladies, it might

have appeared depreciatory had one of them done so. But the poor interested me quite as much as the rich. The bright faces were such a contrast to sombre Scotland. When I gave a poor old fellow a modest coin, it brought the tears when he said fervently, 'The Holy Mother of God keep you!' Driving in the curious cars, the cabman at once entered into lively conversation. I knew perfectly the Dublin fares: but I indulged myself by paying as though I had been conveyed in a London hansom. The blessings I received were numerous and warm. Every poor person I met bowed most reverently: the tall hat of Scottish propriety being taken to mean the ancient Church. The little children almost knelt down. Each poor soul assuredly got my blessing, for what it is worth. I saw the Four Courts fully, where my son-in-law sits daily in wig and gown: I am quite sure doing his work excellently. But the great attractions to me were the Cathedrals of St. Patrick and Christchurch. To such places I gravitate, necessarily. Even in this sad summer, when I told my best friend at Farnham how the first church I had worshipped in, after months of deprivation of public ordinances, was York Minster at a brief weekday service, he said, with a smile, *Naturam expellas furca*: and stopped. He, though years a Canon of that great Church, did not know it better than I. One had thought that in a disestablished Church, the parish-churches would be modestly maintained, these being necessary. But it was pleasant to find the supreme luxury of two magnificent Cathedrals in one city: the services being kept up in as stately fashion as anywhere in

England. St. Patrick's, I was told, is the Cathedral of All Ireland : Christchurch of the diocese of Dublin. It is there that the great Archbishop Whately sleeps.

Three times, on weekdays, did I worship in beautiful Christchurch. Long before, in my first visit to Dublin (of which hereafter), I had been shown the outside of it ; but I had not been suffered to see the interior in its unspeakable degradation. The music was fine ; and a specially-intelligent verger took me round the church when prayers were over. But my final visit to Christchurch abides in memory. On my last day in Dublin I went to evening prayer. The congregation was small. The bells ceased ; but instead of the usual magnificent punctuality of a cathedral, there was an awkward pause. At 3.5 a verger came and said that the Canon whose turn it was had not come : would I read prayers ? I had sorrowfully to explain to him that I could not. In fact, I was quite equal to have intoned the prayers so that no one would have known the difference : but as one in the orders of the Kirk of Scotland I must not intrude where some would have said I had no credentials. They had sent in all directions : and in a little a parson came, and somehow floundered through the service. He could not do his part musically : and there was the inconsistency which is sometimes seen. Finally, the worship over, the surpliced train departed: preceded by a verger bearing a handsome mace. Immediately behind me was a worthy man, plainly a Presbyterian minister from some remote region, with his family, considerable in number. It was manifest he had

never witnessed cathedral worship before. As the office went on, he had uttered an occasional grunt of apparent disapproval. Now he accosted me in friendly tone. His words were, ‘Was that gentleman, carrying a sceptre, Lord Plunket?’ He had thought that stately verger, leading the procession, must needs be the Archbishop of Dublin. ‘No,’ I replied: ‘the Archbishop is not here. Had he been, he would have come last. The gentleman with the sceptre is a verger: that is, a beadle.’ I had seen a blank look appear on the large face at the unknown word: but beadle was understood. Then my unknown friend went on, not looking quite so friendly as at first, ‘Is that what you call cathedral service?’ I replied, ‘Well, not quite a full-choral service. The clergyman could only read his part. It was what you might call a semi-choral service.’ My friend uttered a grunt, even louder than those during the prayers; and said, in a loud and distinctly contemptuous tone, ‘So the thing was not full-fledged. I thought very little of it.’ I rejoined, ‘Some people value that service very much.’ Another grunt, approaching indeed to a snort: and we who had thus conversed parted for evermore. I had thought of saying, ‘Mahn, ah’m a Presbyterian mysel’:’ which might have reached his heart. But indeed, I am such only in the country where Presbytery is by law Established. And we should not have fraternised.

My one Sunday in Dublin was given to St. Patrick’s. I went morning and afternoon. All was most hearty. The congregation filled the church in the morning, and

crammed it in the afternoon. The service was magnificent : quite equal to the very best in England : which (in my judgment) are in St. Paul's in London, and King's College Chapel in Cambridge. There were forty-two in the Choir : I learnt that many were volunteers. In the morning, a good plain sermon of twelve minutes. Of course I stayed to Holy Communion : which makes St. Patrick home-like to me. The service began at 11.15 A.M., and lasted just two hours. Afternoon service at 3.15. I was in the same stall. The music was more ambitious than in the morning, but the Choir was well equal to it. The soft Irish voices were singularly touching. There were two anthems. The sermon, preached without book by Dr. Travers Smith, was really eloquent. A bright man, with a very Celtic face, reminding of Archbishop Magee. It was a beautiful summer day. I took away a most kindly remembrance of St. Patrick's. I had heard stupid talk about 'Paddy's Opera,' and of irreverence. I saw none. I never worshipped amid a congregation of devout aspect. Of course, St. Patrick was a Scotsman : which was a tie. But the odds are made even. St. Columba, the Apostle of Scotland, was an Irishman. So if we gave, we got.

Going about Dublin in those days, with the sense that one ought to feel at home where our daughter abides, I could not but look back to the time when I first had seen the famous city. It was twenty-eight years before, in May 1863. I came to give a lecture to the Young Men's Society in connection with the Irish Church, then Established. I have had my turns of good luck in this world : one was

that Archbishop Whately took a fancy to the essays I used to write in *Fraser's Magazine*: and for years wrote to me continually, and very kindly. He used to send long extracts from his commonplace-book, copied in another hand. But I have many letters all in the Archbishop's own: and the signature 'Rd. Dublin' grew very familiar to me, both inside and outside of letters. Cardinal Newman said that if Whately took a liking to any man, he rated him far too high: 'his geese were all swans.' I may be glad it was so. For, beginning in 1857, the great man cheered me up in delightful fashion until the day he died. If all around me had been content to estimate me as the Archbishop did, my place would have been high. I acknowledge, thankfully, that I have succeeded in what I attempted, and have got very nearly all I could get in the vocation I chose: not choosing, indeed, with worldly wisdom. But oh, had I been put where Whately and Froude would have put me! My head would have been high: I should be extremely ashamed to state how high. I was thirty-one, barely, when the Archbishop took me up: and his kind and constant encouragement never flagged till he went, on October 8, 1863. His first words when we met in May of that year were 'We have been friends a long time.' And I think the next were, 'I thought you were a much older man.' My reply was, 'I am thirty-seven.' But the Archbishop answered, kindly but resolutely, 'I thought you were at least forty-eight.' Why he fixed on that age he did not explain. But a (comparatively) young Edinburgh minister remembered

vividly everything said by one of the first great men he ever saw. I believe I looked youthful then. And when, a very few months later, the famous University of Edinburgh made me a Doctor of Divinity, I appeared very young for the grave title. That was another of my bits of luck : Sir David Brewster, when he became Principal of Edinburgh, also took a fancy to the unworthy writer : came to hear him preach regularly morning and afternoon ; and in divers ways gave him most kind and highly-valued cheer. On the other hand, I was made aware that I succeeded in rubbing certain people very decidedly the wrong way. Being a good hater myself, I never blamed any one for disliking me. It was quite a day in my history when the Archbishop sent me a skeleton of an essay, proposing that I should illustrate it fully. I did so, to my best : and then the great man wrote that he was quite amazed at the skill with which I 'had dressed up his dry scraps with my sauce piquante.' He proposed to call the composition an *Essay on Reactions*. But in those days I had my own way in the matter of titles : and the paper came out in *Fraser* for October 1860 (ah, this time thirty-five years !) under the designation *Concerning Scylla and Charybdis: with Some Thoughts upon the Swing of the Pendulum*. Another of my pieces of luck had come at that period : it was my meeting with quite extraordinary kindness from Lord Campbell, then Lord Chancellor. It was a singular experience for a member of the Middle Temple, also a minister of the Kirk, to abide for certain memorable days under the

Chancellor's roof at Hartrigge: to take long walks with him daily: to sit next him at dinner: and to hear all about Bar and Bench from one who knew everything: not to mention old stories of St. Mary's College at St. Andrews, where the Chancellor had studied for the Kirk: terribly vexing the hearts in Cupar Manse when he 'chose the world,' and turned aside to the Bar. Like the Archbishop, the Chancellor praised that forgotten essay (popular in its day) in a fashion which gave much heart to its author. A good deal of the Introduction to the Second Series of *The Recreations* was written at Hartrigge in the mornings before those memorable walks. Such as may care to see that essay, briefly sketched by the Prelate, and written at much length by the Presbyter, may readily do so.¹ I shall try to read it to-night, in the restful closing season of the day, in that empty room, sitting opposite that empty chair. I have not looked at it for more than thirty years.

I received a very kindly request to give a lecture at Dublin: and by way of letting me see the kind of thing that was wanted, the Archbishop sent me a volume of previous lectures, saying that I should find in it 'some beef and some veal.' The reference was to an essay *Concerning Veal: A Discourse of Immaturity*: which had amused him.² It was a great matter to me, that going to Ireland for the first time. I remember, as yesterday, the journey from Edinburgh by Carlisle and Preston to

¹ *Recreations of a Country Parson*: Second Series. Chapter VII.

² *Leisure Hours in Town*: Chapter VI.

Chester : the evening there : the walk round the City on the wall : the Cathedral service next morning. At this instant, plainly as the page I am writing on, I see the face, the gesture, and I hear the voice, of a pleasant-looking lay vicar, singing ‘We believe that Thou shalt come, to be our Judge’: singing it alone. Then the rapid run to Holyhead, seeing the Menai Bridge for the first time : and the *Munster* (pronounced Minster, to my surprise) to Kingstown. There I see the bright young face of Mr. Dickinson, the Archbishop’s Chaplain, Vicar of St. Anne’s in Dublin, where Mrs. Hemans sleeps, and son of the good Bishop of Meath, so early taken. Fifteen months were all. That evening, his sister sang to me the unforgettable *Abide with me* : I had known the words well, but heard it sung for the first time. Next evening was my lecture, in a great hall holding near 3000. I had been shown some of the sights that day : specially I see the admirable Professor Butcher, afterwards Bishop of Meath, walking about in an examination-room in Trinity College, where a lot of young divines were hard at work writing out their answers. I remember the frank cordial greeting. I met him again, and was charmed with him. He was taken too soon : but his son is the brilliant Senior Classic who is Professor of Greek at Edinburgh. I was very fond of his predecessor in that chair : nobody could know him and not be so. But I really think it is on the whole better to teach a huge class a little Greek, than to give the hour to a reply, how amusing soever, to ‘a vile attack made on me this morning by that miserable

rag, *The Scotsman*.' Of course, those who directed that admirable organ minded not at all.

Mr. Dickinson had a great party of parsons and professors at dinner. I remember vividly Archdeacon West, afterwards Dean of St. Patrick's. I had said to him, sitting down, 'Now I must not speak : I must really save my voice for that lecture.' I hear the hearty reply, 'Ah, you'll not be able to be silent among so many Irishmen.' And indeed one could not be. So, in due time, to the hall. It was cheering to find proof of the popularity of the Irish Church : the hall was densely packed, no passages apparent ; and the platform gave just room to stand. I never had spoken to so great a crowd : a church holding 1550 had been my biggest till now. But oh, the bright intelligence and sympathy of my first Irish audience ! It was delightful. A public speaker can have no greater enjoyment than to speak to such, provided he be adequately prepared. And I was prepared to my best. I remember the Lord Mayor was in the chair : but most distinctly that I had the Lord Lieutenant, the charming Lord Carlisle, on one hand, and the Archbishop on the other. I had been deeply impressed by the manifest awe with which the Hierarchy affects those brought up under it, when the Prelate came into the waiting-room before the lecture. For I had grown up in a republican Kirk, where one man is even better than another. I hear yet the audible hush, when some one exclaimed *The Archbishop* : and I beheld the tall stately figure coming along a passage with an immense hat on the venerable head. Never was human

being more frank and kindly than the Primate was to me : when he began with the words already recorded. I had been told he was careless in dress : but that evening he was perfectly got up : I never saw a Bishop better dressed : and I have seen as many as most men : I mean met and conversed with them. My luck again : good or bad. But for this, I might have been a Presbyterian by conviction (which I am not) ; or by strong preference (which I am not either).

As the opening hymn was sung, and the prayers said, that Thursday evening, May 21, 1863, in the Metropolitan Hall, my eye fell upon the Lord Lieutenant beside me. He looked most dignified : he wore the ribbon of the Garter. Also most benignant. It was during the hymn that His Excellency said, in friendly tones, ‘Have you often lectured before?’ The answer was, ‘Never in my life : this is my very first attempt. And I don’t know how I may get on.’ Then he uttered a word of cheer. After all, I was quite accustomed to preach to a large congregation : and though a lecture is quite different from a sermon, the little arts whereby the attention of a crowd is held, the silent hush, are familiar to any man who can be called a preacher. So I began. The record of the day says ‘I found it not difficult to speak loud enough. The people very attentive and sympathetic.’ It would be pure and silly affectation to say other than that the first lecture (more than thirty-two years ago to-day) was successful. It lasted exactly an hour and a half. Its subject was *People of whom more might have been made.* The neces-

sary vote of thanks at the end was proposed in quite the most dignified fashion which has been in my experience. For it was moved by the Viceroy in the most wonderfully felicitous sentences : a little formal, perfectly fluent, taking up certain things which had been said ; and ending with the bold assertion that notwithstanding the crowd, and the silence, the laughter and the occasional tear, possibly my first Dublin audience might have made more of me. Which was absolutely impossible, I felt. I had never in my life been made so much of before. Then the Archbishop seconded, in loud fluent tones : saying that at a future time he meant to say a good deal about my discourse. Which would have been alarming, but for long experience of a favour which excluded stern criticism.

Thereupon the Lord Lieutenant and his Staff departed, he having first asked me to dine with him next day. Which to my disappointment could not be. I never beheld him again. Well I remember, as we knelt together, he saying the Lord's Prayer with closed eyes, my thinking how extraordinary was his likeness to his sister, the more than queenly Duchess of Sutherland. Some called her Semiramis : referring only to her majestic presence. The Archbishop had said the Blessing at the end, uplifting no hand at any part of it. And he came away out with us to the waiting-room. Then he said to the humble writer, 'It was an extremely good lecture. But the people would not have listened so long with that attention if you had not read it remarkably well. Manner is a great matter.' I could but bow meekly, and say (which was true) that I had

long found His Grace more than kind. Then, turning to a dignitary of the Church, he said ‘Would you have known that Mr. Boyd was a Scotchman?’ The dignitary hesitated: for the Archbishop did not like difference of opinion. Then said, ‘As your Grace has put the question, I think I should.’ ‘I shouldn’t,’ said His Grace in a loud voice: and with a kind word departed.

Next day, it was most interesting, in Mr. Dickinson’s lively company, to visit Bray, and the Dargle. But the chief thing was going out to dine with the Archbishop at Roebuck Hall. The Palace is a house in the grand square called St. Stephen’s Green: but he was now in the country. It was a memorable occasion. For I knew not then, in unsophisticated middle age, how many Bishops and Archbishops I was appointed to know: various of them uncommonly well. That day, there was a large party of the Clergy. The Archbishop was growing frail in body, though keen in mind. After his sister-in-law, the only lady, had gone, I who had been next to her was called over to be next the Archbishop: and I remember how the hand which had written so much shook about as he tried to take up his cup of coffee. But I listened to much bright and memorable talk. I fear it must be confessed that to a forward person the manner was what might be called Knock-me-down. And it appeared to me as though some went down without being knocked. There was abundant dignity. No man but a more than ordinary fool would presume on Archbishop Whately. Suddenly he said ‘Wasn’t Porson a man of whom more might have been made?’ and added interesting

details. As for a divine, somewhat outstanding at that time, 'Oh, he's mad ! Don't you think so ?' Indeed I had no opinion on the subject. But I felt I was in the presence of him who said to a dreary author, who had presented a book of his own composure (as old theologians said) : 'Oh, thank you. I assure you I shall lose no time in reading your volume.' Then the author departed, well-pleased. So did the Archbishop. In the Logic Class at Glasgow College we used to be told of what is called *Homonymia*. The Archbishop went on, 'I'm a Resurrectionist. I dug up logic again when it was dead and forgotten.' Of course, everybody knows his famous book. But I ventured to say that logic had never died out in the Universities of Scotland : that in each there was a Professor of Logic ; and that every student who wanted to take his degree had to attend the logic class during the whole of his second year : further, that before getting the degree, one had to pass a stiff examination in logic. Strange to say, the Archbishop had not known this. Stranger still, he seemed to think it of no great consequence.

After a pause, the Archbishop went on : 'I think I have published nearly all I can. But I think of one volume more, which shall be my last : a collection of good stories about myself, every one of them absolutely false.' Then, gazing into distance, 'Did you ever hear of the Ass and the Archbishop?' The reply was, 'Hear of it? I have told it times without number.' The Archbishop rejoined : 'The thing happened before I was born. It was a French Abbé who said it. Don't you see the flaw in the story? It

could not have happened in this country. A Protestant Archbishop does not wear a cross on his breast.'

A new generation has risen, which knows little of great Archbishop Whately, and the story is brief. So it may be told for the last time. A young Aide-de-Camp at a great party at the Lord-Lieutenant's approached the Prelate, and said Does Your Grace know what is the difference between an ass and an Archbishop? No, was the grave answer. Then the youth went on, An ass has a cross on his back, but an Archbishop has a cross on his breast. Very good, said the Archbishop. Now, will you tell me what is the difference between a young Aide-de-Camp like yourself, and an ass?—I don't know, said the youth. Neither do I, said the Archbishop ; and walked away.

The story is, doubtless, proved to be historically false, by the word of Whately himself. But, beyond all question, it is what certain theologians call 'eternally true.' For it brings out clearly the indubitable certainty of what would have befallen any man, old or young, who thought (as we Scots say) *to take his fun off* that tremendous Archbishop. And, hardly realising it, he could do a cruel thing. In that lecture these words occurred :

'Many men and women, in the temporary bitterness of some disappointment, have hastily made marriages which will embitter all their future life; or which at least make it certain that in this world they will never know a joyous heart any more.'

I knew nobody there. Even now, I would not recall the incident but that all concerned have long since passed

away. But, as the words were said, the Archbishop turned and gazed with the most significant expression at a man who had done exactly that. Of course, in absence of mind.

But, as a rule, his wits were always about him. Once, at a large meeting when he was in the chair, a zealous orator was speaking most injudiciously. The orator grew worse and worse. Finally, after some statement which made everybody shrink, he turned to the chair and said, 'I appeal to your Grace if that is not so, to your own knowledge.' All eyes were turned upon the Archbishop. And then it appeared that he was reposing in the chair, sound asleep. In the minute of dead hush, a distinctly-audible snore was heard to proceed from that tremendously wide-awake man. And the orator had to proceed, having elicited nothing, one way or other. In a few minutes the Prelate emerged from the cloud of unconsciousness, and evinced an almost-preternatural keenness as to all that was going on.

Ere we departed, the Archbishop, in the drawing-room, read prayers. I see him taking a somewhat-worn manuscript out of his pocket. Then he sought for his spectacles: saying to me, 'If one could have a pair of eyes in one's pocket!' Then the old Primate slowly knelt down, and went on with supplications plainly his own. They were very comprehensive and good. And almost entirely addressed to our Blessed Saviour. I had heard the Archbishop called a Socinian. Most assuredly he was not.

I remember the last words, vividly. Extremely kind : but he could not keep back a bit of his caustic humour. 'I hope there may be a delightful west wind to-morrow when you are crossing over. Not for your sake : I don't mind how sea-sick you are. But because my vegetables need it badly.' I had gone out with him to the entrance-hall. After this alarming sentiment, the last word was blessing. Then I saw the venerable figure, with a far smoother and more refined face than the portraits show, going away slowly along a passage to his own room. The handwriting was getting very shaky : looking at him, you wondered he could write at all. Yet I had several letters from him in the months that remained to him. But I never saw him more : after that rather feeble and tottering walking away along that passage.

Always high in my grateful remembrance the great Archbishop abides. I have both his Lives : one by his daughter, one by Mr. Fitzpatrick. Neither does him justice. Mr. Fitzpatrick is too light : Miss Whately too heavy. He was a very great and good man.

Wherefore it went against the grain, on returning to Edinburgh, when a worthy 'brother,' whose kirk was unhappily nearly empty, addressed me in kindly strain. 'I see Archbishop Whately has been puffing you. He has said a great deal of nonsense in his time.'

The Archbishop's parting blessing sped me well. Next morning I bade farewell to the kindly Dickinson, now Dean of the Chapel Royal in Dublin : and never seen since that May 28, which was Saturday. At 6.15 A.M. rail to

Kingstown : the *Munster* to Holyhead, 65 miles in three hours and a half. Then the railway, amid awful dust, to Chester and Warrington. There the express train from London : and Edinburgh at 9.10 P.M. I had seen Ireland, Wales, England, and Scotland, in that hasty day.

CHAPTER VI

LOCH AWE : AND SORROW

THE journey from Dublin after twenty-eight years was quite different. On Thursday July 2, 1891, the train at 2 P.M. from Dublin to Belfast through a beautiful green country. The train arrived punctually at 6.10, having come very leisurely. At 8 P.M., to a moment, the *Gorilla* steamed away, and after a rough passage was at Greenock next morning at 3.30, in drenching rain peculiar to that great sea-port. The trains did not follow on well: yet, going by Glasgow, I was at St. Andrews at 9 A.M. The interesting incident of that journey befell after leaving Belfast. A good-looking man, more than middle-aged, asked me if I was myself. Then I knew him. We had not met for twenty-six years: both a good deal changed. He had been the young and singularly-handsome Head of the English Department in the Edinburgh Academy, thirty years ago. And when the St. Bernard's people gave me my portrait by Barclay R.S.A. as a parting gift, it was Dr. Collier who made a graceful and kindly speech at the public presentation. The portrait changes not. One remembers how Professor Blackie, lying feebly on the sofa in his study in the last days, would point to his por-

trait by Sir George Reid, our President, and say ‘That’s Blackie: not me!’ Dr. Collier has written many popular books: and he has made a very good thing of an honoured and useful life. But Principal Tulloch used to say that Dr. Collier was the most unlucky man he knew. The number of Professorships he has missed by a hair’s-breadth is considerable. He was admirably fitted for any of them. But there is such a thing as luck, bad and good. It would be pleasant to point out instances in which promotion was distinctly of grace, not of merit. It was not that there was no merit: only that the lucky being was set before men who were by far his betters. Singularly, they liked it not. I wonder if certain acquaintances would be pleased if some day I were to publish a list of names, also of facts, fully verified. And not in every case discreditable. To the end of his modest life, Bishop Stiggins shivered when any public reference was made to the historic facts which led to his elevation. Not that elevation was quite the word. But he drew the large income. And lived in the grand house.

A singular incident comes back, over thirty-three years. I am not spiteful: and I give no names. In an essay on *Getting On*, I spoke of a really good man who, as a youth, published a poem in which he asserted that the reason why Gorgias II, King of Brentford, had to die, was that it was necessary he should be removed to heaven in order that he might be the right man in the right place. Everybody knew what kind of creature that Sovereign was, and what a piece of dishonest toadyism was that assertion.

Then, in due time, the Monarch's grandson sat in his seat : and he set the Poet on high. Apposite reflections followed. That essay came out in a monthly magazine which had in those days a circulation of a hundred and seventy thousand. So it was widely read. In a few days I received a letter, expressed in somewhat-minacious terms, from the Poet's grandson, in which he stated that the family never had heard of any such poem as that described : and demanding my authority for what I had said. I hastened to send my authority, chapter and verse. Indeed I gave several authorities, one as far from recondite as a most popular book of Mr. Thackeray's. And I took the trouble of copying out the most abject lines in which the Poet had beslavered the Sovereign. Then I went on, that if my correspondent could assure me that his grandfather never wrote those lines, I should hasten, in the most public manner, to make the humblest apology to his memory. But that, if the grandson could not give me that assurance, I should never miss a chance of telling what his grandfather had done, and saying, in the strongest terms I could find, exactly what I (and everybody else) thought of the grandfather. Here ended that correspondence. The grandson never wrote to me more. His solitary communication came in September 1862. And I am a great deal more merciful to-day than I was at that distant date.¹ For I spare the grandfather's name.

It makes a great difference in certain experiences,

¹ *The Commonplace Philosopher in Town and Country* : p. 273. See also Thackeray's *Lectures on the Four Georges* : close of *George the Second*.

when one knows they are to last but a little while. Coming back to St. Andrews, I had twelve days absolutely alone. And the record of the time says I quite liked them. I worked, early and late, as I should not have been allowed had the kind and wise authority been here. I cleared off divers arrears ; and made my personality apparent in every corner of the parish. Which is seven miles and a half in length : rather more. And there were two Sundays, with two full services on each : not even the lessons read. One service was the two o'clock afternoon in the parish-church, which was beginning to be felt as killing. I ought to have taken warning : but I did not, till the day when that service was the last pound on the weary back and brought me nearer to my grave than I can ever be but once again. Already, on July 12, 1891, the history of the day bears, 'Very large congregation : but oh, weary ! I fear this can't go on.' It is definitely ended now : but too late. But through those days of lonely driving-on, there was the prospect of things soon being right again. The presence without which this house is an empty shell would be here once more. It is quite another thing when the solitary days are measured out, with no prospect save of working on while one can keep one's feet. One had two years and more of loneliness as a youth, having for the first time a house of one's own. But then, one looked forward. Now, one looks back.

Never did better or kinder woman depart from St. Andrews than one who went in the night following Sunday July 19. Mrs. Addison Scott was a daughter of the

Manse, and her husband a son of it. They had a beautiful place near Kelso, but lived here for education. Every good work she could help that bright and good woman did help, energetically and wisely. I have heard her make a perfectly fluent and graceful little speech at a function of our Girls' School. But specially, she was a charming musician: the only person I ever heard play on the musical glasses (little known since Goldsmith's day): and she had a sweet and powerful voice. She was a much-prized member of the Choir of St. Mary's Church. She was always in her place; and by her considerate kindness to other members, most of them younger than herself, she helped much to keep up that kindly working-together which is not found in every amateur choir. Sunday July 19 was a bright summer day: the trees in South Street at their best. I had quite forgot all about the morning service till I turned to the record. In the morning, the parish-church. 'A grand sight, the congregation: for which I ought to be thankful. The great church quite crowded, even the "Believers' Seats." I wish I could remember these things when discouraged sometimes: but I forget.' The Believers' Seats are certain remote pews, in which people could neither see nor hear the officiating ministers, and had therefore to suppose everything right without any evidence. Such was the theory of Faith when the name was given. And it is otherwise erroneous. You see the preacher a long way off; but if he have an adequate voice, you hear him perfectly. Without the smallest effort, even my much-worn voice reaches every one. That

evening at St. Mary's abode in memory. It too was crowded: and at both churches prayer was made for the good woman who was fast slipping away. The evening service over, where the music was specially good, I went to the house quite near. The record says, 'Very touching, the St. Mary's music going on, where she was so much: and she lying near, so low. I saw her for a minute, quite unconscious, yet looking so well.' She had first sung on October 10, 1880. She held it a serious duty to use her talent for God's service. She was only forty-nine when she died. On Thursday July 23, I read the burial service over that dear and good woman in the beautiful quiet churchyard of Arbirlot in Forfarshire: a great tree bending over the grave. It was here that the famous orator Dr. Guthrie was minister ere he went to Edinburgh: and for all the dense crowds he drew there to the last, he often wished himself back in peaceful Arcady. The little history sums up: 'So helpful, so kind, so willing, so really high-principled. I had not a better friend here.'

We were to have gone early in that week to distant Loch Awe; but (of course) remained for that sacred duty. I had promised to take the beautiful little church of St. Conan for three Sundays. It is quite the most charming country church that I have seen in Scotland. It was built by the Campbells of Blythswood, a race known and honoured in the North. Walter Douglas Campbell, a born Architect, designed it. It is indeed 'a far cry to Lochawe': but leaving this at 7.20 A.M., this household was set down at Loch Awe station of the Callander and Oban railway,

close to the famous lake, by 4 P.M. That railway is a marvellous one: it carries you swiftly where it seems a miracle that railway could go at all. Nothing remains more vivid in memory than savage Glen Ogle. The picturesque St. Conan's Tower, on the first slope of magnificent Ben Cruachan, is given to such as minister through the summer and autumn: this likewise built by that inspired amateur builder. That evening, soon, my daughter and I went to see the church, half a mile off. Lovely is the word for both site and church. On a crag high above the water, just below, the sacred edifice stands: amid vegetation so rich and luxuriant that one thinks of the tropics. Roses, honeysuckle, and ivy cover the walls, and climb up the tower to where the spire begins. Grand trees stand off, around, a little space. Ben Cruachan towers above, seamed, in rain, with the white lines of streams innumerable: the wonderful lake spreads wide on the other hand, with the great hills on its further side, and divers islands in view. It is a church with nave and chancel, the chancel-stalls being canopied. The great eastern window over the altar needs no stained glass: great creepers, green and red, hang over it: and beyond are the majestic mountains: who could shut them out? Great unsmoothed boulders of granite from Ben Cruachan form the piers which carry the chancel arch: and the transepts make the Sacred Cross. There is a large organ. Solemn and touching is the subdued light. There is enough of good stained glass: though Nature was left to fill that eastern window. I recall divers buildings in which I have been appointed to minister:

and can but cry (like Carlyle) Wae's me ! If it had pleased God to give me a church like that, long ago. But indeed, when I entered on my duty, if any mortal had thought to build a Scottish Kirk like that, he would have been esteemed fit for Bedlam. And in the circumstances, he would in fact have been so. Can I forget how that hideous circus, St. Andrew's at Edinburgh, was described as 'the finest church in this town, or in any town'? Can I forget when I heard a dignified minister call Glasgow Cathedral 'a great ugly jail of a place': adding 'pull it down, or shut it up: it is quite unfit for public worship'? Had I broken out on either day, and said what was in my heart, I should never have got a living. Not, I mean, if my revered Fathers could have prevented it. As it was, they did their little worst to keep me back: but with no effect. And I cannot accuse myself of having ever tried to conciliate them. How well I remember the vicious endeavours to keep down any preacher who could draw a congregation! How vividly the often-heard words come back, 'Oh, he would never do!' They knew not, who said such things in my hearing (I being a lad at College), how perfectly I understood them, and how long I should remember them. High and dry tended to be tiresome. Low and dry was a good deal worse. I should like to tell what dignitary it was that said of Caird, 'After I had heard him five minutes, I should not have been surprised if he had cursed and sworn in the pulpit.' I should like to tell what other dignitary, speaking of one of Caird's greatest sermons, said in my hearing, 'I trust I could not have

written such a sermon. But if I had written it, I hope I should have had sense enough not to preach it!' How those dismal beings, unrivalled for their power of preaching a church empty, vituperated Caird when I was a lad! 'Mob-orator' was the word I often listened to. As for Guthrie, 'coarse scene-painting!' As for Macleod: when I once told a dignitary how struck I had been by his preaching, I received the contemptuous reply, 'You'll know better when you grow older.' 'Humbug' was the word I generally heard applied to him.

The Sundays there were most interesting. Often have I had the lessons read for me: never, save at St. Conan's, by one wearing the kilt. The picturesque garb suited the surroundings. The congregation was mainly English: dwellers in the beautiful hotel placed on a huge rock above Loch Awe. The country round is thinly peopled. There were little indications of nationality. The Lord's Prayer was well joined in, and nearly everybody arose at the ascription closing the sermon. And the hymns, familiar in *Ancient and Modern*, were much more heartily sung than the unfamiliar (so-called) Scotch Psalms. With which, save in accepting a work of purely English origin, Scotland had nothing to do.

Various renowned paintings have made Kilchurn Castle, on a peninsula in the lake, very familiar. There are many islands, a low green one being specially sacred. None is more beautiful than Innischorain, the island home of certain of the Blythswood race through the summer months. The picturesque house here was from the same

designer's hand. Outside and inside it is unique, and charming. The saintly old lady, who is no more than Mrs. Campbell, though her son is Lord Blythswood, is so sweet, so wise, and (when you learn events in her history) so heroic, that I can say with truth I never venerated any woman more, and few men half as much. The seats in St. Conan's are chairs, and every chair is free to all comers: save only that by common consent an ancient oaken *sedile* is Mrs. Campbell's. It ought to be a throne. It would not be difficult to make a bridge from the island: but peace and safety come of that dark streak of water. And as the inhabitants possess two steam vessels and many boats, they are not cut off from the mainland of Argyle. But there is no horse nor carriage in that isolated domain.

When I had finished my last service, on Sunday August 9, two eminent preachers walked into the little vestry, and were more than welcome. One was Dr. Taylor, of the Tabernacle in New York: the other Dr. Donald Fraser of the Scotch Church in Marylebone. Both were men of high mark: most frank and kindly. Dr. Taylor was an outstanding instance of the liberality developed in favourable circumstances by the absence of Establishment and Endowment. His congregation tempted him away from Scotland by a stipend of near 4000*l.* a year, with many other advantages: one being an annual holiday in Scotland. The Atlantic had grown narrow to him. Of course, he was an immensely-attractive preacher, or these things had not been so. And he was a most charming

man. The same is to be said of Dr. Donald Fraser. He kept together a great congregation, wealthy and liberal. We came away from St. Conan's together, we three : walking along the waterside in pleasant talk. Both were younger than I was : and both are gone. The fervour of Dr. Taylor's oratory wore him out : he was the youngest of us. Dr. Fraser did not look a man to go away early : yet he went. Dr. Taylor sent me the yearly reports of his congregation's giving. It was marvellous. There was wealth, doubtless ; but the open hand too. Thirty years before, when I was in Edinburgh, a great American preacher asked me what was my living. I told him. 'Is that thought a good living here?' 'Well, if a man goes into the Kirk, he is a successful man if he has that.' The great preacher looked at me compassionately. 'Come over to the States, and we will give you three or four times that!' I was not tempted. But, though a most decided Churchman, I will acknowledge that in places known to me Endowment freezes up the current of voluntary liberality. The thing, in fact, does not exist.

I remember how struck Bishop Thorold was, in his first visit to us in Edinburgh in April 1863, by certain words in the floating traditional liturgy of the Kirk. They were *Spare useful lives*. I learnt them from my Father. The Bishop accepted them, and used them regularly, when he prayed without the Prayer-Book. Ah, how often is that petition refused ! Lives are lengthened which are much worse than useless : and the precious life is cut short. Not always through disobedience to the laws of health.

Sometimes as by the stroke of the unseen Hand. I said that petition daily since I had a house. And now this house is desolate. And Farnham Castle has passed to other hands. Quite good hands, too. But I shall never see it more.

On Wednesday August 12, our last day of Loch Awe, my boy who is an Anglican priest and I went by ourselves into quiet St. Conan's, and had the English evening service there. It was very soothing and comforting. The journey home was specially long and wearisome : and the household of St. Conan's Tower was scattered. Yet Sunday August 16 was a cheering day in the churches here, as many others have been. And it lifted up, somewhat. Preachers will understand the record : 'I don't think I ever preached to two finer congregations in one day : both churches crammed.' Of course, it was the season of visitors. We drop down, sadly, when they depart. I have known flat enough services. And though they are not pleasant, I know that one is the better for them. It is quite easy to be thankful, and to be kindly, when everything is in one's favour. But that is a deceptive thing. And it is well to find out, painfully, what sort of beings we really are.

Twice, in the first week of that September, I had long talk with an interesting visitor to St. Andrews. Mr. Coleridge was cousin of the Chief Justice, and, of course of the blood of the Poet. One is always pleased when such a man calls. We had met, in January 1870, at the house of Sir John Millais : on that day when I had

my one talk with Sir Edwin Landseer. Mr. Coleridge told me several things which if recorded on this page would lead to its being widely read. But I have already said that pages like this are written as with one's hands tied. The day he first called was a marked one in this house, and in my little history. It was Thursday September 3, 1891 : on which day I began, anxiously, to write my *Twenty-Five Years of St. Andrews*. I had just finished my first page when Mr. Coleridge walked into my study. One of my pages, some reader may care to know, makes about six pages of the letter-press of that book. I am not, however, to say more of these volumes here : save that the record of the time says, when the second page was finished next day, 'Growing too autobiographical, I fear. It can't well be helped, at the beginning.' For I have always felt that it is better that a writer should not explain how his work is done. In certain marked cases, it quite took the charm from an author's work, to know what a mechanical manufacture it came to be. Furthermore, in that book itself, I have said something of the circumstances in which it was produced : and I have elsewhere added more.¹ Here I will but say that if the kindly reader knew exactly how and under what pressure those pages were covered, day by day, amid excessive duty and anxiety, I think he would read them with sympathy. The work attained a most cheering success, of which something may be said at the proper time. In October 1889, I had bought *Personal and Family Glimpses*

¹ *St. Andrews and Elsewhere* : pp. 232-3 : pp. 50-52.

of Remarkable People, by the son of Archbishop Whately. On Halloween the record stands, ‘It suggested a volume, *Twenty-Five Years of St. Andrews, 1865–1890.*’ An encouraging reply came from Mr. C. J. Longman. But an overdriven man had not courage to begin a task which might never be finished. And but for specially kind encouragement from Bishop Thorold, the book would never have been written at all.

It was a special pleasure, for reasons public and private, when on September 18 one read the announcement that the Lord-Advocate Robertson, the most brilliant Scottish counsel of his time, had been raised to the great position of our Scottish Chief-Judge, the Lord-President of the Supreme Court here. The Lord-President gained the highest place possible to a Scottish lawyer at a remarkably early age. He was Dux of the High School of Edinburgh. At the University he speedily took his place as a born orator. He was called to the Bar two years after I came to St. Andrews: and having been a Lord-Advocate of unsurpassed parliamentary standing, he was but forty-six when he succeeded to the place left vacant by the grand old Lord-President Inglis. It is always pleasant to see a man ascend through merit and nothing else. But I had reasons of a more intimate nature. His father and mine were the dearest possible friends. My father christened the young Lord-President. My father preached the ‘funeral sermon’ when the noble old minister of Forteviot departed. The Lord-Advocate was President of the Sons of the Clergy when I preached before the

Society at its centenary. Never was guest more welcome under my father's roof than his old St. Andrews fellow-student. And since I was a boy, I remember nothing that charmed me more than the bright, cheery, and sometimes pathetic talk, full of anecdote, of Mr. Robertson. Though he told stories innumerable, he did not repeat himself. I listened, open-eared, to every word, in days when I was far too young to open my mouth in such company. I think I may say I remember more of Mr. Robertson's stories, than I do of those related in my hearing by any other man: and in the latter days I have listened to famous raconteurs. One thing too: there were always the propriety and dignity which became a grave clergyman. Touching, indeed, is family likeness. The Lord-President does not remember his father: he went so early. But both in the young barrister I first heard, and in the great Chief Justice who administered the oath to me on the solitary occasion on which I have been witness in a Court of Justice, I recognised the little tricks of manner, the gestures, the looks, the tones, of the Country Parson departed: whom I see and hear to-day. Years ago, I wrote a paper concerning Mr. Robertson. It was one of a series which I had not time to carry on, on *Churchmen who never got their Due.*¹ And I was not a little touched when the magnificent old Lord-President Inglis (who had ever a kind and cheering word for me, a brother of the Manse) wrote to me in warm terms of approval: saying that I had delineated Mr. Robertson accurately, and that every word

¹ *Our Homely Comedy: and Tragedy*: pp. 275 sq.

of praise was deserved. That great Judge did not know that Mr. Robertson's son was his destined successor. But he was well aware that it must be either he, or the Lord-Advocate on the other side of politics, not less worthy of any elevation : Mr. Balfour, also a son of the Manse.

I know that uncharitable souls may think I am over-praising Mr. Robertson of Forteviot, for that I got credit for being once associated with him in a crime which might have brought us together before the judgment-seat. Wherefore I take this opportunity of declaring, seriously, that it was a cruel misrepresentation which went abroad, to the effect that on one occasion the Lord-President's father stole a dog, I assisting him in the unjustifiable deed. We took away a dog, a beautiful little Skye terrier, named Nettle : but we did not steal him. Mr. Robertson was staying in my father's house in Glasgow. He was extremely fond of terriers. I hope they were happy with him. For as the proof of a terrier being of the purest blood is that he will utter no cry though you lift him from the ground by any part of him you can get hold of, I fear the beautiful dogs at the Manse had sometimes a hard experience. By one ear, by the tail, by a handful of hair, they were frequently lifted on high. And though they were absolutely silent, I gathered from their expression of countenance that they did not like it. A dog was wanted in those days in Glasgow. We heard of one in a somewhat discreditable part of the city. I accompanied Mr. Robertson on the occasion on which he bought it : rather dear. He asked no questions as to the way in which the vendor became pos-

sessed of the animal. We brought the dog away. All that evening, its life was hard. Never was dog so lifted up by minute portions of his frame. Next day, the dog disappeared. It is conceivable that it had been educated to this end. But Mr. Robertson said to me, ‘Now, our only chance is to go for it very early in the morning.’ So, next sunrise, at 4.30, he came for me. He said that he never felt more remorse than when he beheld me sound asleep, and proceeded to rouse me. All the same, he roused me. We went away, two miles towards the east. And, just outside a range of uninviting dwellings, strange to say, there was Nettle running about. ‘We’ll not speak to the people,’ were the words. And seizing up the little terrier, we bore him away. ‘It looked most suspicious,’ were the good minister’s words. ‘It will be said, that at an unseasonable hour, an old person came to the spot, accompanied by a youth of innocent aspect, whom he had presumably misled. They looked about : saw no one was near : and seizing up the dog, they made off.’ Rumours went abroad : I know not how originating. But it is sound law, that you may take your own property wherever you find it. And no more than that had been done on the morning in question. That afternoon, the dog was conveyed to Forteviot. A few days after I arrived at the pleasant manse, on a visit. Nettle was there, quite happy. But it was sad to see how broken-hearted was a large terrier with yellow eyes, who thought himself superseded by the new favourite. ‘I should not have bought Nettle, if I had known what a trial it was to be to that old friend.’ Then

Mr. Robertson specially petted the old dog with yellow eyes. But he would not be comforted. He felt there was something wrong for all.

I have elsewhere said my say in praise of Mr. Robertson : and told certain of his stories. I have never till now put in writing one of extraordinary character. I related it a day since to one abiding in this place, who is just at present quite the most popular of Scottish writers of fiction. He was much moved. And he held out a threat that if I did not put the circumstances on permanent record, *he* would. If I could but revive the solemn features, the earnest eyes, the pathetic tones : all gone !

Long ago, when Dr. Blair was minister of the High Kirk of Edinburgh, he had quite the most cultivated congregation in Scotland. It is the fashion now to run Blair down. But he had his day. And even Samuel Johnson, bitter against Presbytery, declared that Blair's sermon on 'Cornelius, a devout man,' was the best he ever read. Once, an extremely homely old Highland minister came to Edinburgh, and Dr. Blair somehow had to ask him to preach. The congregation never forgot his sermon. Neither did Dr. Blair. There was a crowd of all the refinement of the Scottish metropolis : and there was the elegant Blair himself. The sermon was upon the duty of Humeeliahtion. 'And now, ma' freens, in the Thairteenth place, I sall proceed to set before you a Thairteenth reason for Humeeliahtion. And it sall be a reason taken from the Sheeance o' Anawtomy. We are informed, by them

as is skeeled in the Sheeance o' Anawtomy, that we have got aw the Paddns of a Soo but een. Now I ask you aw, if we have got aw the Paddns of a Soo but een, if that is no' a Thairteenth reason for Humeeliahtion, and a reason taken from the Sheeance o' Anawtomy.'

It was an awful day that, in the High Kirk of Edinburgh. Just think what Dr. Blair looked like !

I do not think he could have looked worse than I should have done, within the last few weeks. In a certain church, the young assistant was saying the prayers, supposed to be made (on the instant) out of his own head : the minister sitting at the communion-table below. As the youth concluded, and was about to give out a hymn, the minister arose, and said : ' Stoapp ! I want to say to you, my friends, that Mr. Snooks has given us a capital prayer. It is one of the best prayers I ever heard. I want to say that to you : a capital prayer. And I want to thank him for it. Thank you, Mr. Snooks ! And now you may go on.'

The story appears almost incredible. Yet I was assured by one who had the very best authority that it is literally true. I can but say that had I been a member of that congregation, I should there and then have ceased to be one. And if that were the only parish-church within my reach, I should have forthwith joined myself to the nearest Episcopal congregation. The preaching there might not be much. But you would in any case be safe from outbursts of irreverent and outrageous vulgarity. Let it be remembered that though one smiles at the narration of such-like

things, to actually witness them would affect one with pure horror.

Very graceful and interesting was the new Lord-President's letter of thanks for my warm congratulations : modest too, as a really eminent man set with universal approval in a high place is likely to be. I give but a sentence of it: 'No human being would ever think of comparing me with the predecessor of whom you speak. I thus escape at least one certainty of discredit.' But herein I venture to say the Chief Justice was distinctly wrong. Everybody to whom one spoke did compare him with that great predecessor ; and not to his disadvantage. 'No man fitter to sit in John Inglis's chair,' was the general voice. Not in irreverence, but in affectionate pride, we commonly called the departed President by his name and surname. No doubt he went in his eighty-second year ; and his successor was six-and-thirty years his junior. Which was indeed a difference, and a great one. But with its advantages, too.

The first volume of Bishop Wordsworth's autobiography came on Saturday October 3, and formed the reading of the Sunday evening. The judgment of the time was 'Very interesting and touching. What a great student that man was !' That Sunday was not a day of rest. For after my two full services, morning and afternoon on that day, I had written what made eight pages of the *Twenty-five Years*. And it is noted that reading a diary of departed years is depressing work. 'It makes me very sad to read it,' is the judgment of one who had just been

doing so. Complimentary letters, and the like, are excluded here. But the pathos of simple facts is great to one's self. On the evening of Sunday October 11, I had preached at evening service in the fine West Church of St. Nicholas, Aberdeen. Two men, sitting together, heard my sermon. The same two men, also sitting together, but being youths then, had listened to the same sermon in my Edinburgh church almost to the day twenty-eight years before. They told me so at dinner the evening after. Whereupon the Professor of Divinity uplifted his voice and exceeded them. He told me the text on which he had heard me preach at Newton-on-Ayr thirty-seven years before, he being a boy. He asseverated that he remembered the sermon too. But this must be taken with reservation. Certain it is that on the evening of October 16, I got a letter from that admirable S. T. P., which affected me as much as anything I ever read: speaking of his memories of the Newton sermons, ages ago, when I was a lad, not to be identified in any way with my aged self of the latter years. The letter recalled the old time, wonderfully. For the Professor's father and mother were quite my kindest friends of that period, and their house was charming. And how exquisitely his mother sang! I think she was the first person I ever knew who, having the music placed before her, would sing with perfect accuracy and feeling a song never seen before.

It was midway in that October that Bishop Wordsworth showed me a volume which has been beheld by few: the autobiography of his dear and old friend Lord Sel-

borne, the Lord Chancellor. It was printed only for private circulation, and it was not a large book. Surely it ought to be published. There is something fine about a man who, in the wrangling of the Courts, and in the debasing ways of practical politics, is ever a Christian man, ever on the side of what he deems right. This, I note, is by some called being a sentimental politician. But surely it is of the Devil's influence, if it be generally accepted that in politics the ancient and awful difference between Right and Wrong must be ignored. One recalls the terrible story, told in a recent biography of a great and good man. He was talking with the great Duke of Wellington, after Sir Robert Peel's death. 'A terrible loss to the country,' he said. 'Yes,' said the Duke, in his abrupt way: 'Peel was a good man: I never knew Peel tell a lie.' Not a little startled, the narrator went on: 'But does your Grace mention it as an extraordinary thing, in the case of a British statesman of the highest rank, one several times Prime Minister, that you never heard him tell a lie?' 'Yes,' said the Duke, in a loud and resolute tone: 'I mention it as a very remarkable thing. I never knew one of them, except Peel, who wouldn't tell a lie whenever it suited him!' It was an awful testimony. The Duke was an honest man, at least: whatever else he lacked. And I fear that most of us could quote very cynical falsehoods told by statesmen placed high. I can but say, for myself, that if I did not think it was always right to do the right, I should be an Atheist.

Although I never spoke to Lord Selborne but once, I

saw him continually when I was a law-student long ago. And though I turned from the English Bar to the Scottish Kirk (reversing Lord Campbell's way) I have always retained a great interest in the law, and gone into the Courts as often as I could. Curiously, I have hardly ever been in the Scottish Courts, though living so near them. In Great King Street, the Lord-President, then Lord Colonsay, lived exactly opposite us: and every morning in the session I saw his carriage come to take him away, with a pair of well-bred chestnuts, most cruelly pulled up by bearing-reins, now happily little known in Scotland. How the poor creatures got up the tremendous hill to the Parliament House, I know not. I saw Lord Selborne's face, hard-featured when a dark young man, grow always handsomer and more benignant, with advancing years. Never was more unjust judgment passed, than that of a rude but powerful colleague on the Bench, that the Chancellor was an 'Oly 'umbug.' He was sincerity itself. No bribe would have made him do wrong: even political wrong. He gave proofs.

It was a curious thing to me, who at ten years old, a boy in a quiet Ayrshire manse, had got the classic *Natural History of Selborne* by heart, to drive away from Farnham Castle with the Bishop of Winchester to Selborne, one blazing summer day. The function was the consecration of an addition to the churchyard. Coming near the village, I hear the Bishop's voice: 'Those houses were here in White's time.' And White died in 1793. The houses were very quaint and old. The consecration

was beautifully done. But the Bishop was tired, as he usually was: and when the surpliced choir, going on before, evinced a purpose to go a round-about way, encompassing all the ground, I hear the authoritative command to go the short way. Then to the charming rectory, where was a considerable party. Well I remember being conducted round the beautiful garden. The ground was very steep, in parts: the evergreens were glorious. That day, on the long drive home, the Bishop for the first time made me promise, solemnly, that I should attend his funeral. Alas, when the sad day came, I could not, any more than the dead. I had told him the likelihood was that I should go first: and indeed it came very near that he should read the service over my resting-place. It is waiting: I go to it continually. But when the day comes, Bishop Thorold will not be there. Going to Selborne that day, I saw the beautiful church which the Chancellor had built near his dwelling. And in this past summer I was at Farnham when the saintly lawyer was called from this life: and when the Bishop went away to bury him. Had I been able to go with him, I should assuredly have been among those who stood round that honoured grave. Not thinking of the great lawyer, but of the devout expert in hymnology. For it would have been fit that one, long trusted by the Kirk with the care of Her public praise, should have been among the mourners for the High-Anglican. He told me he did not like John Knox. But neither do I: though I respect him.

The temptation must be resisted, though it is stronger

than some readers would believe, to tell of the eager way in which, in all scraps of time, that first volume of the *Twenty-Five Years* was pushed on through these months of September and October. One pities one's poor overdriven self. On many days it stands on record, how earnestly one wished the day was three or four hours longer: how sadly one felt, lying down at night, that little indeed had been done on that day. It was made matter of conscience that no part of the pastoral or other work of the parish should be neglected. And I preached with absolute regularity, generally giving sermons which were quite new. I will confess that they were not written. But for this they would be all the more popular with some. And they were carefully thought out. A man's very best appearances are his best extempore appearances. There is an instant adaptation to time and place. Of course, such discourses are unequal. They depend so much on one's bodily and mental health. But I think that at home, addressing one's own congregation, a man, if he takes due care of himself, will be at his best nine times out of ten. Then the people know your average. If you preach much better than usual, they will not think any the more of you. If you get on very lamely, they will charitably conclude that you were out of sorts that day. And old friends take a kind interest in you. It quite touched me, when a high dignitary of the Church of England told me he went to our parish-kirk on a Sunday in August, just gone. He got into a seat, alongside a man of humble degree but of Scottish intelligence; and whispered some apology, saying he had never

been in the edifice before. ‘Never heard the Doakter before?’ said my hardly-known friend: ‘Ye have a great treat awaitin ye!’ So did he stand up, chivalrously, for his own weary old minister before the Saxon stranger. So the family-feeling came out. For we are a family here. And though we may find fault with our brothers, we let no one else do so.

On All Saints’ Day, November 1, in this year, my kind and good successor in the parish of Kirkpatrick-Irongray sent me three photographs. One showed the little church, pretty and decorous as Scottish churches go: another the manse from a little distance, bosomed high amid great trees: a third, the manse from the little space in front of it. A blazing summer sun was beating on the place when that picture was taken. The Country Parson stands on the steps, with the pleasant air of its master: his wife and daughter are seated hard by. It is a peaceful scene. And it brings vividly back what I shall see no more: what one got so deeply into memory in the years there. There came the girl-wife: on that bit of turf the little daughter made daisy chains. A month less than five years was our time in that house. And going to that beautiful rural parish was the turning-point in the humble writer’s life. In that leisure I began to write what should be printed. I came to know about trees and flowers: also (to my painful cost) about horses. If I had got to Edinburgh four years sooner, I should never have written anything but sermons. To-day, my volumes are thirty-one. It must be confessed that sixteen of them are of sermons. But John Parker

the Younger told me ages ago (waiting at Winchfield station for the train, having walked back from Eversley, Kingsley having conveyed us a bit), that sermons will only sell if a man has written something else. And he named Kingsley as an instance in proof. In a little, some one else was an instance too. Of course, the whole thing is a lottery. But if sermons sell at all, they used once upon a time to sell tremendously. My first volume of sermons was published nearly three years after my first volume of essays. But though each attained the record of a hundred thousand, the sermons did so first. I cannot but say I never liked the Irongray Sundays. The singing in church was terribly bad. The church, when I went, was inexplicably shabby. When I got designs for its improvement, my Patron and Chief Heritor refused to give a farthing towards carrying the improvements out. The congregation was small: but it was very silent and attentive. There was no village near: the dwellings were widely scattered: and one day when snow was two feet deep, the worshippers were twenty-eight. I wonder there were so many. Almost all had come miles. To one accustomed to a large congregation and hearty praise, the whole thing was flattening at first. And though I always gave the people my very best, I found the great and silent Edinburgh congregation a delightful change. I know, well, that if I had remained at Irongray two or three years more, I should never have had courage for the Scottish metropolis. Yet, when I went, I was barely thirty-three.

On Tuesday November 3, that laborious first volume

was finished : and the regular letter penned to good Bishop Durnford of Chichester, whose birthday and mine fell together. Laborious volume, I repeat. Whoever knows the great amount of manuscript which goes to make a book of considerable size, will always have a real sympathy with the writer who has covered so many pages ; and will think how little the rapid reader, superciliously skimming and skipping, takes in what labour has gone to the production of what he treats so lightly. Furthermore, easy writing makes difficult reading. That which you read without effort was probably written with pleasure, but certainly written with pains. Pains, I say ; not pain. Writing to one's very best always cheers some little. And the mind which may wander to your troubles while you read, must be concentrated while you write. I can certify that the first thing to lift up, in a modest measure, from the very dust, has been the taking of the pen in hand, as of old.

The dedication of the handsome new church at Thornliebank, near Paisley, on November 6, was a function of more than ordinary interest. It was mainly through the liberality of Mr. Crum of Thornliebank, erewhile member for Renfrewshire, and one of the best of men, that the church arose. Dr. Story and I went down together from Glasgow, and we abode in Mr. Crum's beautiful mansion. The house is charming ; and nobody would think, walking up a wooded glen to a fine waterfall, that a crowded manufacturing population was near. The consecration-service was specially hearty. The church, holding 900, was quite full : the chancel is developed : everything was ecclesio-

logically right to a degree which might have involved the deposition of the clergy who took part in that worship, ere Robert Lee had suffered, and been killed by conscientious persecutors. Seventeen clergy entered in procession. I could willingly have dispensed with one or two, whom I felt at once to be anything but sympathetic. And such exercise a cross-influence. The prayers were read by three, now past-moderators : Dr. Story, Dr. Marshall Lang, and myself. I read the consecration-prayers, and preached. The music was specially uplifting. And the offertory left nothing to be desired. All of us who took part will always hold that church in kindly remembrance. Next day, after a delightful walk in the grounds, we bade our host farewell : Dr. Story and I. Story went back to preach on the first Sunday. But the hale and bright Mr. Crum was marked, though no one knew it. It was my farewell. As how often, now ! Dr. John Brown said, ‘I have far more dead friends than living.’ Men beyond numbering have thought and said the same.

But I am coming up to what can only be recorded in few words : a blow that fell without warning. On Wednesday November 11, our sweet young daughter-in-law, Adah, died far away at Calcutta. Our eldest son and she had been married barely a year. I do not think any one was ever more universally beloved. And she was such a beautiful and bright young woman : just twenty-six when she went. The telegram came into my study : and I had no fear at all, as I opened it. It is noted that at prayers that morning we had read Chapter I. of Job. A cheery

letter came from her that day : anxious about what was coming, but hopeful. One too from our son : 'I don't know what I should do if anything were to happen to her' : then going on to say, as often before, how happy she had made his home and his life. This was written on October 21. There never was a sweeter woman ; nor one more simply and unaffectedly devout. A dear young girl here, whom I had seen continually for some weeks, died almost at the same moment. It is noted, 'So far apart here, entering the other world together.' We knew, afterwards, that there were not two hours' warning of danger till she was gone. On the morning of Saturday November 14 I was reading over my sermons for next day when a telegram came straight from Calcutta : 'Baby died to-day : christened : Calcutta November 14. Reuter.' Time there is six hours in advance of us here. Then the record of the time : 'Got on with work, as usual. Must be done. Poor Jim ! No trace left of his happy married life.—Strange, how many pretty things provided for the little grandchild we never saw, the little girl that never needed anything.'

It does not make it a bit easier to bear, to know that untold millions have had to bear the same. No more is to be said here : save that those thousands of miles towards the rising sun, in a beautiful spot which we should never see, and (as is fitting everywhere) under the shadow of the cross, the girl-wife and her little child sleep together.

Both faces are set where I see them every day. And now one is with them, who was devout as that young mother, faultless as that innocent child.

CHAPTER VII

A FLAT TIME

I PASS from that sad season, of which it seems I had said nothing. And I set my face to a time in which the light was ‘not clear, nor dark’: ‘the light of common day,’ as Wordsworth put it. I think the old prophet surpassed him.

On Tuesday December 15, I read the Life of an ecclesiastical controversialist whom I knew in his latter years. I bought it, because I got it quite new, and recently published, for about one-tenth of the published price. It was a terrible book, yet it had its interest. It could only be said to be written in the English language in the sense that it was not written in any other tongue. The poor author did not know what style meant. They were an illiterate pack, the controversialists of Scotland in my boyhood: and some of them in my manhood. The criticism of the time was, ‘A horrible view of wrongheadedness and malignity and trickery, under the pretence of religion. Disgusting.’ And some folk, not in Bedlam, believe that where a lot of such souls are gathered together in what they call a ‘church-court,’ a scratch majority, got by wire-

pulling, and bullying young members, is an expression of what they call 'the mind of the Spirit.'

Going on for a good while now, the services in church deserve no record. 'Good Immemorial,' or 'Better than Immemorial,' is the best that is said. But it was interesting when, at the beginning of 1892, my dear old Professor, Sir William Thomson of Glasgow, was made a Peer. He took his title from the stream which runs under the University : the Kelvin. It is not so dirty as the Molendinar, which ran through the old College Gardens away in central Glasgow : and which is now hidden from view. I suppose Lord Kelvin is all but the single member of the House of Lords who regularly teaches a great classroom of students : the other being the Senior Wrangler, Lord Rayleigh. And I suppose no man was ever elevated with more general approval. He deserves anything. He is not merely one of the two or three greatest men of science of his day : so that all his old and new students are proud of him. He is one of the kindest, best, and most unaffected of human beings : so that we all love him. Is there anything one would not do to please Lord Kelvin ?

One could not but write some words of congratulation. I must preserve the reply.

The University, Glasgow : Jan. 8, 92.

MY DEAR FIRST STUDENT,—Your most kind letter of congratulation was very welcome, and my wife joins me in thanking you heartily for it. I am always glad to be reminded of that First Session, though the recollection is not without some alloy when I think of my anxieties and

shortcomings. I still remember your Christmas essay on Terrestrial Magnetism. And if it was not a tremendously deep and exhaustive scientific treatise on the subject, no one, I am sure, and least of all I, could justly blame you. Still, I am glad that you have an affectionate remembrance of that old time, and of my class, which I warmly reciprocate: as now you're not young, but affectionate old Professor,

WILLIAM THOMSON.

Explanation is necessary here. I was Lord Kelvin's 'first student' only in the sense that I was the very first he ever enrolled: the first in time. In merit, I was pretty nearly the last. For I hated Mathematics: and Natural Philosophy, of which young William Thomson was Professor, fresh from his Cambridge honours, at Glasgow includes a terrible amount of the higher Mathematics. Worse still: with others, I was not ashamed of my incompetence, but proud of it. Those who had taken the first place in Mental Philosophy were under the illusion that Physics, like Hebrew roots, 'flourished best in barren ground.' Certainly, as a rule, the two faculties were exclusive. Eminence in Mental Philosophy, too, went with the power of writing prize essays. And as one got the degree of B.A. by passing tight examinations in Classics, Logic, and Metaphysics, without Mathematics, it was not necessary to struggle with a natural disinclination. One degree was just as good as another, going into the Kirk which cared not for either. Finally, so many of the

most outstanding students took the Bachelor's degree and went no farther, that the Universities of Scotland, to the great regret of most, abolished that ancient designation. There are various Doctors, both of Divinity and of Laws, who in Arts never went beyond the B.A. But then there are various Doctors in each of those Faculties who never had any degree in Arts at all. Some never tried for one. And one or two tried, and were plucked.

But it is quite impossible for me, with this bright setting sun shining in at my study windows for the last time in this sad October, to forget that here, once more, is Hallow E'en. Strange, indeed, how in Scotland the Vigil is so well-remembered, and the Festival is absolutely forgot. Not one in a thousand who knows of All-Hallows' Eve, ever heard of All-Hallows-Day, the feast of All Saints. But in truth we, who in childhood and youth did so carefully 'keep' Hallow E'en, were not in any degree under the influence of the Mediæval Church in so doing. Back to Heathenism, not to Romanism, this day goes for its sanction and its superstitious half-beliefs—Half-beliefs, I say. We did not quite believe them, those stories about possible Appearances, known to the readers of Burns. But we did not wholly disbelieve them either. I hear, now, a grand white-haired old minister of the Kirk say, 'I don't believe in ghosts, oh, not at all. But I'm a Highlander. And I'll never go where there is the least chance of seeing one.' Ay, keep on the safe side! The only place of worship in St. Andrews which you can walk round, is the great parish-church. It stands in an open space. And to walk

round it is exactly 242 steps. Now, if you walk round a church at midnight, three times, *Withershins* (that is, the opposite of the way the sun goes), on completing your third round (you being alone) you will meet some one who is better not named. Doubtless, the belief is a silly superstition. But I wonder how many inhabitants of this parish would go to the Town-Kirk at twelve on the night of this All-Hallows-Eve; accurately walk round it according to the rules; and take their chance of what they would see. Not I, for one. You cannot entirely break away from the heathenish beliefs drilled into your childhood.

Wednesday January 20, being St. Agnes' Eve, was not 'bitter chill' as Keats makes it (and on the average it is the coldest day of the year, and so far has been the coldest of the nineteenth century): but it was pitch-dark at 8 A.M. That forenoon a box came from Messrs. Longmans with copies of that first volume, often named. My twenty-eighth. The first copy I gave to my wife, and sent away the second to my daughter, who received it, fitly, on her Saint's day. Bishop Thorold had got his direct: and St. Agnes' Day brought his word: 'The lovely book has come, attractive inside and out.' He liked it all the better for being bound exactly as the Life of his special friend Archbishop Tait. But he went on: 'Yet I feel how the stamp of the Cathedral in gold will light the side up.' We had thought of this, but it somehow was not managed. I may quote further from the Bishop. 'The paper and printing are beautiful.' But then he goes on with remarks which, though very cheering for an author to read, it would not do

that he should publish. Another day brought a quite remarkably kind letter from Mr. Froude. It might pleasantly go into his Life, if it is ever written. But it could not stand here.

It would be affectation of a very silly kind not to say that the book was very successful. The first edition was here on January 20. The second was wanted on February 12. The third on March 26. The fourth on December 31. The first and second editions were each 1000 copies. The third and fourth 500 each. And the price was considerable. I really do not think I should have given twelve shillings for such a volume. As this may be esteemed by certain souls as a sounding of one's own trumpet, it had better be done once for all. Volume II of the *Twenty-Five Years* cost fifteen shillings. The first edition, 1500, went on October 6, the day of its publication. The second was wanted October 7. The third October 28. The fourth February 1, 1893. The reviews of Volume I numbered 130, not counting short notices. Those of Volume II were 170. They formed specially cheering reading for the humble author. A good many came from America: some from Australia and India. Not the least interesting was one of the first volume which came on January 30, 1892. The chronicle of that day says, 'Curious, the really frantic abuse of the (Drumsleekie Squeaker), the disestablishing paper. The man seems nearly mad with personal hatred. Yet I fancy I never saw him in my life.'

These were the last lines written there for three weeks.

It was Saturday, and I had prepared the sermons for next day. But I had been going about many days, little fit for it. I must have looked ill when I went to see a tried woman, no longer young, who had been laid aside. I remember the words, said in a voice which expressed kind concern : for these were the days of the awful influenza : ' You must take care of yourself. You would be a much-missed man.' The contingency was not expressed, but it was well understood. For various days, it appeared not unlikely. It is curious how, looking back on a little history, one sees that these were warnings enough. Just last night, I read seventy-four letters from Bishop Thorold of Winchester ; and felt, as I did not feel while those few years were passing over, how terribly he over-worked, and how many cautions came in illnesses that came of overstrain. They were bravely struggled through, and thrown off : but oh, if he could have 'taken in sail,' as he perpetually entreated me to do ! For he was at his work again, far too soon, far too much. That Saturday, at one o'clock, I had to go down. It seems a small thing to-day, after what has been in this house : but five weeks taken out of a fast-shortening life were very heavy at the time. For the sake of others, I record, that when the pen was taken up again, it was briefly written : ' Can't remember. At first shivering, and splitting headache, and pneumonia, of which many died. I cannot record that sad time. Awfully anxious to get to work. Anxious about everything, and did not expect to get better. Most depressing.' Then a word of unwearying kindness : not only from one, but from others.

For those who serve in this house are not hirelings. One holds them as members of the family. It indicated returning life, when on a Sunday, I read twenty sermons of Cardinal Newman's. Yet the cloud was on me: for the verdict is 'Disappointed.' Which was not Newman's fault. In that time, Sir George Campbell, member for a Fife burgh, died of influenza at Cairo: He had been here but a few days before. And Dr. Donald Fraser, who had preached two Sundays after I went down, was in his grave ere I got up. I note that when very low, one was cheered by a singularly kind and beautiful review in *Blackwood*. I did not know till afterwards by what charming pen. We were sent away for a fortnight, in that bitter season, to Edinburgh. I had to be out of the parish: even though not far: or I should not have got well. I remember the wonderful sympathy of very many. And having subscribed to a reading club, and had innumerable volumes to tide me through gloomy hours, I recall vividly how, on proposing to pay what was due for that privilege, it was said to me Nothing! It was reward enough to have so cheered. I came away touched and grateful. I have found that in real trouble, there are innumerable sympathetic hearts in this world. And it does one inexpressible good to find that out: even if it be shown by a little thing.

I fancy that a great many people, in March 1892, had applications from a certain 'State Library' beyond the Atlantic. For men innumerable must have been asked before they came to me. What was desired of me was a photograph: then a page of the manuscript of my

Recreations. Also a manuscript sermon : the inducement being held forth that the sermon should be bound in limp morocco. I sent the photograph : also a page of my writing in the copy taken by that most useful machine which when I got it bore the illiterate title of the *Facsimileograph*. As for the manuscript sermon, No. For reasons which need not be given here. In my first visit to Selsdon Park, the much-missed Alexander, then Chaplain, had shown me how he could readily make fifty copies of a circular to be sent about the diocese, each exactly as good as the one he had written. I was greatly impressed : bought the implement in distant Croydon : and not without some trouble carried it here, 480 miles. Then I showed it with pride to two boys of the house, not boys to-day. For the Chaplain's was the first of whose existence I had known. They replied that it was very nice, and that it could be got at our bookseller's shop in Church Street, which looks upon the parish-kirk here. The distance from this house is seven minutes' walk. But I am not sure that Mr. Ruskin is wholly wrong. Every time I use the machine (and every page I write for the press is copied with it) I value it the more for the trouble I had in getting it : albeit trouble wholly unnecessary.

On Sunday March 6 I was able to preach, after six weeks' sorrowful silence. But I did not give the sermons prepared on that day I went down. I had a prejudice against them : quite unreasonable. Even as the locomotive which went down in the awful fall of the Tay Bridge and was got up from the deep black water little the worse, though

it has run to many places, has never been sent across the grand new Tay Bridge into Dundee. I was shown the engine : strange to see : far in the West. On Tuesday March 8, sunshiny and frosty, all the country white with snow, having arisen miserably, I began Volume II of the *Twenty-Five Years*. Having written three pages of print, I had to lie down again : and the record is ‘a driech and wretched day : the Doctor twice : and a bad night. Very impatient.’ The last words were penitential. But next day, having got into my study at 12, cheerful though shaky, I wrote eleven letters and then pushed on pleasantly with that book. But I must not be tempted to say more about it. Its story has already been sufficiently told.¹

Though each Sunday as it comes, bringing its public duty, is profoundly interesting to any cleric who is a preacher, it is wonderful how quickly and completely it is forgotten when past. Here, of a surety, it has to be ‘forgetting those things which are behind.’ For the next day comes pressing on, and has to be attended to with one’s whole mind. And so it is that but for some record being kept, you would say you never in your life had preached from divers texts which it is absolutely certain you have preached from. I remembered not at all till this minute that on Sunday March 13, the second in Lent, all the country white with newly-fallen snow, and the trees beautiful, Nature gave me my text for the morning service. It was ‘Whiter than snow.’ And the first hymn was Bishop How’s ‘Winter reigneth o’er the land.’ I could

¹ *St. Andrews and Elsewhere*: pp. 50-52.

hardly believe, when I read it as a lad, that Chalmers once at least wrote a second sermon on a text already treated, quite forgetting. It appeared incredible, in days when the preparation of a sermon was a tremendous exertion, leaving an indelible trace. Stranger still, Chalmers' second sermon was almost word for word identical with the first. It is easy to make any mischance impossible for one's self, by having a large study-bible, and underlining each text as it is written on. Such a book is interesting. I have remarked that preachers who can really hold a congregation, writing from their own mind and experience, have the most individual choice for texts. Each man takes his own.

Saturday April 9, in 1892, the day before Palm Sunday, brought a quite delightful letter from Froude, pleased with his Oxford Professorship. We did not know that the excessive and needless work required would hurry the charming writer and most lovable man to his grave. Everybody knows exactly the years of a man so eminent : yet his letter was buoyant with anticipation. 'Oh what fun it will be if I can be the means of' doing something which in fact he failed to do. It was something contemplated through his warm affection for two very old friends. I went back that day to the time, May 1860, when John Parker showed me the portrait in his library: a young face, always beautiful, but more worn and weary-looking than when it had grown older. I remembered Parker's saying that Froude had worn his eyes sadly by over-work on his history, and might not write much more. But his

eyes, like certain others which gave out in youth, lasted beautifully in age. Then, very near the end, for Froude was with Parker when he died, tender as the best woman, a letter from Parker when he could write but briefly, 'I like Froude so much.' It is in that imperfect way that we express our feelings at the last. Did not some one, known to me, say to his dying wife how much she had been and was to him? A very little time remained: and all the answer was 'I know.' And one thinks of a dying boy at Fettes College, and his words: 'I know all that, mother. But I would like to get better.' It is forty-three years since I was speaking to a little boy of seven years, who was to go before us, and that in an hour. I was a youth, but I said my best, and I believed what I said. But the beautiful face turned to me eagerly: and the young brother said 'My heart will crack, if you speak like that!' For, as a rule, we cleave to what we have known. But not always.

Last night I turned over many letters of Froude's: all long letters, some very long: written just as gracefully as what he wrote to be printed, and some of them frankly stating his feeling towards the gravest things which can be. It was odd to mark the old-fashioned courtesy which in his very first letter apologised for beginning *Dear Sir*: and then to see how speedily it became *My dear Boyd*. Also how *Yours faithfully* soon passed into *Yours very affectionately*. Englishmen write more warmly than Scotch folk do. And their cordiality warms up and draws out us who are not chilly, but *blate*. I have various

much-loved friends in Scotland. But there is not one to whom I could write to-day as I wrote to Bishop Thorold for more than thirty years. And I could not have written so even to him, but that he began it. If I can get permission, I hope when I come to speak of Froude more fully to give some specimens of his letters. I could hardly give one throughout. Not merely for intimate expression of views and feelings: far more because the great man, desiring to cheer a humble friend, spoke of the friend's merits as no mortal else ever did. Such as knew nothing earthly about Froude save through his books have talked of him as 'Saturnine.' Never was man more outspokenly frank, more warmly affectionate. One always felt there was something of the kindest woman's nature in Froude; though he was so brave a man. As for his playful kindness, inquire of those who were little children at 78 Great King Street, thirty-three years ago: on that first visit to Scotland. I have never read so fair and complete a description of him, as in the attractive *Table-Talk*, which has come out in these dark days, of his old friend and (I am proud to say) mine, Dr. John Skelton.¹ But I think I may say that Skelton was more to Froude than any living person, save only Carlyle. And the relations with Carlyle were quite different in nature. Froude was content to drive out with his hero, the greatest Scotsman (he wrote to me) excepting John Knox alone: and having unluckily named a certain Home Secretary, to see Carlyle turn his face to the open window of the carriage, and pour forth,

¹ *The Table-Talk of Shirley*: Edinburgh, 1895.

through all the rest of the drive, a stream of anathemas beside which the Council of Trent would grow pale. No one else durst have tried that.

I am keeping what I have to say of Froude till farther on. But just in this minute something comes back so vividly that it cannot be put away. Never did the eloquent historian relate on his page any historic fact in a fashion I remember better (not even the awful story of the execution of poor Queen Mary) than one he related to myself alone as we walked down the hill to Great King Street in the fading light of a March evening in 1863. He had been staying down in Devonshire, in a familiar parish ; and he had called on a farmer, known since both were boys. In the state-chamber of the farmer's dwelling, there lay on a table a grand illustrated edition of the Bible. 'That is a beautiful Bible to have,' said the historian. 'No, it's not,' was the startling answer. 'I wish it had never come into this house!' 'Why so?' Then the farmer said, 'I'll show you.' He turned to a picture which represented the walls of Jericho in the act of tumbling down, on a well-known occasion. 'That never happened,' said the farmer : 'it is a parcel of lies !' Somewhat scandalised, Froude asked how this conclusion had been arrived at. 'I'll tell you. After I first saw that picture, I got a ram's-horn, and made it into a trumpet. Then I went out, and walked seven times round an old house that I wanted down, and I blew till I nearly burst myself, and the house never fell down at all. There it is yet. No, that story is a parcel of lies.' Then Froude

uttered his memorable laugh ; and said ‘ You see how the rationalistic spirit is getting about.’ I was able to cap the story with another, not analogous, but of biblical origin too. A young mother was telling her little boy about the Israelites worshipping of the golden calf. She pointed out how very bad it was, that people should pray to such a thing : and expatiated. The little boy heard with great attention. A quite new idea had entered his mind. But instead of being horror-stricken, as his mother intended, he said, with quiet determination, ‘ I’ll say my prayers to-night to my Donkey.’ For a large stuffed figure of that creature had lately been presented to him. Both Froude and Tulloch were deeply impressed by the incident. And the Principal spoke wisely of the peril of suggesting new forms of transgression to the youthful mind.

Yesterday was so very marked a day in the writer’s little life, that a word must be said of it here. It was Sunday November 3, 1895 : the Sunday after All Saints, and the ‘ Winter Communion ’ in this parish. It was gloomy November in the morning and afternoon : but the wintry sun shone out beautifully for some hours about noon. It was the first time that I have been able to ‘ preside ’ at the Communion since this time last year ; or even to be present at a Scotch Communion : though I have many times had that great privilege within the kindly realm of the other National Church. For I am both a minister of the Kirk of Scotland and an attached member of the Church of England : like many more people up to the highest in transient worldly rank : not feeling the

smallest inconsistency. The number who received was considerable: though various parish-churches have very many more. We had yesterday 1098: a heart-warming sight: but numbers go up and down without any assignable reason. This time last year we had 1184. The 'young communicants,' coming for the first time, were 40. Last year 52. But a congregation as large as ours must be reinforced continually by large accessions, or it would dwindle. Young folk must go away: there is no room for them here. And both old and young folk must die. The number of separate souls who receive at least once in the year is more than 1600. A solemn charge. And my good colleague and I feel it deeply. But yesterday was the writer's birthday: the first since he was a youth on which he had not by him the companion of these anxious years. And he attained the unforgettable limit: 'the days of our years are threescore years and ten.' Bishop Thorold used to put it of a friend, 'he has struck seventy': as he did on June 13 in this year. I was with him: as for his last four birthdays: two years since he wrote, in his cheery way, 'When I am well, I feel about forty.' One recalls how good Robert Chambers used to say, 'there is something respectable in living to threescore and ten.' Yesterday morning the Lessons were read by the very first who ever read for me, many a year ago. He was the youthful Alexander Stewart then: no man more outstanding as a student in my day here. Yesterday things were changed. My reader was the Very Reverend Alexander Stewart, D.D., our chief Professor of Divinity: who

worthily sits in the Chair of Tulloch and Cunningham : not to go back to Samuel Rutherford and wise George Hill, our classic theologian. I am extremely particular about the Lessons : what some people call ‘pernickety.’ I will not have them badly read. But yesterday the reading was perfection. The beautiful voice, familiar for these thirty years : such keen appreciation of the meaning : yet no acting. To hear a self-conscious conceited block-head *acting* a lesson of scripture just about drives me mad. And I have heard it. A man reading intolerably ill, yet bursting with self-conceit. Yesterday in the N. T. lesson we had the grand passage which Dr. Donkey read to John Kemble : as the father of our Lord-President related in my hearing ages ago. The story has been told elsewhere. But here let me recall Kemble’s words. The passage begins with the grand ‘For I am persuaded that neither death nor life,’ and goes on as every reader of our language knows. Dr. Donkey had acted it, as he thought with dramatic effect : as I have heard an irritating idiot do. ‘Dr. Donkey, believe me, that passage was never worthily read by any man who was thinking about how he was reading it !’

Hard by me, as I ‘celebrated,’ was the venerable and beloved Professor Mitchell : now retired from the Church History Chair, but sure to be busy till the end. And at evening service, for the twenty-eighth year, the sermon was preached by my old friend Dr. Burns of Glasgow Cathedral. I had not thought to be at a Communion in our historic parish-church any more ; nor had I been

equal till yesterday to taking so considerable a part of the service. In the evening, Dr. Burns read the first lesson and I the second : that was all my share. I do not think we read them ill : I am sure we read them unaffectedly. But hard by sat a kindly Colonel, who is likewise a Master of Arts : Hodson of Hodson's Horse was one of the few who thus combined military and academic rank. Often has that helpful friend read for me, and read beautifully. Possibly it occurred to him that he could have read the lessons better than we.

When the day's worship was pleasantly over, I was very thankful : both for the congregation and for myself : though it was my first lonely Communion in my own parish for forty-two years.

But I must go back to the year 1892, whose story is being (somewhat desultorily) told. April 20 brought me a volume which was at least as interesting to me as ever to any one else. It was the sixpenny edition of my first volume of essays. Beautifully printed : singular to say, at Aberdeen University Press. Little indeed did I think, writing the essays which were collected in that first series of *Recreations*, that the volume would find such favour as came to it. It is a toss-up. When I look back at the clever books, quite forgotten now, which were advertised along with mine which still survives after thirty-six years, I am filled with consternation. This sixpenny edition was the sixth form in which the book had been produced. There was Parker's handsome first edition, costing nine shillings. Then the cheap edition, 3s. 6d. Then Messrs.

Longmans' fine illustrated edition, 12*s.* The first American edition, two dollars. The cheap American edition, whose price I know not. Finally, the sixpenny. My record of the day says, 'a wonderful sixpence worth.' And I remembered how a great bookseller in a great city told me, long ago, that when the volume first came out, a certain man who had heard me preach thought he must buy it. He had at least twenty thousand a year. The bargain was made: the book was neatly tied up: and as that impecunious man stood with it in his hand, for the first time it occurred to him to ask the price. Being told, he exclaimed, in consternation, 'Nine shillings for a book! I can't stand that. I won't have it!' And he gave back the packet, and departed. As Mr. Ruskin justly said, there are not many people who would give for a book what they readily give for a large turbot. Yet the turbot goes, and the book remains. But I have known those who have abundance of carriages and horses, and who entertain sumptuously, who never dream of spending an appreciable part of their income on books. Yet surely, in weariness and sorrow, there is no part of the furniture of a house which will cheer like the books. On the other hand, a millionaire has told a bookseller to cover the walls of his library with handsome volumes. Expense was not thought of, there. The bookseller said, 'I think we shall have half the volumes bound in Morocco, and half in Russia.' The millionaire was startled, and he replied, indignantly, 'What's to hinder you having them bound in Drumsleekie?' For it was

near that famous town that the millionaire had his home.

That evening, I read a good deal in that collection of essays, not seen for unnumbered years. The record says, 'Awfully strange.' Much stranger now. Not anything written in those essays, but the way in which the old time came over one. The essays have indeed met much and warm laudation, and brought their writer many friends. I never knew but of one dissentient voice : and it was a great one. Mr. Lowell said that the dullest book he ever read was the *Recreations of a Country Parson*. Plainly, I did not suit him. And I knew it was impossible that I should. For I confess with shame that no words can express how tiresome I found all his famous writings, both in prose and verse. Such was the deficiency in my nature. There was the unmistakable gleam here and there : but to me unhappy, Hosea Biglow is deadly dull. And if you do not like a man's writings, be sure he cannot like yours. Yet, when we met, for a long and friendly talk, Mr. Lowell was quite delightful. And he wrote to me (only once) in cheering strain. That same evening of my sixpenny volume, I read a mass of letters from Liddon, written at the end of 1885. Some as long as sermons : one is twenty close pages. They are of deep and pathetic interest. It would enrich this volume if I could publish them. But the great and good man had so poured out his heart that I could not even ask the permission without which that might not be. Of course Liddon never wrote a page to be ashamed of. But he

wrote many with a fervour which made the page suck as should be read only by those who knew and loved him.

In June of that year my wife had a pathetic last view of the charming old Bishop Claughton of St. Albans. Several times he had visited St. Andrews. Bishop Wordsworth was a special friend : and the *Annals of his Early Life* were dedicated to Bishop Claughton ‘in token of a friendship which has survived the changes and chances of three-score and three years.’ Very active and bright Bishop Claughton was when I first knew him, as Bishop of Rochester. I saw him gradually fail : and now he had resigned his see, and was waiting. My wife was staying with her sister-in-law at Riffhams in Essex, which joins the grounds of Danbury Palace, once the episcopal dwelling. They went over to call. The saintly old man was being wheeled about in a chair, *sair failed* (as Northumbrians say) in body and mind. Amiable as ever, but intelligence could not last but for a brief talk. Like everybody else, my wife had been very fond of him : I see him now in this study where I write : I see him on the Links, wrapped in a cloak of much dignity. He was extremely pleased to see her. ‘Are you Dr. Boyd’s wife ? Give him my love. I *would* like to see Boyd again.’ That will not be here. The letter that came daily goes on, ‘The same sweet manner as before. After a few more words he said, May God bless you, and then he was moved away.’ When the Bishop first came here, a homely old Highland minister turned up, who had known him as a

youth. He came from Oxford, to be tutor in a family in the North. ‘He was very nice, but you would not have expected him to come to anything.’ Then he married Lord Dudley’s sister: never in this world a more charming woman. Lord Dudley presented him to Kidderminster. In the latter days his daughter was a duchess: and there is a photograph which shows him in friendly talk with the Princess of Wales. But it was not for these things that Bishop Claughton was revered as he was revered.

It was near the end. And the old friends who had held together for more than sixty-three years of life, were not long divided in death. It was commonly said, when Bishop Harold Browne succeeded Samuel Wilberforce (who never took possession of Farnham Castle), that Bishop Claughton had declined to go. But I hear Bishop Wordsworth saying, with a solemn face, ‘No man would decline to be Bishop of Winchester.’

The good Bishop was thinking of men fit for the great place. It was not at all as when the cynical old mortal who was brought over and made King said at the end of his life: ‘One thing I have learned here: that any man in Britain is fit to hold any place he can get!’

CHAPTER VIII

FARNHAM CASTLE

THAT episcopal dwelling was to grow very familiar. I know every corner of it, and of the ground about it, as well as Bishop Thorold did: much better than his successor can yet have attained to do. Bishop Davidson is a brother Scot, and a grandson of the Manse. His wife, Archbishop Tait's daughter, is the granddaughter of an elder of the Kirk, and the niece of two. For we tend to go over to the sunny side of the wall.

'Dead-weary' was the record on Sunday June 12, 1892: Trinity Sunday: whereon I first departed from St. Andrews to Farnham. Yet preachers will understand how, having preached extempore at morning service on the Blessed Trinity, which service ended at 12.30, the afternoon service following at 2, I felt of a sudden constrained to cast aside the written sermon I had to read, and to give an extempore sermon in the afternoon too. My subject came to me; and I had no choice. Though I hold it unsafe, for divers reasons, to preach extempore more than once in a day. Let me vainly say that the sermon turned out well: the record of the day is, 'Dead silence. My Best.' And that discourse was fully written out in due

time : and being published, met with more than ordinary favour.¹ I was alone that day, or I should not have been suffered to make an effort beyond strength. Now, I may drive my failing strength as I like : and nobody will mind. Service was over at 3.10. And having visited one of the Sunday-schools, and 'opened' it, I drove away at 4.50 to Leuchars : where the kind authorities stopped the express as a year before, and I got into the carriage which conveyed to King's Cross by 5.45 next morning.

There were things to do in London. I have the privilege of my years in this, that several middle-aged ladies regard themselves as my daughters, and take the kindest care of a helpless traveller. It was so now. It was on Tuesday afternoon, July 14, that I first made the journey from London to Farnham. No familiarity with it can make me regard the South Western Station at Waterloo with any feeling but detestation. It is so huge, so confusing, so inexpressibly shabby and dirty. Not even being habitually addressed as *My Lord* can reconcile to it. The porters are a knowing race ; and Bishops are common there : and that mode of address in a manner necessitates a liberal acknowledgment. At first I used to say to the man that I was not a Bishop, and disclaim the homage offered : but I found it vain, and finally accepted the position. Often-times have I walked up and down the frowsy and crowded platform with the Bishop of Winchester, and noted the extraordinary courtesy of every official. I have no doubt it was quite worth while. And 'His Lordship' (that was

¹ *What Set Him Right* : p. 23. The sermon is called *Wrong Again*.

always the word at the Castle) accepted the salutations as one quite accustomed to them. When people went nearly on their knees to me, I felt ashamed.

But on that first day I made the journey alone. Away at 5.5 P.M.: Esher, Woking, Farnham 6.20. The purple liveries were apparent: and at once I met the high consideration to which one grew accustomed at that station. Through the quaint clean town: up that steep hill: under the gateway: climb the steps trodden by the feet of Queen Bess: and here is the wonderful old house: no episcopal dwelling more beautiful. My room was in the huge red tower built by Bishop Fox, centuries back. My windows looked right down Castle Street on the little town, which every evening blazed out red amid the green trees when the sun came round towards his setting. How familiar that house was to grow! Only in four years did I visit it: and my days there counted up to just 76: but they sufficed. It was the home of my dearest and kindest friend: who had ever a cheering word through years in which I was a suspect person in my own little Communion. For I was 'an Episcopalian': and that was unscrupulously worked to my hurt. Not with much effect. But the unscrupulous enmity of pushing and clever men may do you harm: specially if you never condescend to counterwork it. Many things were waiting: among them a short delightful letter from Froude. He never could like a Bishop. Yet he wished me to have a pleasant reminder of him on first entering under that roof. And he stated that with advancing years he had

attained a charity of sentiment so extraordinary, that he was willing to believe that in God's universe a place might fitly be found even for so anomalous and extraordinary a being as an Anglican Prelate: who, as he not unfrequently remarked in the hearing of these ears, was 'something midway between an angel and a spirit-rapper!' Besides Froude's letter (which I hastened to show to the Bishop, who was quite delighted), I found the first proofs of Volume II of the *Twenty-Five Years*. These came daily in that stay at the Castle: and I note the constant statement, 'Quite new to me.' Now, for the very first time, my proofs were read regularly by somebody besides myself. The dear young eldest daughter of the house, my friend Dorothy (known since her earliest childhood), had now reached the advanced age of nineteen: and day by day she read the pages carefully. She declared that this was not a task: she read them because she liked them. I really think it was so. Had it been a task, that wonderfully bright young lady would not have read them. Her mother, whose beautiful picture looked down from above the fireplace in the lesser dining-room, was a Labouchere, the sister of the brilliant and widely-known Editor of *Truth*. And it was curious how Dorothy was a Labouchere, with blue eyes and light-brown hair: while her younger sister Sybil was all over a Thorold: black hair and dark-brown eyes and olive complexion. I might say much more of those sweet young sisters; who have ever been exactly as daughters of my own.

Dorothy and I had the Castle to ourselves: the Bishop

having telegraphed that he must dine at Lambeth. As he could not be home till long past eleven, I went in due time to bed that I might not keep him up when he arrived worn-out. But in this world it is impossible to be sure what is best to do. Next morning the Prelate said, in gentle reproach, that he had looked forward to a talk, all the way down. That morning, and daily this year, he gave a little exposition in the chapel service. Fluency was absolute: the discourse was brief, and extremely good. I have no doubt he thought it out while dressing. He was particular as to doing these things to his best. I remember him sitting in the sunshine outside the chapel at Selsdon Park on Ascension Day, when there was to be Communion with a meditation at twelve. ‘I am meditating. I don’t want to give you pap.’ On another occasion he made mention of ‘hot froth.’ I fear that some of us, on such occasions, give a little pathos, and are content if the eyes be moistened, though the head be not specially informed. It need not be said that pathos is, to the man who knows, in everything: in all subjects whatever: and not by any means only in the two or three which are hacknied by vulgar pretenders. Much had come since our last meeting. The Bishop had met the cordial welcome which attended his taking possession of the Castle for which he did so much: and he had been low down with one of the recurring illnesses which we ought to have better understood. As for me, there was that overwhelming influenza: both volumes of the *Twenty-Five Years* had been written: I had worked to my utmost strength in parish duty, and

preached very many sermons. ‘How many of them new?’ were the Bishop’s words. But when accurately informed, he said ‘Well, that is wonderful.’ For I go on producing new material with a zeal worthy of a better cause. And as, unhappily for me, my style is marked, people remember a discourse far too long: I mean after ten years. Further: the same sound seems to be in their ears. One thing is sure: Nobody ever accused me of preaching any other man’s sermons. And my texts are my own too. No doubt one recalls the criticism of the Scotch Elder, long ago: ‘If there’s a bad text in the Bible, that body is sure to take it!’ He was not speaking of me.

The Bishop had his countless letters to write: though indeed all were carefully counted, and the tale of them made known at the year’s end. And on that first day he had to make up for the preceding day’s absence. A cheerful glimpse of him at 1.30. Then at 5 out for a long walk together. First, up the ancient Keep, by a little outer stair put there by old Bishop Sumner. The great level space at the top is made into a beautiful rose garden. Roses of every kind and colour are there. And through the trees, which have rooted themselves in the cyclopean walls, you have pleasant glimpses of the quiet English country. You look down, too, on the vast expanse of tiled roof: outlying bits of the Castle stretching far. Among the roses, abundance of Shakspere’s eglantine: which many know not to be a wild rose-tree. Then through a lofty wall, a blaze of white roses, into the great Park: a glorious expanse of rich grass and gigantic trees. A magnificent avenue of

elms begins beyond the moat (now dry), and stretches away as far as you can see. One day we had there the lord of one of the grandest Parks in Britain. He looked somewhat frightened at the aspect of two enormous elms : but having proceeded to accurately measure them, he found that each was a foot less in girth than certain trees of the same kind in his princely domain. Three hundred deer, of divers colours, are here. They are not always to be seen : but they make graceful groups in that paradise Several public foot-paths (English-fashion) cross the Park. Not many use them : but enough to make the deer familiar with human beings. They will let you approach near, looking at you quietly. But if you overdo it, they are off like the wind. That was, as was fit, my first walk in that beautiful pleasaunce. But very often, in after days, I have penetrated into divers nooks of the Park with the beloved Bishop : often with his daughters, and with his guests : very often quite alone. As for the charming expanse which immediately surrounds the Castle, I think every foot of it has been worn of my frequent feet. I have walked everywhere : sat down everywhere : intently looked at the house from every point of view : paced backwards and forwards, as did the Baron of Bradwardine, on the long terrace from which you look down on the little town and the grand hop-gardens : watched the picturesque groups of trees in the Park visible as you sit under the walls of the Castle : specially remembering how daily, as the sun came round, the town, commonly grey, blazed out red amid the rich foliage of Surrey. In these gardens, William Cobbett

worked as a boy : he is laid by the door of egress from the fine parish-church : there is the plain monument. You do not need to agree with him. But, as Ebenezer Elliott sang :—

Britons honour Cobbett's name,
Though rashly oft he spoke :
For none can scorn, and few can blame,
That low-laid heart of oak.

Never did the aspect of Farnham Castle, and its close surroundings, so imprint itself on my memory and heart, as in this summer which has gone. Day after day, when I had no heart to go beyond the walls, and when the Bishop was away, I got all the place so into my mind that it is mine while I live. And when the Bishop could, he wandered about with me, and sat down in the places I had chosen, patiently listening to moans which no mortal ever heard but himself, and suggesting, quietly and briefly, what comfort might be. And he was himself a much-tried man : bearing bravely : and only sweetened by trouble. I see the face : I hear the kind wise voice : I hardly take in, yet, that I need not go to Farnham any more. Then the chapel, with its gush of memories : the great drawing-room, where I read to him the last sermon he ever heard in this world : the 'winter drawing-room,' where we sat together by the fire in the evenings : the grand hall, running up two stories, with its gatherings, hospitable and ecclesiastical : the stately stair-case, one of (I think) twenty-four : the space below it, where the portraits of Bishops and Archbishops were displayed, and among them a Moderator

of the Kirk in his array : the day, one of my last with him, when, though hardly able to speak for asthma, he dictated to me a letter to one of his dignified clergy : very long, minutely grasping difficult details, and showing such mild wisdom in the handling of troublesome human beings : further (it was marked *private*) playful to a degree, little like the thin figure which lay on a sofa beside me. With all that to suffer, I should have gone down into the depths : my wife complained that I gave up too soon. I was low indeed, and had no business to get better, when she told me (as yesterday) that many people were praying for me : and I feebly answered, ‘Tell them to pray that I may quickly get away, and with as little pain as may be.’ I did not know, till she had gone, how the words pierced that kind unselfish heart. But the beloved Bishop, lying there, began that letter of solemn diocesan business, ‘This letter is written by my old friend A. K. H. B. His handwriting is angular. But his nature is sweet as honey.’ Ah, to have a friend who always thinks too well of you ! Only one difference arose between us over that letter. I had written (describing what Scotch ministers as well as English Prelates know) the words ‘cursedness of temper.’ The Bishop, reading over the communication, stated that he had intended the word to be spelt ‘cussedness.’ I could but say that had I been writing for myself, it should have been rendered in that familiar fashion : but that in a solemn letter to a very big dignitary, and to be signed with the imposing *A. Winton*, it appeared to me that a certain dignity, approaching to formality, was only becoming.

But ere the letter went, I skilfully changed the spelling to *cussedness*.

Happily for me, the beautiful chapel is not consecrated. Wherefore the Act of Uniformity does not reach it. And, not breaking the law, I was able to read prayers in it continually ; and to preach upon occasion, the Bishop reading prayers then. Many are the associations of that solemn and holy place where prayer is wont to be made. When Bishops took things easily, ordinations and confirmations were held here : and the Prelate of that day was thus saved the trouble of passing out from under his own roof. Dignity was upheld as it is not now : a saintly man, not long departed, turned out his carriage and four to go down to the parish-church, half a mile away. He was anything but ostentatious. But it was held as due to his position : and so, in the words of a successor, ‘his habits were those of a prince.’ I think the change is for the better. Though, indeed, on one day when old Archbishop Howley drove up in the fashion deemed necessary, to the door of the House of Lords : and a Quaker addressed him, ‘Friend Howley, what would the Apostle Paul have said if he had seen these four horses and the purple liveries and all the rest ?’ the benignant Primate, in no way fluttered, made reply in adroit if not unanswerable words : ‘Doubtless the Apostle would have remarked that things were very much changed *for the better* since his time.’ Here good Bishop Wordsworth of St. Andrews received priest’s orders : and Bishop Ryle of Liverpool : here the present Headmaster of famous Winchester College : and very many more. The

dark wood, beautifully carved by Gibbons, climbs high upon the walls : and the chapel is arranged like the choir of a small Cathedral. The deep carving had been filled up by successive layers of paint, and the whole place was shabby, when Bishop Thorold came : but it was soon brought to perfection. Often, in the quiet day (for in that house your time is your own) I have entered into that solemn place, and made mention of some who were at a distance : always of one who needs not now to be prayed for save in the words of thanksgiving. Many times have I entered in with an anxious heart, troubled about matters which will never be so much as hinted at on these pages : and sometimes I have come out just as beaten as ever. Very sorrowful souls may abide in Farnham Castle : very sad eyes may look out from those windows on the velvet turf and the old cedars and great red roses. I note that a not-unfriendly reviewer of a volume of sermons just published, says that doubtless I thought it a very special occasion when I preached a sermon contained in it in the chapel here. Indeed I did : and it would be extremely silly to pretend anything other. I have no influence earthly in such matters ; but the great thing I have desired (as did Archbishop Tait) is that the two National Churches should draw nearer. And for the minister of St. Andrews to preach from that quaint old pulpit, having read the lessons, and the Bishop of Winchester having read the prayers, all on a sunshiny June morning, is (whether you approve it or not) an interesting fact in one's life. After a sentence or two, you are at home in your sermon anywhere

you may be. But when I read prayers, though I was brought up for four years as boy and lad in the Church of England, I always looked over them carefully, and marked my places. Furthermore, I read from the prayer-book which I hold in my hand here every morning in our own churches while they sing the Te Deum and Benedictus : every evening through the Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis. Ministering, a parson of the Kirk, in a Bishop's chapel, I did not want to blunder. And I do not think I ever did. Nothing so gets one into the way, as to go on daily for two or three weeks together. The heartiness and volume of the responses were always delightful to one who cannot get them decently done at home, unless done musically. And assuredly these magnificent supplications are the high perfection of public prayer. No one, brought up on these, would say (in a prayer) 'We felt ourselves richer when we were in his company' : or 'Lord bless the Prime Minister of this great nation, who is now worshipping under this roof in the third pew from the pulpit.' On several occasions (a Bishop, not of Winchester, was present on three) I ventured to put in some prayers from that Assembly Communion Service which was once cast aside by a respectable person who thought he could provide something better of his own. No mortal else thought so, save a few humble retainers. The Bishop, of course, knew. And I held it praise above words, when he said those prayers were worthy to stand where they did. I need not add, I had not composed them.

But in Scotland, we think we can do better in the

matter of public prayer. Long ago, to use the Lord's Prayer condemned a young parson. It was 'not sound.' It was 'a form.' In that lamentable day, a youth went to preach for fine old Dr. Gilchrist of the Canongate in Edinburgh. 'We always say the Lord's Prayer here,' the venerable father said in the vestry. The poor youth looked unhappy. Much evil might come upon him, so doing. And, with a discomfited countenance, he said 'Must I give the Lord's Prayer?' 'Not at all,' said old Dr. Gilchrist: 'Not at all, if you can give us anything better!' Of course, like the Puritan Moderator, the youth 'gave' something which (in his own judgment) was incomparably better. Folk here used to be fond of quoting a text of scripture as authority for doing what needed none. But when the text of scripture made against their views, it was made short work of. Certain words of our Blessed Redeemer ought, in some regions of Scotland, to read 'After this manner on no consideration think of praying.' And another famous text, telling the duty of 'all the people,' should of course stand 'And let nobody but the minister say Amen.'

Reflections presented themselves, in those days, as one noted what costly improvements the Bishop was making on the Castle and the Park. A great kitchen-garden began to be made in the Park on the day he was enthroned. He lived to see it in full bearing: notably, in this last summer of 1895, the strawberries were grand, and in lavish profusion. Neither he nor I could taste them. After I had been three weeks there, gazing upon

them at breakfast, luncheon, and dinner, we took one each. The steep gravel walks close to the house, which heavy showers channelled into great furrows, were so treated as to be unaffected by the heaviest rain. As for the house itself, the alterations were endless: and very costly. Sir Arthur Blomfield had a free hand. Specially, the floor of the great hall, hitherto of stone, was parquettéed in oak. An immense window was opened in the state-drawing-room, hitherto very dark: also at the foot of the grand staircase. The house was furnished anew in every corner. The chapel was re-fitted, very richly. The thought of the time was, ‘Wonderful how Thorold, older than I am, is doing things in this house and park as if sure of many years. The upholsterer’s bill, paid in one cheque, was no matter what: something awful. ‘He has spent in all, coming in,’ no matter what: many thousands. ‘And the income is just 6500*l.* a year, besides this house. He pays his Suffragan a handsome stipend, unlike’ somebody else. I knew, at an early stage, that all that handsome furniture, with certain exceptions, was given by him to the see: ‘that a poor man might not find it impossible to be Bishop of Winchester.’ Other Bishops, he said, had done very much for the see, and he must do his part. ‘Yesterday he was sitting to Mr. Eddis for his portrait to be put in the great gallery of Bishops, in the grand blue mantle and other things, as Prelate of the Garter. He is indeed set high: but just the same kind friend, and wholly without pretence. I wish I could have his easy mind. *Anxius vixi.*’

All about the house are the portraits of those who have

held the see : many great and good men, some wonderfully lucky but absolutely insignificant. There is no likeness of St. Swithun : but Wolsey is there, not pleasing of aspect : saintly Andrewes : Pretyman Tomline : North : Sumner : Wilberforce and Harold Browne. In the state drawing-room you may see the lineaments of divers Prelates, wearing the heavy mantle of Garter blue over the episcopal robes : and sometimes the small head rising above the great mass of drapery, with the order displayed on the breast, looks poor. So at last I see Bishop Tomline. Well I remember how my revered Professor of Divinity, speaking of a famous volume by Pitt's tutor, spoke of it as written by a man who did not understand the system he condemned. Even as a youth, it occurred to me that Tomline could understand any recondite matter at least as well as my dear old instructor : and passing from *a priori* likelihoods, one thought that the Bishop understood his subject remarkably well. And gazing upon another Bishop, who never evinced nor evolved anything like spiritual vitality, the words fell upon my ear, 'Does he not look as if he were wishing he had grabbed more of the good things of the diocese for the members of his family ?' It appeared to me that, in fact, he had grabbed everything he could : there was no call for remorse on that score, assuredly. And one recalled an awful statement made by the great Archbishop Whately of Dublin, which has been referred to. Speaking of a Bishop taken away from signal usefulness and honour in fifteen months after his consecration, the Archbishop wrote, ' His predecessor ate and drank

for forty years.' In the house in which I was born, Samuel Johnson, attended by Boswell, was dining with the parish minister. The minister made some remark, mild as milk when compared with the Archbishop's, and as certainly true as that two and two make four. Whereupon the Despot of Letters turned upon him and roared, 'You know no more of the Church of England than a Hottentot.' I cannot say that I admire Johnson's courteous observation to his host. One recalls what I have heard Mr. Froude say of a man of high eminence: 'He was not, conventionally, a gentleman.' It was not so bad as when the great Adam Smith, of 'The Wealth of Nations,' told Johnson of the peace in which David Hume died: and the arbitrary Samuel made the remarkable reply, 'You're a Liar!' But he met his match that day. Poor Bozzy tells the story of what passed at Auchinleck manse, suppressing names; and tells it with apparent admiration. But in those days a Scottish parson was expected to bow humbly before the Laird. Those days are gone. And the Laird is on the rack now: not meeting general sympathy.

One day in that first week a great party of clergy lunched in the hall. I sat at the other end of the long table from the Bishop, and had the good fortune to have next me the Dean of Winchester, Dr. Kitchin, now translated to Durham. But though Cathedral and Close at Winchester are inexpressibly beautiful, and the deanery the most delightful of dwellings, the revenue of the office (like that of mine) depends on the price of grain, and thus has come down in a lamentable manner: wherefore Dean

Kitchin very naturally preferred the Deanery of Durham, whose income is fixed at the pleasant sum of 3000*l.* a year. It is the only thing that Bishop Wordsworth of this place ever asked for. That afternoon, I was witness of an amusing incident. We drove away (I do not indicate the miles) to call on a human being whose conventional place is such that all you dare to do is to inscribe your name in a volume kept in the entrance-hall. I wrote the names. And as we drove away, we beheld the exalted human being come tearing in extreme haste to a window to behold the visitors with whom speech might not be held : plainly perfectly sick of the solitude to which elevated rank had consigned. It had been better, surely, that a few words had been interchanged with us lowly fellow-worms. We should have been extremely modest. Nor should we have presumed on the acquaintance at any future period. It is given to comparatively few to be able to say that such a one is quite the most intelligent Emperor whom he has ever met. One knows so few, that such a comparison cannot well be instituted. I speak, of course, of Emperors with whom one can be said to be on anything like intimate terms.

Dean Kitchin remained at the Castle that night. And coming back from that exceptional call, I had a long walk in the Park with him and the Bishop. There was much frank talk. The Bishop was a Liberal Conservative. The Dean and I were Conservative Liberals. But one felt deeply, freely interchanging views, that all reasonable men are in fact of the same politics. I know not whether it was

that kindly walk, or the sight of my elevated fellow-mortals, but that evening I, who had come away from my work very weary and anxious (though I do not think anybody in the parish knew), began to be somewhat lifted from the dust. The record, hitherto very sad to read, says 'I think I am brightening up a little. But I am a down-hearted creature. God help me. I am thankful that not much of the way can remain.' Many reviewers have spoken of me as a cheerful person. I am near the end now, and most of those I cared for have gone before me. So I do not mind saying that these clever writers never made a greater mistake.

The Bishop and Dorothy went from Saturday to Monday to a great house ten miles off for a function on Sunday: so now I began my duty in that chapel which was to grow familiar. That Sunday I first attended the parish church, also to be well-known. It is a long Gothic church, very dignified outside and in: though lacking something through the chancel being on the level of the nave. There was a great congregation, quite filling the large building, hearty to see. The service was choral, and the music good: all seats are free, save only the Bishop's, just under the pulpit. In the morning, we had a quite nice and interesting sermon of twelve minutes from a young Deacon. But when I went back to Evensong, one felt how the greatest of National Churches is waking up in the matter of preaching. After a hearty service, the Rector preached: thirty-five minutes: Canon Hoste, now gone to another charge. He looked more like a country gentle-

man than a parson : but one felt at once, Here is a preacher, and an admirable one. Perfectly extempore : not a line of manuscript to give the points (which some must have) : but from first word to last the unmistakable hush of the congregation : he *held* the people : the sermon was lively, hearty, fluent, earnest, devout. I said to myself, 'That man would crowd any Edinburgh Kirk.' What could I say more? For I will add, that save for his vast fame, Liddon would not long have crowded an Edinburgh Kirk. For immediate popular effect, he could not have held a candle to MacGregor. Had he been tempted to Edinburgh (it was tried), all my love for him will not prevent my saying that would have been made manifest.

I know, of course, that reputation goes a long way with many people. I have heard it said, with sincere feeling, by good women, 'How beautiful his Lordship's sermon was!' Also 'How wonderfully His Grace preached!' The fact being not merely that these exalted orators preached very poorly. In truth, they could not preach at all.

Further, I heard a princess say, long ago : 'How delightful! When his Lordship gave out his text, I had not the faintest idea what he could say from it!' I was not at all so much astonished as the great lady was. I had known the expedient several times before. Not that an extraordinary or eccentric text will much impress intelligent hearers. And such texts, in my experience, have generally been prefixed to sermons whose text was the only remarkable thing about them.

The next day was memorable. Away early to Winchester. It is the drawback of Farnham Castle that it is so far from the Cathedral. Once, when a youth, I had visited that sacred city : seen Cathedral and College and St. Cross : a lonely wanderer. To-day I realised the advantage of coming from whence I came. For I beheld with joy the interior of delightful dwellings of which I had then seen only the outside. I went over all the wonderful Deanery, which demands a Bishop's revenue ; and I was taken all over the inexpressibly-magnificent Cathedral by the Dean, and Canon Durst, whose wife is the granddaughter of old Bishop Sumner. Once, indeed, a little later, going up to my room by a staircase little frequented, on a day when the Castle was crowded with visitors, I met some ladies coming down ; and I supposed that (as not uncommon) they were wandering about, having lost their way. But I soon recognised the face of one who grew up in that house, and knew it better than I did. No words can express the kindness with which my dignified guides led me about the grand Church : and all the world knows that Dean Kitchin knows it as does no other living man. The Cathedral, which suffered grievously in the Puritan time, has been restored to some measure of the ancient glory. But the Dean would not admit that even yet, one sees the majesty of departed days. I cannot give the exact words : but surely they were to the effect, ' As far inferior to what it was in the middle ages, as your roofless Cathedral at St. Andrews is to this.' I seem to hear the startling assurance. There is no good in

attempting, in my space, any description of that longest Gothic church left in this world since old St. Paul's went down : victim not so much of the great fire of London as of Wren's hatred of pointed architecture, and of the ignorance of an age in which the opinion of a king like Charles II was quoted as worth something in the realm of art. He deemed a hideous and frightful joss-house which Sir Christopher drew, as 'very artificial, proper and useful.'¹ Of course, to afternoon service : when the Canon and the Dean read the Lessons. The music appeared to me not quite worthy of the grandest interior in England. I have heard better in a Scotch parish-kirk : even in the parish-kirk of remote St. Andrews. But I can speak now as once I could not. That was a very dark day with me. For I was filled with the fear of what seemed sure to come : of what in fact has come. Never had I kinder welcome than in that Deanery, and that Canon's residence. Only the great church and the quiet service helped some little. Yet that evening, it was written, winding up the story of the day : 'Heavy heart and head. Slept deeply, wishing I was not to wake.'

Coming back by railway, I got into a carriage where were two ladies, elder and younger. My rule is, in such circumstances, Never to speak to ladies unless they speak to me. Now, before the journey was over, we had exchanged a sentence or two : so at Farnham I handed them out and thought to see them no more. But when I entered the drawing-room before dinner, there they were : the

¹ The picture may be seen, and the whole story read, in Mr. William Longman's most interesting book, *The Three Cathedrals dedicated to St. Paul in London.*

Bishop's sister and her daughter. Of course we became friends. They abode certain days. I had known all details of the Bishop's life since he entered the Church. Now, with great interest, I heard the story of his early childhood. Like saintly Doctor Marsh, Bishop Thorold had been 'born before the Fall.' I can hardly think that any evil tendency was ever in that sweet nature. I cannot remember his doing anything wrong, in our friendship of thirty-three years. I have several times seen him put in a difficult position, through forwardness or foolishness in somebody he had to talk with. It always appeared to me that he said exactly the right thing. His likes and dislikes were strong. But I never knew him speak in anger. Doubtless benignity and caution are the equipment of his order. It is curious how Bishops come to have that fatherly address.

We had a most interesting visit to pay, in these first Farnham days. We went for two nights' stay to wonderful Bramshill: the Bishop, Dorothy and I. We went on a dark cold Longest Day. Thirty-two years before, going with John Parker to Eversley, to Kingsley, I had seen it, and never since. Yet how vividly remembered. There is no grander house of that architecture in England. It is like Hatfield, but larger: an immense place. The state apartments are too grand for humanity. They are hung with tapestry, the pattern for which was painted by Rubens. There is a Ghost. And this is the house where was the tragedy of the old oak chest. There is a most beautiful chapel. When Sir Anthony Cope took us into it, it was

pleasant that we could all kneel down in silent prayer. The family is Roman Catholic. I remembered how a priest of that ancient communion once said to me, ‘Though we can’t pray together, we can dine together.’ Here we could, in a fashion, do both. Besides the Baronet and his wife, there were two quite charming daughters. There was a party: but I had the good fortune to take in one of these. It was a very great good fortune. Seldom have I felt more remorse, than when having made a brief remark in an article which I confess was like an Anti-Popery lecturer than one occasionally stigmatised as a Jesuit (it was about the Pope washing certain feet) I received from one of those incomparable daughters a letter written more in sorrow than anger. But when that essay went into a volume, I changed that unfortunate sentence (which I could in all good faith do): who was I to sit in judgment on the inner feeling with which the Pontiff fulfils any duty?

Next day was pleasant. There was to be a Confirmation at Eversley. When I entered the breakfast-room in the morning, a sister-in-law of Sir Anthony who lived hard by and had come for the day, arose and informed me that she and I were cousins. She produced a pedigree accurately drawn up, which made me her fourth cousin: which for Scotland is a near relationship. For my great great grandfather was likewise hers. The claim of kindred, made under that grand roof, was cordially allowed by the son of a little Scotch manse. It has occasionally occurred to divers folk, that their big relations fail to do

them much good. One must not even talk of them. The Cousin was a Protestant, and in due time we drove down to Eversley with the Bishop. I had been there twice, and had walked all about it with Kingsley. We had parted at the railway station of St. Andrews : and now I saw his grave. It was infinitely touching. But, deep as was the feeling it expresses, I never could like the Latin words which he had chosen long before to sum the story of his life, and of the life of that incomparable woman who was all the world to him. They vexatiously suggest an example from the Latin Grammar : or what in Scotland we call *The Rudiments* : *Amavimus, Amamus, Amabimus.* All true, and good. But queer.

The church had been greatly improved since I saw it last. In those days, its interior was quite like that of a shabby country kirk in Scotland. And when Kingsley proceeded to have the Communion once a month instead of once a quarter, a cry of innovation was raised : even as when I sought to have Communion quarterly instead of half-yearly. Eversley church was crowded : the many carriages testified to a gathering of the country round. The Bishop did the Confirmation admirably : he had now begun to sit while he laid on hands. In the afternoon, a blazing summer day, there was a great garden party, to make the Bishop acquainted with people in that part of the diocese. So pleasantly did devout members of the ancient Church help the supplanting Anglican. Next morning we explored the vast vaults under the house, which were justly described as ‘wonderful’ : also the fine

old library. And having become quite friends of the kind family, we departed : I thinking sadly that I should never see Bramshill again. On the drive home, I recognised, in a startling way, bits of scenery beheld in Parker's company thirty-two years before. There is something very strange, and somewhat awful, in finding what countless details are latent in one's memory, which may be wakened up again. I fear there is no forgetting. Which is a tremendous thought.

It was a curious experience to drive away with the Bishop to Witley, on the afternoon of Tuesday June 28, a day of blazing light and heat. The drive was eleven miles. We had much talk till the last part of the way : when the addresses had to be thought of. The house and church were pretty : but such had grown common to me. But my special interest was this. In my first lonely months in my country parish, ages before, I had studied carefully a volume of Prayers, compiled by 'The Rev. John Chandler, M.A. Vicar of Witley.' Where Witley was, I knew not. But I felt very kindly to its unknown Vicar. He had helped one of whose existence he never knew. And here I found his widow, and his son : the latter being his father's successor. I was simple in those first days of Kirkpatrick-Irongray, and a glamour invested a man whose name stood on a title-page. I did not hear much of what the Bishop said that day. I heard the brawl of a brook, winter-flooded, racing by ; and the cold wind through the leafless trees of January : I recalled how unexpectedly dark the country proved to be on moonless nights : and

all the discomfort of a youth beginning housekeeping with the nearest shop five miles away, and no carrier. Never say disheartening things to people, young or old. I hear now the voice of a well-meaning shopkeeper, saying ‘You’ll be very uncomfortable for a while at first.’ I hear it distinctly, and I see the face, over nearly forty-two years. He should have made light of my troubles, and so made them lighter. Sure it is that those rural nooks, so far apart in time and space, were brought together that bright summer day.

In the crowd of people after service I remember best Mr. Birket Foster, never seen before. Like most, I had long been charmed by his pictures of quiet English scenery. He was most pleasant, and quite unpretending : and spoke of the peaceful retreat he had found near. All roads lead to St. Andrews : and the day came when he walked into my study here.

That evening, after the long drive back, there was a great dinner-party of dignitaries at the Castle, to stay the night. Nothing remains in memory like a truly awful thunderstorm, which lasted for two hours. The lightning filled the whole sky, and glared strangely on the faces in the drawing-room. The thunder was loud, but did not indicate that the storm was near. We learned that things had been terrible, thirty miles off. Next morning there was early Communion in the chapel, the Bishop and a Chaplain ministering. The record is ‘very solemn.’ But it was an anxious time with me. It stands, that many of the clergy proved to be warm unknown friends : and

many at the great gathering at Bramshill. ‘Kind. But these things do not cheer.’ More than forty were at luncheon that day: and there was a large party in the evening. Here for the first time I met the Suffragan Bishop of Guildford, whose father was Bishop of Winchester so long. It seemed strange to see him a guest in the house where he grew up. He was very bright and kindly. Mrs. Sumner was specially so.

The American game of the *Erratic Spinner*, peculiar to Selsdon Park and Farnham Castle, has been described. Knowing how incapable a player I was sure to be, I stood aside; and others went in with avidity. I have noted that great dignitaries of the Church have generally proved unlucky: probaby because they had already got all the success which was good for them. On my last evening, being urgently entreated, and even commanded, by the blameless Prelate, many friends looking on, I desperately dared: and by mere chance made a score which was quite tremendous: I believe never equalled on that table. Applause was warm: the erroneous impression prevailing that I was a really great player: but modest, as merit is not always found to be. Wherefore I retired on my fortuitous laurels, and since that day never sent out the spinner again.

I had to be at home for Sunday July 3. So I came away from the Castle on the afternoon of the last day of June, and was at St. Andrews at 9 in the morning of Friday July 1. Aged preachers will know that it will not do to travel all Friday night if you have to preach twice

on the Sunday. And you are sure to find many letters awaiting : some of them worrying. As we grow older, we shrink from worry ever more.

Oftentimes, being run down through work by far too hard and long, has the wise Bishop exhorted me to what he commends in this most characteristic bit from one of his Charges. And indeed that resolute step ought to have been taken now, if I could have mustered courage for it. Things might have been different to-day. Even in this last summer, he was urgent for our going away together, guided by the experienced traveller Baillie, to South America for six months : and then coming back, he to the Diocese and I to the Parish, to work a while as it never will be now. ‘Indeed, I have often thought within myself that I should like to pass a law to compel men of mature years to take a year’s vacation when they have reached the Divide of life. It would be the best economy both for themselves and their people. It would make a pleasant break in perhaps a jaded and monotonous past. It would enable them, with restored strength and freshened interest; to take up their suspended burden. As I sit and think of you, dear brethren, how many there are of you whom I could gladly and gratefully dismiss for such an Indian summer ; and if you have worked well and bravely, your people, so far from grudging you your repose, might even help you to go, and would “wish you good luck in the Name of the Lord,” perhaps consoled by the prospect of a little change for themselves. Yet who will be wise enough even to begin to think of it as possible, and so release

Nature from her stern and yet merciful obligation of presently forcing him to take it in a rather abrupt and inconvenient fashion ?'

Truly, in all matters, greater and less, the laws of health are singularly disregarded in church arrangements. Archbishop Tait, overworking terribly, told me, with a sad face, how his Dean 'worked himself to death. It was infatuation.' And a Scottish country parson said to the Beadle, in the vestry before service, 'Is this water fresh ?' The answer came, 'Perfectly fresh. I brought it in myself the Sunday before last !'

Thus things are managed. Yet the clergy are sometimes kindly looked after, too. In my youth I heard how a neighbouring Earl, annoyed by his parish-minister's fashion of tilting his chair upon its hind-legs, stood by while the upholsterer put a pair of castors upon those legs : and said, 'I think I see long John's heels going up !'

They did go up. And the lesson was effectual.

CHAPTER IX

GETTING THROUGH

ONLY parochial matters are in front for a while, of which little can be said, though their interest is infinite to the anxious incumbent of the parish: and domestic matters, coming very close indeed, and indicating tragic events to come, whereof nothing can be said at all. I could give strange instances of the vulgar and malicious lies which are put about to the discredit of the minister, by one or two exceptional souls in nearly every parish. But it is degrading to recall such, and they shall not be recalled. Only when I have read in print malignant falsehoods, which were pure inventions, without even a shred of foundation, as to so humble a person as myself, and as to one so purely blameless as my wife (a somewhat viler degree of cowardly slander), I have felt a strong indisposition to believe the things one sometimes reads to the prejudice of those placed on high. Not that for a moment I accept the current sycophancy, that these big persons cannot defend themselves against false accusations. If they cannot exactly write to a newspaper themselves, denying that they did such and such a flagitious act, there is a host of abjects who are ready to do that for them,

even to the degree of testifying to God that black is white. I do not think I remember anything more contemptible than the statement published in a review by an extreme flunkey, that nothing ought to be said of the relations of an unimaginable monarch with a notorious woman who managed now and then to make a Bishop : forasmuch as so long as the woman's husband was content to let things go on, it was contrary to etiquette to suggest that there was anything wrong. I fancy that all who have any regard for the Ten Commandments will honour Mr. Leslie Stephen for bravely writing a certain biography in the famous Dictionary. Lord Salisbury stated within these forty-eight hours, that anything wrong will ultimately be crushed by the automatic working of this universe. But that working is dismally slow : and a human being who is a despicable wretch (whatever his worldly rank) may probably have sneaked out of this life before the wheels come up to crush him.

All this is more serious than I had intended when I took up my pen to-day. Looking on to the array of little things before one, which were very great things each in its day to a certain little household, I had thought (as I often think) of my departed friend Mr. Froude. Often have I heard him say, and sometimes read in the ever-welcome handwriting, 'Is this life just something to get through? Or is it something that we are to enjoy, and make all we can of, while we are here?' For he thought that the teaching received by many as the ultimate outcome of Christianity favours the former alternative. It is certain

that a saintly man, speaking to a son who rose high, while both were looking on the pageant of summer in a lovely English landscape, said that we must not enjoy this world too much, for that it is under a curse: of course the curse of God Almighty. ‘Say which alternative is true!’ I have heard Froude say: ‘for it makes a great difference.’ When I was a boy of fourteen, I had made up my mind, under the influence of my religious instructors. Only a short day here: get through it fast! But it proved very long as it passed over. Now, looking back, it seems nothing at all. Whatever Methuselah’s years did in fact amount to, I am sure that at the end he felt that too. Yet, since one has been left alone, little forgotten incidents of earliest childhood are coming back in a most overwhelming way. My friend who has gone before varied in his beliefs according to his mood: like lesser men. But, pretty frequently, he came to the point of view at which the conclusion was ‘It were far better never to have been.’ And days have come to me, in which, but for the assurance of a better world which is to set this right, I heartily agree with him. I suppose nobody questions the rigid orthodoxy of St. Paul. Yet there is an unforgettable passage in which he holds exactly and deliberately with the great and good man gone.¹

No delay can be made on incidents of parochial concern which followed on the return from Farnham Castle. Three cheering Sundays passed at home: and then Loch Awe as last year, St. Conan’s Church being

¹ 1 Cor. xv. 19.

taken for four Sundays now. In the vestry there is a volume wherein the preacher of each Sunday since the church was opened has recorded his text. Certain preachers of eminence had served that beautiful little sanctuary at intervals, and one looked with interest at the record of their discourses. We managed our journey better this time. A through carriage, kindly given, leaving St. Andrews at 7.20 A.M., conveyed this household and all our belongings, after many shuntings, to Loch Awe station by 1.36 P.M. That same evening our curate son arrived; not seen since we were at Loch Awe before. And we had with us the ever-welcome wife of his Vicar; who had for these Sundays to conform to the ways of the Kirk, not wholly approving the entire lack of Holy Communion. I quite agreed with her. I had taken from the University Library, to read in that leisure, the two great volumes which contain Chief Justice Cockburn's charge in the Tichborne case. The book had been in the Library for many years, but not a leaf had been cut till I cut them all. It was sad, that so great a Judge should have had to apply his mind at its full stretch to such a contemptible subject. But one was much interested in the lucid and logical way in which he treated it. Orton's story, one would have said, was incredible save by lunatics. Yet the bright keenness of the Chief Justice of England was wonderful. The case was, doubtless, of service as a foolometer. And it brought out the bitterness of the class-feeling in some. Here was a peculiarly vulgar and illiterate butcher, of lowly origin, fighting for his title

and estates. That was enough. The confusion of thought, indeed, was strange. It made one more hopeful than one sometimes is of the general intelligence, to find that when Orton published last summer a full confession of his im-position, nobody seemed to take the smallest interest in it.

There are drawbacks about a great position. One day at Loch Awe a letter came from the good Prelate, in which were the words, 'It is ruinous to be a Bishop of Winchester at first.' And facts were stated, tending to make one content with a lowly lot. The Sundays at St. Conan's were interesting, but they must be forgot like most Sundays and their services. The plague of flies among the woods was grievous; and the rain on many days so terrible, that we resolved never to go again to that beautiful place. Every prospect pleases, but when it rains for days together you cannot see them. And those great black flies are vile.

August 22 was Bishop Wordsworth's last birthday here. He was eighty-six. But though frail in body, the mind was bright. On August 25 I received a remarkable communication from a man in a remote island of the outer Hebrides. He was utterly unknown to me; but his name was Boyd. His letter stated that he had to pay 60*l.* of law costs for some action he had brought which went against him; and that he 'would be very pleased if I would send him the 60*l.*'! My correspondent's letter was short. But my reply was shorter.

I was impressed, on one of the last days of September,

with the fact that the flowery elements which enter into a youth's sermon commend themselves sometimes to people of high culture and position. A lady who had both, wrote that after forty years, she could quote passages of sermons given in my immature youth, which she heard 'as a very small child.' And she proceeded to give two passages, very fully and accurately. I sent her a volume, containing the discourses in question, which had been considerably toned down before publication ; and as I thought much improved. A most kind and pleasant answer came : but it stated that my correspondent (whom I remembered as a very pretty little girl) liked the sermons far better as they had been given when assistant at St. George's, Edinburgh, more than forty years before. And she concluded in words which may cheer the wild young orator who shall read this, in days when grave old elders shake their heads at his flights, and think it most presumptuous that he should fill the church which his judicious chief keeps pleasantly cool. 'I remember several of your sermons dating at that time, and I am very sure they are the only sermons I remember anything about.' Cheer up, youthful preachers ! It is quite certain that your oratory will make you certain most bitter enemies. But it may also make you some very charming friends. Just the day after that letter came, I was carried back to the same (now inconceivable) period in my history. For at the great dinner of the Royal and Ancient Club I sat next the new Captain, our present Solicitor-General, Mr. Graham Murray. He was a year

old in those days : and never was child nearer being drowned without being drowned outright. I remember, as yesterday, his mother telling me the story. The Solicitor's father was one of the most influential of Scottish Churchmen : a constant member of the General Assembly. It was he who said to me, with deep feeling, that he found it impossible to join in the supplication made every Sunday by the minister of the parish where he lived in summer. For it was 'Purge our dross, and take away all our tin.'

It was touching when on the last day of September in that 1892, Mr. Pollock called, son of the famous Senior Wrangler who became Lord Chief Baron. We had travelled together for several days in Switzerland twenty-nine years before : he and two sisters ; I and my brother. I said, 'Do you remember, when all of us were driving in a big carriage from Lauterbrunnen to Interlachen, we met an immense fat man driving the other way, leaning back alone in a carriage with his mouth open ? And you quoted the apposite lines,

Stretch'd at his ease the beast I viewed,
And saw it eat the air for food.'

But my visitor had quite forgot what I remembered so well.

The reader, probably, has not forgot that I have already told the story of the publication of Volume II of the *Twenty-Five Years* on one of the first days of October. It had been in print since the end of July : but must wait the fit time. The story shall not be told again. But it

was something in the little history of this dwelling that the book attained a success so great.

On November 3, Mr. Blathwayt came to 'interview' the humble writer. His article appeared in *The Quiver* for March 1893. That periodical has a great circulation : and when a paper is illustrated, time is needed. A pretty picture is given of St. Andrews, as seen from the West Beach. Then a portrait, which my wife approved. And in this house, her judgment was final. For it was worth incomparably more than mine. Then a very accurate picture, so far as a photograph could give it, of this study where I work ; and where nobody comes now to see how I am getting on. We were delighted with Mr. Blathwayt, who was most bright and pleasant. He is a clergyman of the Church of England ; and I am sure he would have been extremely popular had he held to his profession. But journalism has a quite irresistible charm for some. One felt, at once, thoroughly a gentleman, to whom one could speak with entire frankness. He came at 11.30 A.M., and went at 5.30 P.M., having had a walk upon the beach. The kind wishes of this little household went with him when he departed from our view. Some people say good-bye quite easily. To others it is always sad to have frank talk with one to whom you feel as a friend, and then to part with small chance of ever meeting more.

Having written these lines yesterday afternoon, I turned in the restful time with which the day closes, to Mr. Blathwayt's article. It was new to me, and very prettily written. He had felt the genius of the place. But he was not quite

a stranger, having ministered for a while in the great city of Dundee. I cannot but quote some words as to St. Andrews as it looked on that cloudy November day :

' Red-gowned students, grave professors, bonny Scotch lassies, flitted here and there, lost to view now and again as they disappeared down some old court or passed within the stately doors of the University halls. Memories of the historic past crossed my mind as I stood beneath the old church of which he whom I had journeyed to St. Andrews specially to see is the minister, and in which, in the early days of the Reformation, John Knox had thundered to those who sat beneath him. There cannot surely be any other place on earth wherein, in so small a space, so much of romance and history lies hidden as in this little grey wan city of the North. And surely there are few rooms so full of warm human interest, of recollections of great men passed away, as that study in St. Andrews in which for seven-and-twenty years Dr. Boyd has welcomed the friends of a lifetime, and wherein he has penned——'

But at this point the pleasant writer goes on to say what must not be given here. Only it may be said that he brought back to me, for one, with incredible pathos, what this house used to be, and can never be again.

On Thursday December 1 my wife and I went to Edinburgh, where she was to abide for a space under medical care. It was a sad day for us both, but brightened somewhat by having for a fellow-traveller one who would be commonly esteemed as the most fortunate of the race. For with the highest rank, and with immense wealth,

he combines the thoughtful culture and the high rectitude of a truly good man. In all his life, he can never have known what it is to ask himself whether he could afford anything. But he has never been self-indulgent. And walking up and down through a long wait at Leuchars, it was interesting to listen to the wail of a supremely-fortunate man. He had so many grand houses, each to be dwelt in if possible in the course of the year, that he had in fact no home at all ; but was 'everlastingly on the tramp.' Indeed I never had envied a conscientious man set in a place of a responsibility not less than awful. Monday December 5 I shall never forget. I had gone to Edinburgh just to sit for an hour with my patient sufferer. Coming back, I walked the two miles from Leuchars to Guard Bridge, where you cross the Eden over arches built by a Bishop centuries ago, and enter this parish, though four miles from the city. The frost was intense : all the land was white : and a magnificent red sunset blazed upon the snow. Straight to Bishop Wordsworth's house. He was dying. He went that evening at 8.30. I saw one of his daughters : very quiet. Next day I saw the grand old man at rest : and would not have brought him back again. The red sunset shone on the snow, as I came out from a long talk with two sons and a daughter. I have elsewhere told fully of that departure from St. Andrews¹ ; and can say no more here. Nor shall a word be written concerning that time in this house : only that it is never forgotten. I could tell my story, if I were sure it would fall only into the right hands.

¹ *St. Andrews and Elsewhere* : pp. 54 sq.

But I have known pathetic incident made matter of vulgar chaff, by a vulgar person.

Christmas-Day fell in 1892 on a Sunday. Thus one could discourse on the Nativity to a far greater congregation than could gather on a weekday in the country where Christmas is not a holiday ; and was once, out of pure cussedness, appointed to be a Fast-day. That morning, we had the Te Deum in the parish-church for the first time, to the beautiful music of Dr. Dykes. I have never had a morning service without it, there, since then. At St. Mary's, we have had it regularly for nearly twenty years. But in that lesser sanctuary, as was well remarked by one who held the Te Deum as a Socinian composition, I could air my 'ritualism' as I could not at first elsewhere. I note that at service on the Shortest Day, the text was 'The light is short because of darkness.' St. Thomas had been fully recognised on another December 21. And on Innocents' Day the subject was 'And a little child shall lead them.' As usual, all that season from Advent to Easter I gave a little sermon every Wednesday. I noted the number of the congregation. In England it would have been held, in places known to me, as not quite discouraging. It ran from fifty to sixty. We had daily service, with a sermon, in Holy Week. On Good Friday 108. I cannot but preserve the Bishop of Winchester's Christmas letter this year.

Farnham Castle, Surrey : December 26, 1892.

DEAREST BOYD,—As a zest to my Christmas holiday, there are 56 letters on my table this morning. But I must

write a line of affectionate greeting to you and yours : which be sure to pass on to Aggie.

Every Sunday evening I dip into your *Twenty-Five Years*. Of all the kind things that in your partiality you have written about me, nothing cheers and strengthens me so much as what you have said about my sermons helping you (Vol. II. p. 147). If they help you, they may help others.

A bright crisp Christmas. Eleven degrees of frost last night.

Ever most affectionately,

A. WINTON.

It interested many in this place when the famous Maga came out in January 1893 in a new shape. I have no doubt the changes were for the better : for they were made by those most competent to judge. But some, sentimentally conservative in all things, grieved when it was no longer *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* : the name of the Modern Athens being dropt. A series of papers began this month, called ' Summers and Winters at Balmawhapple ' : in which, with some designed confusion of names and places, St. Andrews was vividly depicted. The Principal of St. Abb's was Principal Tulloch. Professor Spenser Bright was Professor Spencer Baynes. Pat Salamander was the brilliant Patrick Alexander. And the newspapers (which must be right) identified Dr. Evergreen, the Senior Minister of the Collegiate Church, with the present writer. I had little difficulty in guessing who was

the author of these sparkling articles : though the newspapers, with equal authority, declared they were written by two quite different pens. Each writer named had the knowledge needful for the subject.

Small jokes please some. On January 17 a letter came, addressed 'The Right Honourable and Most Reverend the Lord Archbishop of Cupar : formerly known as the Very Reverend Dr. Boyd.' The record of the day says 'Silly, but not malicious' : this, of the communication contained, otherwise quite forgotten. Two days before, it is related with a pardonable satisfaction, that since November 30, St. Andrew's Day, I had given thirteen entirely new sermons. Possibly my strength might have been better employed. Possibly some in the congregation fancied they had heard all this before. On January 21, Mr. Yates sent me the paper *Black and White*, containing a Talk with him. I had known him for thirty-three years : and now *The World* had made him a very thriving man. He had lived through anxious days. Some will wonder to be told he was a Scotsman by birth. He had ever been specially kind to me. He told his interviewer that I had written some of his well-known 'Celebrities at Home.' I had myself been (with little reason) long ago included in that far-from-exclusive series : but in fact I never wrote but two : Principal Caird at Glasgow College, and Dean Plumptre at Wells. The latter was sketched while staying in magnificent summer weather, in the Deanery there. Another, Bishop Thorold at Selsdon Park, was written by my son Frank : though I had looked over it. Both Dean

Plumptre and his wife were pleased with what was said of Wells. My other celebrity-paper was less fortunate. Several men of high distinction here took deep offence because Caird had been praised far too highly: no doubt in presence of a comparison never suggested by me. And if I may judge by two or three anonymous letters which came from Glasgow, some there thought that the distinguished subject of my paper had not been praised enough. Thus I succeeded in aggrieving divers good people both in East and West.

I know well that what the reader finds in any writing, depends mainly on what the reader brings to it himself. Remembering this certain fact, I desire to say a word which it suggests to me. I have read in two or three newspapers, of no importance whatever, that all my essays, and specially the three volumes which bear St. Andrews in their titles, are characterised by ‘spitefulness.’ The same authorities have informed me that I never forgive any offence, how small soever; and that I bide my time and pay it off in a most vindictive manner. The writers of these assurances are absolutely mistaken. I do not remember ever to have received the smallest offence from any mortal worth notice. And though I have condemned, severely enough, certain fellow-creatures in these pages, it has always been upon public grounds: always been for behaviour opposed to truth and righteousness, and this to their own knowledge. They did wrong, well knowing they did wrong. And I distinctly object to what Carlyle called ‘The Heaven and Hell Amalgamation Movement.’

I will never fail to testify against wrong-doing while I have voice or pen to do so. The wrong-doing has not, in more than two instances which I can recall to memory, been directed against myself. I quote here some lines written by my very dear and old friend Mr. Froude, whose judgment in such a matter I hold to be decisive. It is with sorrow I say I cannot give at length even one of a multitude of deeply-interesting letters from him. He directed those who now represent him, and that over and over, that his letters should not be published. There is not one which would not show him, as his books cannot, for the lovable man and warmest of friends he was. The style of his letters is just as charming as that of his published works ; and many of them treat ‘great subjects.’ But I am permitted to give some extracts ; and here is one :

Cherwell Edge, Oxford : October 11 (1892).

‘ MY DEAR BOYD,—I wish I could find a better piece of paper to thank you for your Second Volume,¹ of which busy as I am I have read every word. It is a real delight to read a book in which there is not an ill-natured word about anybody, and such bright kind words about so many. It pleased me so very much that I found myself getting as enthusiastic as yourself about Churches, Sermons, Bishops, and all the rest. For a moment I could almost regret that I had deserted my own early calling.²

‘But it would not have suited me as it suits you. I

¹ Of the *Twenty-Five Years of St. Andrews*.

² Most people know that Mr. Froude had received Deacon’s Orders. He preached a few times.’

should have been in perpetual quarrel. At the heart of me, I am a Puritan : and what is worse a Calvinist. While you are cheerful, sunny and tolerant : and even if you could, you would never damn even the Poor Deil.

' You will have your reward in the gratitude and good wishes of everybody that reads you as I have done. I can forgive even your praises of —— : who, I know not why, has hated and abused me for these *twenty* years.'

I dare not go on with the letter, though I wish I could. But a line :

' To get on well in a place like this one must observe the temperature of the water, and keep one's own in harmony with it. To be too cold, chills people. To be too hot, provokes them. Lukewarm is the right thing : like the Church of Laodicea.

' Meanwhile remember that you and Skelton are to come here next Commemoration and stay with me and be made Doctors of.'

I would I could give the whole of that long letter. But I must give the closing words :

'Yours ever heartily,

'J. A. FROUDE.'

Somebody whose good opinion I value just as highly as her great Father's, writes on one of the latest days which have dawned here :

' We 'should' have liked the letters to have appeared in a book so much read as your St. Andrews : a book which every one who reads delights in. And I know how care-

fully you would have selected the letters, and how perfectly we could have trusted you. Each time I read the book I am again surprised at the way you can tell so much that is characteristic about your friends, without ever saying a word that could wound them.'

To one's self, such words coming from such a quarter compensate one for the disappointment caused by the dutiful and inevitable resolution not to deviate from the departed Father's reiterated wish.

January 25 in each year is memorable for two diverse reasons. It is St. Paul's Day, and it is the birthday of our great and sorrowful genius Robert Burns. In 1893 it fell on a Wednesday, and it was a beautiful sunshiny day. It was the funeral-day of a patient sufferer, for whom I had felt a special regard for twenty-three years. During more than twenty of these she was bright and well: then the stroke fell. I had married two of her daughters, very attractive girls: and christened two grandchildren. Now I read the burial service over her as she was laid to rest: her four daughters standing by the grave into which the sunshine was streaming, they very composed and quiet. I had tried to persuade the father to become an elder: but he would not take the office. I thought him more than ordinarily fit: and I was disappointed. I have a retentive memory for such incidents as that of this day.

On the morning of Friday January 27, Mr. Andrew Lang gave a lecture, for a good purpose, in the Volunteer Hall. It was on 'Early Days in St. Andrews': and many fancied they were to be the brilliant lecturer's own. For

he had studied here ere he went to Oxford. But the subject was the early history of this city. The lecture was full of information, new to many. What impressed one much, was, the loud applause with which opinions were received which would have had a quite different reception in my early days. Scotland is emancipated from various venerable prejudices. I was in the Chair, and proposed thanks to the lecturer: which were cordially given. The strongest man who has preached in the church where now I minister would assuredly have suggested an entirely different treatment of Mr. Lang. And if he had proposed it, it would probably have been carried out. I mean, in his day.

I suppose each attack of severe illness ought to be accepted as a warning. In fact, it is not. And those who are wise in counselling others, are unwise for themselves. It was standing under the shadow of the chapel of Farnham Castle, that I said something to the Bishop: whereupon he looked at me very solemnly, and said the words of an unfamiliar text: ‘Son of man, give them warning from Me.’¹ Then, ‘he shall surely live, because he is warned.’² Yet how frightfully he overworked, up to the very end! The time was coming near, both for the Prelate’s palace, and the presbyter’s home. Looking back, after all is over, one sees. Yet, having gone down ever so low, the Bishop came back, bright and active and hopeful. And we thought it was always to be so. Still, this letter

¹ Ezek. iii. 17.

² Ezek. iii. 21.

was startling. But it was all an accident. And he was cheery amid it all: playful. If you had seen the slight figure, sitting on the terrace wall in May, and eagerly looking over at the blossoming trees below, you would not have believed he was to go so soon.

Farnham Castle, Surrey.
Feb. 20, 1893.

DEAREST BOYD,—One line. I have been as near death as it is possible to be, not being quite dead. Blood Poisoning. How it happened nobody knows. But it was an unique moment. Just when I was preparing to get up and go to Convocation, to be told that my life was not worth five shillings' purchase; and that it might be only a matter of a very few hours.

Can't write all about it now, but I wanted you to know. This is only my second letter. Do not be severe upon the handwriting. One of my consolations was that my huge white arm must be so very like what Jumbo was when he was a baby. Another, on quite an opposite side, that I would fight for my life till the water got up to my death teeth.

Misfortune is the word for it—a grand old English word. But I never quailed, never feared, never doubted the love or the presence of God, never dared to lay it on Him. I am getting on as well as possible. The Doctor is amazed at my rallying power. This day fortnight I may be on my way to the Riviera.

Most affectionately,
A. W

On Thursday March 23, my wife went away to Bath for a month's treatment. We left this at 7.20 A.M. There was bright sunshine, the world silvery with hoarfrost : and in Bradshaw I made out the way. Crewe, Shrewsbury, Hereford, the Severn Tunnel. At the Princes Street Station of the Caledonian Railway in Edinburgh we found her place reserved in a new and beautiful carriage : and it was pleasant to hear the attentive English Guard, with his frequent 'Lydy.' She had been very nervous, but brightened up. The train went to the moment at 10.15. And the lonely journey, greatly dreaded, proved surprisingly easy. I came back here to my duty ; and had three weeks quite alone.

On an early day in April a heavy misfortune befell my colleague and me. He came into my study, quite overwhelmed, to tell of it. And I really durst not copy the fierce language in which I recorded it at the time. It was the most barbarous piece of vandalism which has happened in my time here. At a meeting of Heritors on Monday April 3, it was ordered that two ugly little twisted elms, growing among others beside the eastern limb of the parish-church on its south side, should be cut down : making room for two grand limes, fifty feet high, to expand. Our Provost is a clever business man, and can convey instructions in clear terms. I was present when he conveyed them : and I could not have conceived that any mortal outside Bedlam could have misunderstood them. Imagine our consternation when we found that on the morning of Thursday April 6, the beautiful limes had

been cut down, and the ugly elms spared ! No living soul can see them replaced. The language my good friend and I used was vehement. I hastened out. I venture to take from the record of that day only the words : ‘A heart-breaking sight. A real blow. The vilest stupidity since I came to St. Andrews.’ My temper is not wholly bad. And long experience has taught me that one in my position must not talk out his mind when angry. But the doer of that awful deed found it expedient to keep out of my sight for several days. I have seldom felt so strongly the classic saying, that ‘even the gods are powerless against stupidity.’ I pass that spot continually : but try not to look at the miserable blank.

April 9 was a memorable day : the birthday of her who looks at me as I write, but only her portrait. It was Sunday ; and in the evening we had our yearly Volunteer Service. It was pleasant, going away to church in grand sunshine, to meet the Brass Band playing finely in South Street before the Artillery men, coming to meet the Rifles in the court of the Madras College. Then the Band played the Volunteers to church ; and away after service : having accompanied the praise. There was a great crowd : 2500 in church. No mortal, known to me, found fault. It implied a happy emancipation from gloomy superstition in Scotland, that these things should be. The closing hymn on such occasions is always ‘Onward, Christian soldiers,’ to Sir Arthur Sullivan’s music. Any one who has heard that congregation lift up its voice in a volume which drowned the powerful instruments, will not readily forget

it. And the tearing trumpet notes (when you can hear them) exceed anything which an ordinary organ can do. I had my long-service badge for the first time.

And now see how marvellously the most lovable of Prelates picked himself up, as more than twice or thrice before, after having been brought to the lowest. Not two months had passed since that last letter.

Farnham Castle, Surrey.

17 April 1893.

DEAREST BOYD,—I spent a good deal of yesterday in your company. What good deep work there is in a sermon of yours on ‘He that is unjust, let him be unjust still,’ in ‘Afternoons in a Cathedral City.’¹ I also dipped largely into ‘To Meet the Day,’ with much satisfaction. And then, with always fresh interest, ‘Twenty-Five Years of St. Andrews.’ But—the apple blossoms, so early this year—remind me that it is time to be arranging your visit. Could you come on June 11? I am away for most of that week just before. June 13 is my birthday, but a Monday. I have of course engagements, but not taking me away for more than the inside of the day, all through the month. My arm is still unhealed, but I am going to the Channel Islands to-day for a fortnight’s duty. It is a tease having to take a nurse with me to dress my arm—something like travelling with two perambulators. I have been bringing out a volume of dull sermons, and dare not send them to you. I fear your criticism more than most

¹ Not quite accurately given: it is a University City. April 16 was Sunday.

people's. But you never call them 'nice.' That is maddening. It puts them on a level with cherry tart. My address will be till Friday, Government House, Jersey.

Most affectionately,

A. WINTON.

Of course, the volume of sermons duly came, and proved anything but 'dull.' It is curious, how as Bishop Thorold grew older, his sermons became always livelier and brighter. I read the last sermon he ever wrote, a very little before the end. It sparkled. Certainly, in the latter days, the Bishop would not be tied and bound by the conventionalities. He freely wrote and said things which would have filled some of his decent predecessors with affright. One of these had found fault with Kingsley for being 'too colloquial.' No doubt he was, for the worthy man's liking. I have noticed that dull preachers keenly disapprove of interesting ones. Which is extremely natural.

The blossoms, early that year at Farnham, were early here too. On Monday April 24 the record is, as for long, 'I wish to make a day of rest, but a terrible list to get through.' But there was compensation in the afternoon. Amid many duty-calls, I beheld the great gean, in Queen Street, and a very old pear tree in an ancient South Street garden, in glory. There are kind people who, knowing one's love for blossoms, let me know yearly when theirs are at the best. The day which came next was a great day of thankfulness in this house. Our eldest son came

back from Calcutta for the third time. It was strange to see him looking just the same, after all he had gone through. Many things were thoughtfully done, in honour of that occasion. To the outer world, we reckon time by the Gregorian Calendar. But by ourselves, these are the landmarks of life.

I was not a member of the General Assembly of 1893, but I went to Edinburgh for some days of its second week. The High Commissioner changes with the Government : and this May the Marquis and Marchioness of Tweeddale gave place to the Marquis and Marchioness of Breadalbane. William Tulloch was their chaplain. Comparisons need not be dreaded when all are of the very best who ever abode in Holyrood. I dined there on Wednesday and Thursday evenings. I had known Lord Breadalbane from his young days as a student here ; and I possess a photograph of our house on the Scores which he took at that time. But 'Her Grace' I met for the first time, and found her charming as all find her. I remember her brother the Duke of Montrose, and the Duchess, were there : a most attractive young couple had they been nobodies. There was a large dinner party, but eight hundred more came in the evening, and made the old halls gay and crowded. Among the guests, were the great people who had reigned the year before ; pleasantly supporting their successors. With others, I was asked to stand beside 'Their Graces' as the crowd passed by : and realised how fatiguing it must be to make very low and formal bows nearly a thousand times in swift succession. They went through it benignantly. And each

guest departed with the belief that he or she has been specially favoured. I had wondered, in my year, how Lady Tweeddale risked her priceless diamonds and sapphires amid the pressure of such a crowd : for after all the guests have passed, the Commissioner and his wife pervade the fine apartments. But high rank has to incur its disadvantages. And I came to know that these wonderful gems were more securely fastened than they seemed to be.

My last Sunday before Farnham was this year June 3. And I noted on that evening that I had taken my full duty here on twenty-nine of the last thirty-one Sundays : not to name the Wednesdays. The two Sundays absent were days of fatiguing duty in Glasgow and Edinburgh. It is a mistake to be so very regularly at home. Change is good both for the congregation and one's self. Nor do people remember how closely you have kept to your work. I was touched, on one occasion, when an extremely shrewd elder, holding me in undue esteem, said, with a very keen look and voice, ' You should go away sometimes. Let them see the difference ! ' It is conceivable that the difference might be of a different character from that which my kind friend suggested. And like a good many other ministers of the Kirk, I have had years in which, had I accepted half the invitations which came, my Flock here would never have beheld my face at all.

CHAPTER X

SURREY AND ROSS-SHIRE

ON Friday June 9, 1893, I realised the feeling of a ghost returning. The kind millionaire who had bought Selsdon Park had asked me, long before, to come and see the familiar place on my way to Farnham. So, on that day, I went to Charing Cross Station for an early train, and there met Mr. Stevens, and we travelled down together by the way I knew so well. The kindest of welcomes waited one, crossing that threshold. Yet things were sad. The house, at great cost, had been immensely improved : but I missed the dear old way. Outside it had been veneered with red brick, very finely: inside, I hardly knew it. Great bay windows had been built out : the old rooms were gone. Specially, the fireplace in the drawing-room, on either side of which Bishop Thorold and I had sat in the evenings by ourselves times innumerable, was moved to a corner. The change was much for the better : but it was not the room I used to know. And the bedroom, mine for thirteen years, the last in which Archbishop Tait slept save that in which he died, had a vast circular window, was twice the size of old days, and was not the room where I had struggled through the awful daily task of

letter-writing, where I had indited many pages some of which the reader may know, where the Bishop and I used to have a little space of prayer together the evening before I was to go away. But we walked about the grounds, unaltered; and to Sanderstead Church, as of old. There I saw old Dr. Hodson's grave. Much had been since I was there, three years before. We went into the church, and sat a while. Here I used to read the Lessons, and each alternate verse of the Psalms. I was delighted with my host, and with his family. He showed me a prize he had got for an essay, in 1860; the first edition of the venerable *Recreations*, finely bound. I was deeply interested by all I saw: till I came away the next forenoon. Some people feel things more than others. I shall never see Selsdon Park again.

But it was only pleasant to enter Farnham Castle in the afternoon. The Bishop was bright and well. There was a large tea party, on that beautiful summer day: a touching party to see. A hundred poor souls from the Farnham Workhouse. The Bishop took them about the grounds, and showed them everything. We were waiting at the gate when they entered: some had to be driven the little distance. Things were not as in Scotland. The dropping-down-deadness before the Prelate was extreme: and 'My Lord' occurred with a painful frequency in all that was said. Then high tea was provided in the larger inner court: and the good folk enjoyed it. Several speeches were made. The Bishop's was in perfect taste and feeling. I confess I was rasped by

certain words I heard that day. But I came from a republican country, which for three centuries and more has had a republican National Church. I like our Scottish ways better.

Next day was Sunday June 11. All the household at chapel at 8.30. And at 11, instead of going to the parish-church as usual, we had full service in the Chapel. No Chaplain : so the Bishop read prayers : I read the Lessons and preached. It was St. Barnabas' Day. I do not think anybody would have known that I came from the other side of the Border. It was pleasant to have 'Watch and pray' after the third Collect, and before the sermon Mrs. Alexander's beautiful 'Jesus calls us': just as at home. It was a touching time for me, that misty summer day. I had given my sermon to great crowds, but never more heartily. My very dear friend had ever the kindest word for all I did : but his remark was, 'Was not I frightened to say some things I said, for fear of breaking down ? They were too much for him, and he broke down.' But I told him my peculiar experience : that though easily moved in reading anything to myself, the tension of public speaking has always kept me safe *there*. One thing I will say : the pathos is never bogus. Anything which moves the congregation, the preacher wrote with tears. Then the Bishop and I had a quiet walk in the Park. And after a sleep, we went up the Keep together, and there abode among the roses for a space. In the evening, full service in the Chapel again. Now Mr. Hitchcock, the Chaplain, read prayers and gave a thoroughly good little sermon.

Mine had been the usual Scotch length : twenty-five minutes. It was published a month ago.¹

Tuesday June 13 was the Bishop's birthday. He was sixty-eight. Only two more were to come : but we did not know. It was made a holiday at the Castle, the Bishop only writing forty-five letters. At noon, a quiet walk in the Park. I wonder if any Scotch parson ever before knew so well the working of a great English Diocese : and the inner feelings of its Head. Possibly he was an exceptional English Bishop. Perhaps, too, a very episcopal Scotch parson. In the afternoon, in great heat and dust, we two, with the two girls, drove over to Aldershot. Here, various calls were made : one on the French Empress. That is, we stopped at the door, while the Prelate entered and inscribed his name. Many years before I had called at that beautiful house, when it was the dwelling of Mr. Thomas Longman, of the great House in the Row. My offering on that birthday was my book of Days, bound in quite the handsomest fashion attainable. The story of that volume is pathetic to me. For what remained of the Bishop's life it lay on the table in his dressing-room, and he looked at it for a minute as he prepared to meet the day. Then, when he died, it came back to me ; and I see the outside of it every morning. It has within it the marker the Bishop put there, and kept there for the two years that remained to him.

I must not relate the story of those days at Farnham

¹ *Occasional and Immemorial Days* : p. 105. The text was, 'And he shall go no more out.'

Castle, though they were full of interesting incident. The hospitality was perpetual : and one met many remarkable men and women of whom one must not speak. On Friday June 16, a drive of eight miles to a Confirmation at Headley. A pretty church and parsonage, and fifty were confirmed. Then away, eight miles again, to classic Selborne : where an addition to the churchyard was consecrated, and the Bishop gave a pleasant address in the fine old church. We had tea in the beautiful rectory, and a walk in the garden, known of old to White. Then a poor invalid woman, unable to come to church, was confirmed alone. Pains were never grudged, here. A drive of fourteen miles home : the Bishop tired, but bright. And at the Castle I found my Curate son, not seen since Loch Awe the previous summer. He had been asked to stay till Tuesday : and on Sunday evening he read prayers and preached in the Chapel.

The weary tale of letters had been begun on the Saturday morning, when there was a sad interruption. Mr. Hoste, the Rector, was away ; and a telegram came to his house from the Colonel of a regiment far away in Peshawer that a young officer had died suddenly the day before : the only son of his mother, and she a widow. The curates shrunk from telling the crushing news : and knowing that the mother and her daughters had been in St. Andrews and that I knew them, they came up to me, and I had to go down through the bright sunshine of that day, and tell of the departure of the lad I never saw. I remember the mother's bright welcome : and how when I

had somehow managed to convey the terrible truth, she bore it in a fashion far more than heroic. The sisters were stricken stony. Such are the things which come to a clergyman : and they are very awful. But I learned something that day. And I have learned since then, how much easier it is to try to convey comfort to others, than to take it for one's self. Cheery letters came for weeks after from the hopeful youth, universally beloved, who had to go before.

There was a great garden party that day. More than five hundred came : many from Winchester. The Bishop and his elder daughter stood under a great cedar hard by the main door, and received them. The house was pervaded, all over, and the grounds. There were many I had come to know. But the morning had unfitted me for the most innocent gaiety ; and I went away soon, through blazing light and heat, to the house of mourning, and stayed there a while.

Sunday June 18 was the loveliest of summer days. Chapel at 8.30 as always. My son had gone to early communion at the parish-church : and he had full service, without a sermon, in the Chapel at 11. I went with the Bishop to the workhouse: where was a crowded congregation in a bare hall. The Chaplain read prayers ; and the Bishop preached a sermon of half an hour to the poor souls. It was perfectly fitted to help and comfort them ; and you could not have guessed from a word spoken whether he was preaching to high or low. That afternoon I went and had a little service in the house of sorrow.

And in the evening my Bertie read prayers in the Chapel and preached : the Bishop reading the Lessons and saying the absolution and the blessing. The day was a very memorable one for me : but its story has been told elsewhere.¹ The evening service cheered me, specially. The sermon was short, but earnest and interesting : likewise modest, as was becoming. And I thought that a young priest, counselling his father, and the Bishop who ordained him, could hardly have done better.

Monday was a day of extreme heat : the thermometer marked 98 in the shade. With the Bishop, and Bertie, by railway to Winchester : the member for that part of the county with us. The Bishop went on to Southampton to a function. We went with Dean Kitchin over his beautiful garden ; and to afternoon service in the Cathedral. Then to the Warden, who took us all over the famous school. One was startled, to learn how small its numbers have always been. My boy remained with a Cambridge friend ; and I went in drenching thunder rain, most welcome. But I found that not a drop had reached Farnham.

On Thursday June 22, I bade the Bishop good-bye on the steps at 5.30 P.M., and came away. I was at St. Andrews next morning at 9, in wintry cold and tremendous floods of rain. I had to preach at far Strathpeffer on Sunday July 2 ; and to be there five Sundays. The Bishop urged me, more than usually, to stay another Sunday with him ; but my answer was that I must be a Sunday at St.

¹ *St. Andrews and Elsewhere* : pp. 347 sq. *That Sunday Morning.*

Andrews before leaving for all July. The dear Prelate looked perplexed. He was not quite sure about the ways of the Kirk. I said, that would make eight Sundays running out of my own pulpits, which would never do. 'What could they do to you if you stayed away eight Sundays?' he enquired, anxiously. 'Nothing earthly,' was my reply, 'except grumble. But then I should be unhappy, feeling they had a right to grumble.' 'You train them to expect you far too regularly,' was the episcopal rejoinder. I have long known that there is no taskmaster like one's own conscience: if one has a conscience. If I had had some one, other than myself, to appoint me my work, I should not, in the last January, have worked myself as nearly as might be into my grave. And some one else would (speaking as we must speak) have been in this blank house to-day.

I had my Sunday at St. Andrews: two hearty services. It is noted that one hymn was Liddon's favourite, 'Praise to the Holiest,' from *The Dream of Gerontius*. The kind of people who would have found fault with a hymn taken from Cardinal Newman, knew not at all whence it came. And we sing it continually. It was a driven week, before leaving for Strathpeffer on Friday. So on Monday, feeling I was getting fevered and shaky, for calm I began to write my little paper on the Workhouse Service at Farnham, promised to our Parish Magazine which circulates 100,000 copies monthly. I found this really helped. I finished the essay on Tuesday: but I note it was with a bad headache. A crowd of worrying engagements came

that week, unexpectedly : but they were struggled through : though 'terribly dead weary' is the word on Thursday evening. On Friday morning early the two sons who had been with us departed for London ; and at 8.10 my wife and I set out on a far more troublesome journey. By Dundee to Perth : where we had a *coupée* reserved in the Highland train : and after a weary wait we started for Inverness : of course much too late. The train was so immensely long, that when you saw the engine in front going round a curve, it appeared incredible that it was drawing us with it. On, through terrible heat and glare, stopping at every station. However late the train might be, there appeared plenty of time for friendly talk between those in charge of it and their friends at the lonely little place in the wilderness. One's sympathy went with them : and after driving days this was a holiday. If I could but travel so again, I never should grumble at any delay. Dunkeld, Killiecrankie, then through a wild tract looking on the Cairngorm mountains flecked with snow under that burning sun. I recall that journey as if present. Finally Inverness, only three quarters of an hour late : most punctual. After that, all was new to us. Coming through desolation after Struan, we had expected worse north of Inverness : and it was wonderful to find ourselves in Kent or Surrey : the country so rich and warm, the trees so great. At Dingwall, change into the Strathpeffer train : and at our journey's end at 8.50 P.M. After all, the journey was not quite thirteen hours. On the way, it had appeared about a week. We were carried up the hill to the homelike

and pleasant Spa Hotel, which was crowded. But our rooms were safe. About 130 sat down to each meal : among them we found many specially pleasant people, mainly from England. At 11 o'clock that night, there was bright day-light ; and the surrounding hills were marvellous.

I had been asked to take the church here for five Sundays, and had gladly agreed. For the waters and baths of Strathpeffer were exactly the things to follow on the weeks at Bath. And it proved a quiet and pleasant time. We had never before lived in so great a hotel : and the multitude of guests was cheery. The air was fragrant with clover : the pageant of summer was never more glorious than when I walked away, by a path through the fields, to converse with the organist about the praise for next day, and to see the church. I found it internally very bare : but the beginning of a fine interior. Taste and liberality have room, for years to come. Outside, for a Scotch Kirk, the building was handsome. That evening, there was dancing in the large recreation-room. I looked on with entire approval. And I was astonished when, at a later period, an Englishman, wholly ignorant of Scotland, asked if I did not give offence by saying so.

When one has grown old, one has (I speak for myself) an anxiety in undertaking any duty, lest some untoward incident should prevent its being done. Wherefore I was thankful when I had made out my ten services : morning and evening on each of those Sundays named. The church holds 700, and there was a large and hearty congregation.

Everything was very cheering. There was a vexatious interruption. On Thursday July 20, I had the long journey to Edinburgh : but my night at the Club was brightened by the presence of Principal Donaldson of St. Andrews. We were there on the same errand : having been summoned as witnesses in a case before the Supreme Court. The Lord President was the Judge ; and I noted for the first time how (nature loving variety) a Scotch jury is arranged in three rows of four jurors each, while an English jury is placed in two rows of six. I did not know this : and there is interest in learning anything. It was most vexatious to have that weary travel, merely to give evidence that I knew nothing at all about the matter. And assuredly I had no bias whatsoever. It is fair to say that while I was called by both parties, neither had said or done anything to influence me. I was in the witness-box about five minutes, and never was witness more courteously cross-examined. I enjoyed seeing our Chief Justice in his grand array, and in noting how perfectly he did his dignified part. Instead of thinking of the case, I was wishing that the fine old minister of Forteviot had lived to see the elevation of his son. My cross-examination was by one of the most brilliant counsel at the Bar, and one of my own best friends, Sheriff Comrie Thomson. Here is the good of living in a little country like Scotland. In London, I might have been bullied by some blatant Buzfuz, whom I had never seen before. But I retain so much of my legal training, that I know perfectly how to protect myself. And the sympathy of the audience is always with a witness standing up to an

Old-Bailey bully. I had to have a quiet Saturday before my Sunday duty: so, for the first time in Scotland, I travelled all that Friday night. But I had a Pullman sleeping-car from Perth to Inverness: and leaving Waverley at 11.5 P.M., I was at Strathpeffer at 7.45 on Saturday morning. The kindest of all eyes were upon me as I drove past the pump-room; and the report was that I did not look very tired. Then Sunday came: commonly helpful to some anxious folk. It was a magnificent summer day: the hills wonderful. Ben Wyvis is the 'Mountain of Storms,' but it smiled benignantly. The history of the day runs, 'A day to be thankful for, when evil days come.' Yet, but for that line, quite forgotten. Preachers need not fret for that their heartiest services are forgotten by others. For they forget themselves.

Sunday July 30 was my last Sunday this year. I came away from that final evening service quite saddened. I had taken to Strathpeffer, and its church. The last hymn was 'Abide with me.' The text was 'And departed without being desired.' I was not thinking of myself, at all. The sermon is published. And I recall what Dean Stanley said, as to the success of Newman's published sermons resulting a good deal from his giving the discourse a title, instead of (as Stanley thought had been usual before) merely giving its text. That evening's sermon is called 'An Unlamented Departure.' On Tuesday August 1 we left the hotel at 8 A.M., and were at our own door at 7 P.M.

I have told briefly of that pleasant stay at Strathpeffer,

forasmuch as its story is already told.¹ Likewise, I hope to speak of Strathpeffer as we found it in July of the following year : the last time we can go to any place in this world together. But we met very kind people at that homelike hotel in that July of 1893. And knowing we were little likely to meet again, we came away from it with sorrowful hearts.

There was the cheer of great congregations on the Sundays of August and September. But it came much nearer to have three of our lads at home with us in August. Besides the Calcutta eldest son, we had the Curate from Kent, and the youth who manages the cheery London weekly which the Bishop of Winchester always called *The Vampire*. The warm home-feeling in those grown-up men was good to see. It was interesting, on a day in this month, to read a paragraph in a newspaper which had, for its hero (if the word may be permitted), the charm of absolute novelty. I had opened a Bazaar, the historian declared, ‘in a speech of infinite tenderness.’ Then he goes on :

‘Listening to his silver tones, any one unacquainted with the excellent man’s history would imagine that Dr. Boyd had never hurt a fly in all his life, far less hurt a human being’s feelings. Yet—once a reporter called upon the ex-Moderator at his house in St. Andrews with the gentle request that the holy man would allow himself to be interviewed upon a particular question of interest at the time. A. K. H. B., adopting a get-thee-behind-me sort of manner,

¹ In four chapters called *That Peaceful Time* : pp. 231–286 in *St. Andrews and Elsewhere*.

turned his back upon the pressman with the snappy remark that he would never grant an interview to any one connected with a newspaper.'

Then the writer expatiates on my 'courtesy to a fellow-worker in the realms of journalism.'

The story is a pure falsehood. Nothing in the faintest degree giving foundation to it ever occurred. I have always felt a special interest in men (and women) connected with the press. I am always delighted to talk with such. I have had various opportunities of being (in a small way) kind to such. I never have said an unkind word to one. The person who put about that malicious statement could never have spoken to me. And, just when I felt a little angry at his petty slander (which I never thought of contradicting), I was pleased to find that a reporter-youth, very bright and alert, who had introduced himself at a public place, stated that he found me 'geniality itself.' I should be profoundly ashamed of myself if any one, old or young, who had to do with proofs, ever found me anything other.

The kind and good Principal Cunningham, who had for too short a time held Tulloch's place, departed on Friday September 1. He was laid to rest in the Cathedral church-yard on Wednesday September 6. I read the service over him, as over Tulloch. Then on Sunday September 10 I preached his funeral sermon. That time comes over me, as I write the lines, in a very solemn fashion. But the story has been fully told.¹ One was made to feel how desirable

¹ *St. Andrews and Elsewhere*: Chapter II. *Two Departures from St. Andrews.*

it is that the resting-place be waiting. So on Saturday September 10 my eldest son and I went to the Cathedral ground and selected a peaceful place, looking out upon the sea, and with a wall behind it, where ivy is growing now. Two days after, my wife and I went to look at the spot, and it was fixed on. We were all quietly sure who should be first laid there. There is a postern-gate, hard by, by which a mourner might slip in, little seen, to visit the narrow bed. We thought it well: thinking of her sometimes coming there.

On a Sunday at this season, one of my many nephews, an Oxford B.A., speedily to receive English orders, read the Lessons for me at the parish-church. He read very intelligently, but doubtless with the peculiar tone of his great University. Next day, a quite charming lady, of great worldly tact, a visitor to this place, addressed my niece (who would make her fortune as an actress), and said ‘Was that Dr. Boyd’s son who read the Lessons in that oily, sanctimonious tone?’ ‘No,’ replied the young lady cheerfully: ‘it was my eldest brother.’ It was vain to think of backing-out. So the visitor very judiciously said, ‘Well, I never can do better than that!’ We have all liked her better than before (if that were possible) ever since. Sometimes, having got into the slough, the only thing is to go through it. I could give striking instances.

We had a terrible storm through the night of Friday November 17. The fine hawthorn-tree in St. Mary’s College, traditionally said to have been planted by Queen Mary, went down. I fear the tradition stands on no ground

at all. But we desire to accept it, and we do. He would be a bold man who should cast doubt upon it. It is so with other things here. The saintly Bishop Wilkinson, formerly of Truro, who succeeded Bishop Wordsworth here, but who abides at Dunkeld, one day sitting in this room said, concerning the house where he was staying, 'I have got Queen Mary's chamber.' There is not the shadow of evidence that Queen Mary ever saw it. Queen Mary's thorn was pulled up again : but had to be sadly cut in. I trust it is to live, but on a reduced footing. And I have a little paper-cutter on this table which was made from it. It may here be said that it is singular how many kind people give paper-cutters as presents. I have seven in my study, most of them extremely handsome ; and five others elsewhere in this house.

Sunday November 26 was our eldest boy's last with us, before going to India for the fourth time. It was a terrible trial when he went first ; and not less now. It was Stir-up Sunday : a bright winter day. His last service was at St-Mary's, that evening. The last hymn he heard was ' Still on the homeward journey.' The last text, ' The Lord our Righteousness,' from the Epistle for the Day. We made an attempt, not very successful, to make the last days cheerful. I had gone that Sunday afternoon and prayed beside the sweet face of a little girl of eleven, the only child of her parents. She had her drawing lesson at 12.30 on Friday, and she died to-day. She was one of those angelic children who seem sent to be taken away. I often look at the grave where I read the service over little Isabella Burnett ;

and think how you must look on gravestones to find the names of those who promised to be the best and purest specimens of our race.

That best of sons had a large dinner-party of his own inviting on one of his last evenings. St. Andrew's Day was his last with us meanwhile. He had begged that nothing might be said. All the more was thought. He made many calls, and was very full of business, plainly wishing to keep away. In the evening, he was quite cheerful at dinner, and his mother and I tried to be so. But while we rested, as usual, beside the drawing-room fire, he was busy in his own room. Friday December 1, 1893, was a sunshiny frosty day, the sky of summer blue. He went to London by the train at 7.10 A.M. We sat beside him while he had breakfast. He was running about, busy, to the last. Then he hurried in for a moment, without a word kissed his mother, then silently took my hand, and went. I went to the front-door, and saw him walk away into the gloomy dawn. He would have no one go with him to the railway. That was the mother's last parting, in this world, from her first-born son. If he lives to four-score, he will remember that he never gave his mother a moment's sorrow, save when he went away. Our youngest boy, who left us in July 1890, lived with his brother in Calcutta. After that day, she said all she wished for now was that she might live to see Harry come back. She was allowed to see that: but not much more.

All the changes of ministry which have been in my life-time are simply nothing, when compared with things like-

these. We shall always have a ministry of some sort. And one ministry is just about as good as another.

It cheered some little, even on that sad day, to visit certain houses of sorrow. I often recall what was said to me by a very intelligent man here, who had lived in London some years of his youth. ‘What I like about London is, that when you are down in your luck, you have only to go out for a walk, and you will see somebody worse off than yourself.’ The sentiment was awkwardly expressed : as when the Highlander said ‘The potatoes are very bad here, but God be thanked they are far worse at Drumnadrochit.’ But one knew the meaning. In any case, I am quite sure that when you are in great trouble, there is nothing which will so lift you out of the dust, as to go and try some little to comfort one who is in as sorrowful case as yourself, or worse. But you must not go with the intention that you are to be relieved. That will vitiate all.

Nor was it without some help to find, that evening, that an old friend was remembering me. I am sure it was not conceit that made one read, with a little stirring of satisfaction, a bright paper in a bright London weekly on Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, far away in Boston, U.S.A. There was an excellent portrait, like unto that which I look at daily, long ago given to me by the Autocrat himself: and then came the lines : ‘At the window was his desk, with a small library—a working library—rising handily from it. The Bible, Chambers’ Encyclopedia, William Cullen Bryant’s poems, Milton, Cruden’s Concordance,

Bartlett's Familiar Quotations, Boyd's Twenty-Five Years of St. Andrews,—these were some of the books.'

I grieve to say I did not send him these volumes, through forgetfulness: For he sent me all his. And there were few human beings whom I was so bound to hold in affection. A few days later a letter came from a town in the United States, whose name I had never heard. But, turning to the proper authority, I found it had a population four times as great as that of St. Andrews. My heart warms to that great country, whence many kind letters come. But this related a fact without precedent: each Sunday morning the writer of it goes to his room, and reads *aloud* one of my sermons. As one greatly needing help, I am thankful if it helps him. But I recall what a dear old sufferer in my Edinburgh congregation told me, with the kindest intention, 'When I can't sleep at night, I say to my husband, Oh read me one of my dear minister's sermons. And he has not read five minutes, when I'm sound asleep!' I said I was delighted to hear it: though it was not wholly for that purpose the sermons were published. That great and lovable man, Dr. Lindsay Alexander, who instead of being an Edinburgh Independent minister ought to have been an Anglican Bishop, told me how going to visit a restless sufferer, a good woman, her friends asked him to read a chapter of the Bible to her: which, though he was weary, he proceeded to do. In a few minutes she was sound asleep. 'Ah, see the soothing power of the Word!' said a friend. The dear Alexander added (to me, not to the friend: there is a righteous

'economy'), 'Of course, if I had read anything else, it would have had the same effect : It was the sound, going on and on.' The Bible indeed had this advantage over the newspaper, that being so familiar, it did not keep up attention as the newspaper would have done.

Looking back, one sees that warnings came thick on both of us in this house. But we did not take them. No one does : it is a temporary ailment, and 'things will be better to-morrow,' as I heard said, with a breaking heart. I am sure they were far better, but not here. Dr. Marshall Lang, who succeeded Norman Macleod in the great Barony parish of Glasgow, had been deservedly raised to the primatial throne of the Kirk, and was coming to stay with us and to preach on Sunday December 10. I had long looked forward to it, and with special interest. We have not among us a man held in warmer affection by all who know him well. Things come suddenly. On the Saturday morning I had been preparing for Sunday, and had not failed to ask for a blessing on my services, according to invariable rule. But prayer often fails to bring what is asked. Dr. Lang was to arrive at 4 P.M. When suddenly the irresistible influenza, known sadly, came down. I was soon only half-conscious, and in much pain : through all, the terrible desire to be at my work, where I was so needed. Gradually so weak that one could think of nothing. I had hoped, till Sunday morning, to preach, but could not lift my head. Dr. Lang preached to the students in the morning : and in the evening he took all the service at St. Mary's, save the Lessons. I had hoped to read

prayers for him, and to hear him : but it was not to be. He came and saw me after his morning and evening service : the kindest of men. On Monday morning I was to have gone to Taymouth Castle till Thursday : but those things ceased to be. ‘Just a painful reminder of what it is to be ill.’ Many letters came, demanding attention. And a funeral and a wedding, at each of which I specially wished to be. ‘It is a very sad thing for a busy man, anxious about his work, to be laid aside. Yet when there are not “complications,” lungs or liver, though sharp, the thing goes away : and one gets up again, shaky.’ But a sermon came to me when I was ill : my brethren will understand how.

On Friday December 15, I should have been at Edinburgh if I could have moved. For Dr. Milligan, who had resigned his chair at Aberdeen, was laid to his long rest. He was one of our best men : and, like myself, a reasonable High-Broad-Churchman. The High was growing. He was Senior Clerk of Assembly, and sat on the Moderator’s right hand. He read the Lesson each morning : and he and I carefully followed the Christian Year on those memorable days. He had bought a house in Edinburgh, and we all hoped a season of honoured rest. But when he was brought from Aberdeen, he was carried in to see the pleasant study where he had hoped to work : and then he saw it no more. He was one of the few among us in the Kirk whose names have been heard of south of the Tweed. Happily for us, in the days of the Kirk’s sore degradation (happily passed away) our blatant Assembly

bullies and pettifoggers were as little known there as they were believed in here.

A good hard-working woman, living quite near us, lay down with influenza on the Saturday on which I did. She was but forty-five, and was much needed here. But it pleased God that one should be taken and the other left. And the first time I went out was to minister at her funeral.

On December 20 I got Dean Stanley's Life from Mr. Longman to review. I had but a little time: yet I managed it. One soon saw that he was far more to St. Andrews than St. Andrews was to him. Of course one had known it before; but it was a little mortifying. I read the book: and then I closed it, and wrote from my own knowledge. I found that I knew many things about Stanley, of great interest, which his biographers knew not at all. I got away my article, a long one, on December 28. And when it was published, in *Longman's Magazine* for February 1894, I was pleased to find that the newspapers copied nearly the whole of it. I have been very faithful to *Longman*, which of course is practically *Fraser*. My first article appeared in it that time thirty-eight years.

On Saturday December 30, 1893, a well-known St. Andrews man was laid to his rest. Walter Thomas Milton had been Provost of St. Andrews for very many years: in his last years he was laid aside by failing health. He had entered the Madras College as a pupil on the first day it was opened. My colleague read the Lessons

of scripture, and I prayed in Scotch fashion, in the house. Then in a mild fine day, with one of our grand winter sunsets, I read the service over my old friend at his grave. The Magistrates, Volunteers, and Masons, were there. He was the senior member of the Kirk Session of St. Andrews : the thirty-sixth Elder who had been called away since I came here. Only remote relations were present at that funeral. He was an amiable man, and probably made a better head of our municipality than a stronger man would have been. For, when his full-length portrait was presented to the Town Council, his successor in office made a neat little speech, in which he said, no doubt from experience, that it was not an easy thing to drive a team of twenty-eight spirited animals. Such is the number of our local parliament : the Provost being the twenty-ninth.

His wife went before him : a gentle kindly woman. She had been beautiful in her youth. In a great house near Belfast, I was shown her portrait as she had been forty years before. She was greatly changed, but the likeness was there : touching to see. She told me of a singular incident which befell when she and the Provost were on a visit to Ireland. A bright girl, staying in the house, said to Mrs. Milton how delighted she was to meet her husband : ‘ Little did I think that I should ever see the illustrious author of *Paradise Lost*. ’ I suggested that surely the wild Irish girl was joking. ‘ Not a bit of it : she was quite serious.’ Probably she looked serious : but I could not think she was so. Possibly, like the illiterate Aberdeen Professor, she ‘ had never read either Milton or

Shakspere.' But he went on to add that he did not believe any human being ever had.

Epiphany, Saturday January 6, 1894, was followed by the coldest night which had been here for thirty years. There were 29 degrees of frost. The coldest before had been 24. Sunday January 28 was a memorable day in my little history. I preached at a University service in St. Giles' Cathedral at Edinburgh. There was a howling snowstorm all that forenoon. It was the Communion in the parish-churches there. But it was fair by the afternoon, though the snow lay deep. And I found, as I had found before, that if people want to come to church, the weather will not hinder them. The prayers were beautifully read by Professor Dobie : a young and most attractive man, recently appointed to the Hebrew Chair. He was taken, sadly soon, from the Chair he filled nobly. On a day in the summer of that year, he was travelling by the Highland railway to Inverness. He was extremely fond of horses, and had a fine horse with him. At one station, he got out of his carriage, and went into the box beside his pet till the next station. But the train ran into a siding : and when people came to open the box, the horse was well but the bright young Professor was dead. You see, you will not escape the fate appointed to you. Once again I heard Professor Dobie read prayers in that church. But it is nearly as certain as human things can be, that I preached on that afternoon in St. Giles' for the last time. I was living in the University Club, alone. But that evening I went down to Moray Place, and dined with my

old friend Sheriff Comrie Thomson who cross-examined me in that St. Andrews case. The only other guest was the Lord President who was Judge on that memorable occasion. It had begun to freeze bitterly: and I remember how, as the Chief-Justice and I walked away together, the snow crackled under our feet. Such are the things which abide in the wilful memory.

On Sunday February 18 I heard a bit of church music which was very touching to me. Every now and then I beg the choir at the parish-church, a very powerful and good one, to sing a regular old Ayrshire tune, thoroughly bad by all canons of taste, but which brings back one's boyhood. There is a tremendous tune, called New Lydia, once supremely popular in all the west, but now so forgotten that not one of the young folk in the choir ever heard it before. It is set to a really touching and beautiful 'paraphrase': for so were hymns called at first here, being smuggled in under the pretext of being 'passages of scripture paraphrased.' I have with these ears heard an unhappy man give out in church the second 'Scripture Translation': which is the famous *O God of Bethel*: unutterably dear, and very little like what Philip Doddridge wrote it. But thinking of the frightful bigotries and stupidities of my childhood, I often wonder that any educated people are left in the Kirk at all. And to 'consider the prejudices of good people,' simply meant that the most ignorant and stupid souls in a congregation were to decide what shall be the worship of the National Church. A vulgar person here and there will tell you that 'every true-

hearted Scotsman is vitally Presbyterian.' Ranker nonsense was never said. The best men in the Kirk are profoundly dissatisfied with her. One used to envy an Anglican's whole-hearted devotion to his Church. I have indeed heard Liddon say that he thought Episcopacy a very bad system: only he 'supposed God knew how His Church should be governed.' But I have heard the most eminent men who have been in the Kirk in my time say that while Presbytery works fairly well for law-making, it is impossible to imagine a system more absolutely useless towards the practical supervision of the parish and the parish-priest. Each member of a Presbytery, in consideration of being let alone himself, lets his brethren alone. And as it is nobody's business more than another's to pull up a wrongdoer, if you say a word about him the question is at once put, 'What ill-will have you taken against that poor wretch ?'

On the evening of Friday February 23, 1894, we had a touching appearance in St. Andrews which can never be again. Dear old Professor Blackie gave a lecture in the great Volunteer Hall on *Scottish Song*. A great number present. He told us he was eighty-four years and five months old. I was in the chair, and introduced the wonderful old man. One could not but speak warmly. The scene was pathetic. He was 'sair failed.' Yet his vivacity and brightness were amazing. He had an immense mass of manuscript, but he did not often refer to it. And with much that was eccentric there was a great deal of good sense and kindly feeling. And he sang the old song,

Kelvin Grove, extremely well. He went on for an hour and a quarter. We all felt that we should never hear him again. I was an old friend : but Principal Donaldson, a still older, moved the vote of thanks very gracefully and kindly. The next day, I lunched with the Principal, with whom Professor Blackie was staying. There were present just two Professors, besides the household. The comic element was quite in abeyance, and the good old octogenarian was most touching. Of course, he had his own ways, which (as the Principal said the night before) were 'not the least like those of anybody else.' But when the old man kissed my hand, parting probably for the last time, it brought the tears to my eyes. It was indeed the last time. I never saw him more. He died on Saturday March 2, 1895. I did not know. It was a time when all things had ceased for me.

I was getting on with a paper on Hugh Pearson on the last evening of February, when I met a welcome interruption. Mr. Barrie, the true genius who wrote of the *Window in Thrums*, walked into my study, and stayed an hour. I had never seen him before, save once at a distance in church. Of course, I was prepared to receive him with warm affection. But sometimes a man is not so good as his books. And one might have been disappointed. There was no disappointment that evening. The man was exactly what the author of that assured classic ought to be. Never was eminent and successful writer more simply unaffected. I never spoke to Mr. Barrie but that once : but I regard him as an old friend. And though it was in a dark season, when nothing in this world was of much

account, it did cheer me somewhat, when his mother and sister were not divided in death, to know that he felt able to write to me in his deep sorrow as to one in whom he was sure of the heartiest sympathy. He had it, indeed.

Sunday March 11 was Passion Sunday : a day of awful blasts of sleet, and sometimes of darkness like midnight. A good young girl was at the parish church at morning service. She got a chill coming out, and before eleven on Tuesday morning she was gone : less than forty-eight hours after she had walked into church, strong and well. On Thursday March 29, I read the burial service in bright sunshine over a hale man of fifty-three, who had gone through his hard day's work as a mason the Thursday before. We get warnings enough, if we would take them. On Wednesday March 28 my wife went away to Bath as last year ; but this time with a pleasant party. She was there on Monday April 9, her last birthday in this world. She came home on Thursday April 26. The Midland Railway makes the journey easy. You come from Bristol to Leuchars, our junction, without change of carriage. And on April 28 I had one instance more of the accurate planning-ahead which was characteristic of the Bishop of Winchester : a planning-ahead which always terrifies me. To meet at Waterloo on Tuesday June 12, in good time for the 5.5 P.M. train, and to travel down to Farnham together.

Many things were done in this house in that Spring : all to please one who was not to have any worldly possession much longer. Old familiar faces went ; but the changes were for the better. On Whitsun-Day we had

our Volunteer Service: the Brass Band, and the usual multitude. We did not know: but now it is nearly certain that I preached that evening to the Volunteers for the last time. On Monday May 14 there came to this house, besides the eagerly-read Calcutta letters, a beautiful silver bowl, standing (somewhat like Solomon's sea) on three wooden elephants. Our youngest boy bought it for his mother at Mandalay in Burmah: and it was set beside the chair where she sat every evening, that she might look at her good boy's gift continually. It is there yet, beside the empty chair. Two days later came Archdeacon Cheetham's Church History: a most laborious, wise, and interesting book. I read it with care: seeming to see the author sitting under a great cedar at Selsdon Park, always with a book in his hand. He was a bright and cheery man: it was hard to think he had gone through such a crushing amount of work. He was interested when he was told how a good old woman, not well informed as to ecclesiastical elevation, stated that he had passed all the examinations to be an Archbishop, save one. He was soon to pass that, too. Many walks and talks we have had together in that beautiful and kindly place where we shall meet no more.

I have ever had a deep interest in those fellow-creatures whom we (sometimes with little reason) call 'inferior animals.' On a sunshiny day at this time, a few doors off, a beautiful horse which had come in with great spirit six miles from the country, without a moment's warning, fell down dead. It had never been ill before, and was in its

perfection. I came along that way, and saw the great glossy creature lying as it fell : the good creature that had worked to the last.

The General Assembly met on Thursday May 24, 1894. Lord and Lady Breadalbane were back again as the representatives of the Sovereign, and won golden opinions. This is not the place to speak of their extraordinary kindness to one's self. I might have been at Holyrood nearly as regularly as when I was Moderator. The Chair of the Kirk was nobly filled this year by my very dear friend Professor Story. We never had a better Moderator. It was most uplifting to go to the Communion at St. Giles' on the Friday morning. The beautiful solemnity and dignity of that great function were something to be thankful for, looking back on the lamentable exhibitions I have beheld there. For it is possible, in this country, to make even a divine sacrament exactly the reverse of a 'means of grace.' It may crush you down with shame and sorrow. Story's closing address, on the evening of Monday June 4, lasted an hour and three-quarters. It was brave and bright, as anything from such a man was sure to be. I grieve to say that I have heard addresses from our primatial throne which were distinctly sneaky. To abjectly fawn upon the bitter enemies of the Kirk is, in my judgment, a contemptible thing. After the Commissioner and Her Grace, and after Story, there is nothing I remember so pleasantly about that Assembly as the magnificent blossoming hawthorns in Moray Place. They soothed one, to see. And they made the surrounding air fragrant.

CHAPTER XI

SURREY AND ROSS-SHIRE AGAIN

EVEN in this uncertain world, things sometimes happen as they were arranged long before ; arranged in a way which makes some folk tremble. Sure enough, on Tuesday June 12, I was at Waterloo, that perplexing and dirty station, in very good time for the 5.5 train. And sure enough, unusually early for him, the Bishop of Winchester came walking leisurely on to the platform : looking bright and well. We walked up and down, the porters saying ‘My Lord’ with incredible frequency, and offering their services in the kindest way. The Bishop knew already that when I reached King’s Cross the evening before, I had been met by the news that my brother James, next to me in age, who had left Edinburgh and come to live with his great family in Queen’s Gate Gardens, had died on Sunday morning. I had known he was ill ; but went through my services at home quite hopefully after he was gone. He had been in church the previous Sunday, quite well ; but ‘got a chill,’ and was called away. I cannot speak of these things : save to say that the warning was not put aside. The Bishop knew my brother and his family well ; and the kind sympathy was there on which one always counted. We travelled

down to Farnham in heavy rain, with very much to say to one another. At the Castle there were the two girls, fast becoming young women. Also Mr. Baillie of the Dochfour family, who had made many voyages and journeys with the Bishop, in east and west. It was but a short visit to Farnham this year : I came on Tuesday June 12, and left on Thursday June 21. Going is sad. When I went, the Bishop's words are remembered. For they were ominous now. 'I have often said, when we parted, that we did not know what might happen before we met again. But now, parting for the seventeenth summer, we must hope.'

The Chapel had been made beautiful since the last year : also the great drawing-room. The Japanese paper on the walls of the drawing-room was the costliest I ever saw. But the Bishop said it would last, when he had gone from Farnham Castle. I had but one Sunday. That morning we drove away along the Hog's Back, six miles to Puttenham. There was a beautiful rural church, a hearty service, and the Bishop gave an admirable sermon. If we had not been so in sympathy as each to like the other's work, we could not have been such warm and life-long friends. I do not think I am conceited : rather, easily disheartened. But if a man dislikes my preaching (as some do), this indicates such a rift that we cannot long get on very close together. Curious, how the services of North and South are alike in time. In either Church, morning worship begins at 11, and ends at 12.30 pretty exactly. Then in the evening to Farnham parish-church. The large building was full, and hearty. The service, full-

choral, was finely done. And we had a very hearty and interesting sermon from Mr. Simpkinson, the new Rector, whom the Bishop had placed at Farnham, in place of Canon Hoste, promoted. I came to know Mr. Simpkinson, and liked him extremely. The Bishop had written to me warmly of his Life of Archbishop Laud; not knowing that in a little his own biography was to be committed to the same strong hand. When I came to my door on the morning of Friday June 22, the same kind face was looking out of my study window which had looked out when I went. When the Longest Day came next, I was to be looking down from the Castle upon Farnham blazing red in the sunset. But everything would be new. And the Bishop would be very near the end. Strange, indeed, that I was to be the survivor. My betters went before.

There was the Sunday at St. Andrews, with its services. It was St. John's Day: the earlier St. John. One text was 'Among them born of women hath not risen a greater than John the Baptist.' The other was the memorable 'He must increase, but I must decrease.' Then on Friday June 29 the long journey to Strathpeffer. The day before we went, I had been cheered by a letter from a delightful old clergyman, a Canon of an English Cathedral, in which he stated that he had given away twenty-five copies of *To Meet the Day*. I would that many might do the like. Everything about that long journey comes back now. The Carse of Gowrie was bright green. The wait at Perth: the *coupée* kept for us two: the long run to Inverness through summer glory, in the tremendous train. The steady

losing of time, till at Grantown we were exactly two hours late. Nobody seemed to care. Then on to Dingwall through a blaze of yellow broom. Strathpeffer as before : but we knew the way now. Finally, the Spa Hotel with its kindly rulers at 9.30 P.M. Just 14 hours from St. Andrews. And our meal by bright daylight in a bay-window which caught the sunset, a good deal after 10 P.M. It seemed as yesterday since we left that home-like house.

For some days, the heat and glare were terrible. We had the five Sundays, as the year before. The first, July 1, was magnificent. The mountains were glorious beyond words : the air was sweet with clover. The services were very cheering to some. The people at our table were specially pleasant : we were soon as old friends. One thinks better of humanity, for such experience.

When my wife and I took long drives, and I long walks, the year before, the grand Loch Maree was a mystery as we looked to the west. We knew it from pictures : and we were aware that many place it the very first among the lakes of Scotland. Now it was to be known. On Monday morning we arose early, and drove away to Auchterneed station, a lonely place high among the hills. Everything was new. I had a pleasant talk with a most intelligent station-master. One felt, as often before, that every Highlander is a gentleman. The Gaelic accent sounds refined : also the soft low voice. Away, by railway, through miraculous beauty. Under the great rocky spurs of Ben Wyvis, the sides of the line gleamed with masses of roses, red, white, yellow ; and with golden broom.

On that grand morning, it seemed as though this world would do for Paradise, were but evil away. Wonderfully rich woods at first : grand lakes and streams : then bleak hills. Here is Achnasheen, where we stop. After a long wait in blazing sunshine, away in a huge mail car drawn by three powerful horses. Along Loch Rosque, never heard of before: and by several beautiful but lonely dwellings. But the day soon darkened, and awful thunder-rain fell : it was tropical. The road, in parts, made one shudder. There is no need for the Scot to go to Mont Blanc that he may break his neck. At a terrible turn of the road, we had the first look of Loch Maree : I recognised the picture I had seen as a boy. It is an enchanted scene. Kinloch-Ewe : huge precipitous hills in front : here is Ru Nohar pier, and a little steamer. Here we launch, for the first time, on that magnificent lake. You cannot compare it with Loch Lomond, the two are so unlike : but I bracket them equal. And the loneliness here is solemn. Loch Lomond is within easy reach of huge Glasgow. I say, God be thanked. Some folk talk nonsense about noble scenery being vulgarised by the presence of their fellow-creatures, behave they ever so decorously. Such folk ought to be slave-owners, or French nobles before the Revolution : if, indeed, they are not merely snobs. Through the islands : till at length a pier at the west end of Loch Maree. Here was our genial host, Mr. Dixon of Inveran. And strange to see with him, in the unfamiliar place, the familiar presence of the good Baillie, left the other day at Farnham Castle. A boat conveyed us to the house : beautifully placed where

the river Ewe runs out of the lake on its short way to the sea. Here, one who has seen little of this world could but look round on water and mountain ; and say, in a dazed fashion, That is Loch Maree.

The next day was quiet and beautiful. We walked about the fine avenue and garden : not without a thought of what all this must needs be in the wild winter. In the afternoon I drove away with our host, along the river to the wild little village of Poolewe, where the river enters the sea. The expanse of water, no more than brackish, is Loch Ewe. Along its south shore to a lonely school, where was a crowd of children gathered from the country round. A first-rate man was the teacher : and a bright clever girl who assisted him, strange to say, bore the familiar name of Margaret Boyd. Of course, in the little time there, we became friends. Wednesday was showery and cold. Our host was the public-spirited man of that region. That morning, again we drove away. The only road took us to Poolewe again. But now we turned to the North, and drove through a wild tract along Loch Ewe. Looking down on it, one recognised ‘the dim shieling on the misty island’ : there they were, exactly. On, eleven miles, to another sea-loch, Loch Gruinard. Here a pier was being built, which had to be inspected. This abides the farthest north point which I have ever reached. The view was wild and grand. We came home in drenching rain : on that coast such must be looked for.

Thursday July 5 was disappointing. My wife, who had not been equal to these drives, had looked forward to the

marvellous drive to Gairloch, appointed for this day. Everything had been arranged to suit her. But drenching rain fell from morning to night. No one got out of doors, save for a little turn in the avenue before dinner. On Friday we had to go. A weary old person needs the Saturday rest, with Sunday duty in view. And at Strath-peffer we had morning and evening service. It was a grand day, and the hills were magnificent. In our boat to Tolly Pier: thence away in our little steamer, all the length of Loch Maree. So we parted from it. Coming back by the way we went, we were at our door in seven hours from the Pier where we left our friends. But a terrible mass of letters was waiting. And in such there is sure to be something that vexes. Yet, in a day of trouble, sometimes there is a blink of cheer. It proved so, on that Saturday. The record written at the time reminds that even before the blow fell which was the worst I can ever know, trouble was heavy enough. That Saturday afternoon, the air fragrant, I walked, as many times, between rich hedges to where the Strath opened in glory, with its strange rounded hills: and looked towards Loch Maree, a mystery no longer: hoping to be 'Helped by Nature.' But that help did not come, to-day. When one is morbidly sensitive, sad things come too. Tulloch used to tell me that, when he was in a black mood ('blackness of darkness' was the word), everything he read suggested what made the darkness deeper. That day, the papers reported, at needful length, the details of a lamentable case in which the persons implicated were known to me. The miserable

story came down as a heavy blow. Sunday ought to have cheered : for the church was very full and the silent attention startling. But in fact it did not. The sermons were two of my very best. I came to know, afterwards, that they had helped others. They did not help me.

Each morning, early, the piper of the establishment was heard in the distance, approaching : and in a little the piercing sound went round and round the house, effectually waking all sleepers. At 7 A.M. the handsome omnibus was at the door, to carry all comers down to drink the awful water, and to undergo various baths. You might go up and down as often as you pleased, each day, paying nothing. Everything looked thriving. The horses were plump, and handsome. The driver was as intelligent and obliging a man as you could easily see. One pleasant feature of that great hotel was that you were waited on at table by bright pretty young women, so neat and trim in dress that it was a pleasure to look at them. They were all girls of the surrounding country : patterns of good behaviour : and the gentle refined Celtic voice was always there. A pleasant contrast, indeed, to the repellent waiters, in incredibly shabby dress suits, and unable to speak or to understand the English tongue, who are too frequently found. The medicinal waters, of diver kinds, were strongly impregnated with sulphur : one spring yielding a beverage which, when presented to the unhappy drinker, was quite black : abhorrent to see. There is a spring which yields water so terrible in power, that it is not given to any one who does not present a doctor's prescription, ordering it.

This year, as the last, I had to make the long journey to Edinburgh: but now on a pleasanter errand. On Wednesday July 11 I had the great privilege of preaching at the consecration of the vast St. Cuthbert's Church in Edinburgh. I have already told the story of that memorable day.¹ It was, in fact, a more memorable day in my little history than I knew at the time. For when, being as well as one of my years could be, I was helped to make myself heard by more than three thousand people, and to give my discourse as heartily as ever in my life, I little thought that I was preaching in familiar Edinburgh for the last time. It was a pleasant ending of ministrations without number there.²

The dancing of evenings in the Recreation-Room at the Hotel was nothing like so good as last year. The music was not so bright: and the lively Barn Dance was hardly represented. One's chief interest was to sit and look at a miraculous slope of blazing green outside the windows. I suppose it looks gloomy enough in the winter-time. But few will see it in those dark days.

Early on Monday July 16, a carriage drawn by four cheerful horses appeared at the door: such a carriage as would not be found save in the Highlands. It was a handsome boat, ready for use: fully equipped with oars and all other things needful. Coming to a lake or river, the boat was quickly taken from the wheels, and launched. It had not to be launched on that beautiful day. But it

¹ *St. Andrews and Elsewhere*: pp. 17-31.

² The sermon is given in *Occasional and Immemorial Days*: pp. 37-50.

conveyed a party of fourteen, by Dingwall and Beauly, up Strathglass ; unknown even by name to certain there, but found to present some of the grandest scenery in Scotland. A wonderful river ran down the Pass, with bits here and there never surpassed. Strange, how the memory recalls odd little incidents even amid that glory. Something was said of the singular custom of some folk in a vast western city, of leaving out the letter T, even in cases where the omission makes the word more difficult to pronounce. Such is the case of making mention of ‘going down the Wa’er’: try to say *Water* leaving out the consonant in question. Also of paying a visit somewhere ‘from Sa-urday to Monday.’ A bright young lady who was of that party, soon to be scattered far, conveyed to us that she had recently been breakfasting, in the midst of a huge gathering, in a famous steam-ship : and heard one youth say to another, ‘Do you mean to say you don’t like bu’er?’ It appears as though it would be a far-less effort to say *butter*, than to produce that singular sound.

Wednesday July 18 was quite a memorable day at Strathpeffer. The Duchess of Portland came to open a Bazaar on behalf of the church. Her presence attracted a crowd : and she did the little duty as gracefully as it could have been done. Having done it, she went to each stall, and bought with the liberality which was becoming. No one could have been more frank and pleasant. But she evinced an alarm at any skittishness on the part of horses which was surprising. We were driving up after the ceremony to have luncheon at the hotel. Its kindly owner,

in consideration of the circumstances, had not merely sent a carriage quite worthy of ducal rank, but turned out a really splendid pair of horses. Just as the Duchess was relating how 'we' had won the Derby two successive years, and even that year though beaten in the Derby had won the Oaks, the horses began to caper about rather wildly : when in a moment the good lady opened her door, and sprang out with youthful agility, into the middle of a muddy road, which befitted not her stately array. Certainly her shoes were not made for that kind of thing. But she walked a considerable distance along that wet ground : and not till she had gone in to see the church would she again enter that handsome equipage. A little party of eight met her that day. Finally the horses conveyed her, briskly yet quietly, to the railway station ; and she departed to Lord Lovat's castle a few miles off, having made herself specially popular. I was amused by the number of good men who asked me to introduce them : some of whom had not the faintest claim to it. But I have acquired the power of saying No. And there are few things I detest more heartily than when a pusher tries to force himself upon a person of rank. The person of rank is always politeness itself: that is part of the training. But such a one has afterwards conveyed the real feeling with a frankness which left nothing to be desired.

When I went down to evening service on Sunday July 22, I passed through the church (as I always do if possible), and found in it a Cheshire parson, who introduced himself. He made sure of a welcome when he stated

that he had received orders in the Chapel of Farnham Castle. It was curious how many Anglican clergymen appeared at Strathpeffer in that July who had been ordained in that solemn little place of prayer. They all knew my tie to it. None of them were young. In later years orders have always been conferred by the Bishops of Winchester in the presence of a large congregation : surely a fit thing.

On Monday July 23, the boat-carriage with its four horses again appeared, and we drove fourteen miles to Strathconon. We passed through magnificent scenery, of the most varied character. A lovelier place than the strath itself, shut in by wooded hills, you will hardly find. But it is very remote ; and even too quiet. I felt much interest in it through the fact that in this lonely and inaccessible spot, one of our Scottish ministers began his ministry, who for many years has filled a place as conspicuous as the Kirk possesses, and filled it just as well as man could fill it. Dr. Lees of St. Giles' at Edinburgh was here for several years. It is impossible to imagine a spot more out of the way of preferment to one of our most important positions. And one wonders that a man's gift of holding a great congregation did not wither here. Another Edinburgh minister who held as high a place as any began his work in the awful desolation of Rannoch. It is impossible to say how a man is to get on. Notably is this so in the Church of England, with its great prizes. Often, at Farnham Castle, have I gazed on a picture of the first School-Board for London. Inconspicuous in remote back places you may see some who rose to the summit. Ex-

tremely conspicuous in central dignity you may behold those who never came to anything at all. What some call Providence, and many call Chance, keeps the disposal of things in its own hand. I have learned, too, that it is not a hopeful thing towards attaining great place, that a man's eminence should be such that the general voice declares on every vacancy that he must be the man. Those who have the disposal of these places are not unfrequently swayed by very petty, contemptible, and even spiteful motives. There is a tendency to say, 'We shall not have this man thrust down our throats.' It appears as though their freedom of choice were interfered with. And a stupid patron takes pleasure in keeping back a man much superior to himself. Every one knows how Cardinal Newman was held back from honour by a stupid old Pope. It would be pleasant to point out striking instances. It would likewise be extremely easy. But where the disposer of distinctions is still living, it is conceivable that it might give offence.

July 29 was our last Sunday : the ten services had been made out. One was thankful. All of them had been pleasant. On the morning of Tuesday July 31 we came away : very sorrowfully, although we knew not that we were never to be back. But we resolved never again to travel in the Highlands at the meeting of two months. And the miserable disorganisation of Perth station at such a time must be seen to be understood. The staff of porters was sadly deficient. Not one could be had, even by liberal bribery. One or two men set in authority were quite the stupidest human beings I have ever seen. The train, of

course, was much too late. And when my wife had painfully struggled over a bridge to the Dundee train, carrying a weight for which she was quite unequal, my hands much more than full too, it was to see the train move off. I trust I may never see that deplorable station nor its bemuddled servants in this world again. I have often found it very miserable to pass through it at this season. But though we had expected worry, it was much worse than we had feared. I do not venture to say that the Perth authorities desire to make their patrons ferocious : I know not what motives may sway human breasts. But I say with confidence that if they desired to infuriate the unhappy souls who go through that draughty and perplexing shed they could do no more.

The Sundays of St. Andrews in August and September were most uplifting. But I must not say more. On August 17 I began to write the new chapters which were needful for a volume which, after various titles had been thought of, was published as *St. Andrews and Elsewhere : Glimpses of Some Gone and of Things Left*. This book consisted mainly of essays already published : great part of it had been written before the *Twenty-Five Years* were begun. But the three first chapters were new, and the conclusion : 108 pages out of 384. I shall have more to say of it hereafter. Among many interesting people who made themselves known in those two months of visitors, one is remembered distinctly : Mr. Dwight, brother of the President of famous Yale College in the United States, grandson of Dr. Dwight of the Theology, which I possess in

five large volumes : and great grandson of Jonathan Edwards. I remember Norman Macleod saying, in a grand speech in the City Hall of Glasgow when I was a youth, that Jonathan Edwards was the greatest man ever born in America. I do not think the great Norman would have said so in the latter years. For myself, I had read, with the keenest possible repulsion, his *Freedom of the Will*. I think I should have become an Atheist, rather than a professed Christian of Jonathan's peculiar type. And as for genius, it is impossible for me to express how high I should place Nathaniel Hawthorne above that repulsive and abhorrent Calvinist.

It was curious to read in a London newspaper on the evening of Saturday September 15 that when I preached to a conspicuous person (named), I took pains to accommodate what I said to the peculiar likings of the person in question ; and that accordingly I became 'a special favourite.' Likewise that my manuscript sermons were marked in the margin, 'Sigh here,' 'Cry here.' The writer had plainly not heard of a not quite forgotten work, called *The Spectator*, in which that statement as to marginal notes may be found. And every other statement in that singular paragraph is exactly as true as this last peculiar falsehood.

Wednesday September 26 was the great Golf Day here. Falling in that equinoctial season, it is generally dark and stormy. But this was a day of grand sunshine : the grass of the Links wonderful to see. Mr. Fairlie, the departing Captain, was in the chair at the beginning of the great dinner-party in the Club that evening. Then, at the proper

moment, he yielded his place to the new Captain, Mr. Arthur Balfour, now leader in the House of Commons. Mr. Balfour had been Lord Rector of the University, some time before. What has struck me, each time I have seen that distinguished man, is the curious conventional fashion in which he is caricatured. There is a certain resemblance, indeed, in the portraits given. But they could hardly be farther from the fact. And instead of the weak, sentimental face of the caricatures, you find a manly, strong, and most interesting aspect. No one, not a very special fool, would think of taking any presumptuous liberty with the wearer of that face. There is another instance of the like misrepresentation, in a man otherwise very unlike Mr. Balfour. Every one knows the beautiful lady-like face which the engravings give to the awful Claverhouse. I have often looked intently at the portrait by Sir Peter Lely which all these pretend to represent. Of course, the face is beautiful: it was not without reason that the designation is always 'bonny Dundee.' But it is a determined and most manly face. You see there one not to be trifled with. I grew up as a boy in the covenanting west: I have often stood by Richard Cameron's grave on Ayr's Moss. And when I had a beautiful country parish for five short years, it was hallowed by the memories and the tombs of the martyrs. Everywhere the name of Graham was as the name of the very devil. But the face was never forgotten. You remember in the finest of all ghost stories, in *Redgauntlet*, how Sir Walter makes Wandering Willy, finding Claverhouse with the brutal Grierson and Dalyell

in their proper place, still speak of ‘Claverhouse, beautiful as when he lived.’ Mr. Arthur Balfour’s face is, to me, just as touching and interesting as that of bonny Dundee himself. And though no living mortal can love the Church of England better than I do, still one’s heart flies to one’s head, thinking of Galloway and of Ayrshire: and I am, under that glamour, as true-blue a Presbyterian as you will find anywhere. It is not that I care in the very least for Presbytery in itself. But when a contemptible liar and profligate like Charles II, or a stony-hearted blockhead like his brutal brother, tries to force any ecclesiastical system whatsoever on a grave reclaiming nation, I am at one with the keenest Hill-folk against that. If the story of the killing time were fairly put before the very highest advocate of Episcopacy, he would be the same: if he were a man at all. But I fear that only a Scotsman, and a west-country man, can quite understand Louis Stevenson:

Be it granted me to behold you again in dying,
Hills of home! and to hear again the call:
Hear about the graves of the martyrs the pee-wees crying,
And hear no more at all.

On Sunday October 7, 1894, I was at the Communion in the West Church of St. Nicholas at Aberdeen. It was the tenth successive October I had assisted Dr. Mitford Mitchell on such an occasion. English folk hardly take in what a tie a Scotsman feels to a church where he has long ministered in that way. It is a beautiful church, and a hearty congregation. The communicants who received on that day numbered 1260. One could preach to that con-

gregation as if it had been one's own. It was pleasant to walk down, alone, to evening service, and to see the current setting towards the church, a mile away. One knows the purpose-like walk of people hastening, long before the hour of worship, towards a church where it is doubtful if they will get in. Dr. Mitford Mitchell read prayers : Professor Kennedy of the Hebrew Chair the Lessons. There is an eagle lectern here, which many Scottish people call 'The Hen.' I have known an anti-papery lecturer say that it is treating God's word with disrespect, when the Lessons are read in this fashion. I really cannot see why. But there are souls which will see wrong in anything : honestly enough too. I came away from Aberdeen feeling that the fatigue of such duty was too much now : for I always preached both on Saturday and Sunday evening, besides assisting at Holy Communion. And I put on record that I should return no more. I did not know that when the next October came, neither I nor the good friend I had been with so long, could have been in that church had it been to save our lives. Time is on the side of such as desire change. It was a further sign when, on October 12, I was gazetted out of my Volunteer Chaplaincy, having served for twenty-nine years, and being superannuated. I was sixty-eight : and still fairly equal to the duty of the considerable parish of St. Andrews. But I was esteemed, by the authorities, as no longer equal to preaching one sermon yearly to my kindly corps.

In the early morning of Saturday October 20, 1894, Mr. Froude died. Here, it was a very dark and stormy

day, with drenching rain. It may have been quite different in his native Devon. He was laid to his long rest on Thursday October 25, amid the wonderful October sunshine of a beautiful St. Luke's summer. That day I sketched something to say of him, in the conclusion of the volume which has been named. It was to have been dedicated to him. He was very weak, and near the close ; but he was told of this, and it was 'a great pleasure to him.' I could not write about him then, unless in grave fashion : I cannot write of him yet, in any lighter way. His departure was taking a great interest out of my life : and it touched deeply to read, in a much-valued letter from his daughter, 'I know you were among his oldest and dearest friends.' He had friends of far higher worldly standing : but there were two at least in Scotland who held him in as warm affection as he was held by any, beyond his very nearest kin. The book came out, inscribed to his memory : 'in token of the warm and constant friendship of thirty-five years.'

I have written so much about Mr. Froude's visits to St. Andrews in the volumes bearing on this place, and indeed in many others, that I feel as though I had said all that it is fit that I should say. I could indeed add a vast deal more, samples of his charming talk and his out-spoken letters. But the talk would never have been addressed to me, in quiet walks together, and sitting on either side of his bedroom fire when all the house was still, where I had gone up with him to see him to his rest, but for his assurance that no mortal should ever hear it

save myself. As for his letters, something has been said and more remains to say. I have letters which are practically 'short studies on great subjects,' and which might be printed anywhere. And others which tell so much of his history, and give such intimate glimpses into his nature and his beliefs, that sacred is the only word for them. Never was man more outspoken to those whom he could trust, to those who loved him. There was something of the woman in that sweet and noble nature. He liked to lean on somebody. Earlier, it was on Newman, far from being a Cardinal then : and from Newman he broke quite away. Like other men, he thought that Newman was by conviction an Atheist. The practical upshot of the *Grammar of Assent* is that if you allow yourself to think, it is there you will have to go. Wherefore, by an effort of will, the Cardinal went where he was forbidden to think. And Newman thought that by an effort of will you could believe what you saw was not true : to some, the greatest impossibility. In the latter years, it was to some of his friends a pathetic thing to mark how he leant on Carlyle. The resultant of all Carlyle's teaching which is valuable as teaching, was Froude's often-repeated counsel to a friend who was a preacher, 'Stick to the granite : to what you are perfectly sure of. And that is, that there is an awful difference between right and wrong ; and that you ought to do right and not to do wrong.' Doubtless that is the granite of the spiritual order. It is the foundation of the Sermon on the Mount. Our Redeemer took that for granted.

What I desire to recall is his first visit to Scotland, in the early days of March 1863. He was with us just a week ; but it seems much longer. My earliest remembrance of him was while I was staying with John Parker, in May 1860. His portrait hung in Parker's library : a thin worn face. And Parker said, so long ago, that Froude had so worn his eyes in writing the first volumes of his History, that it was unlikely he would write much more. So people make mistakes. Many were aggrieved by the new view of Henry VIII ; but Parker said of a man of the highest standing, 'He swears by Anthony.' Thus was Froude named by his friends in those days. Then, when I had come home to Edinburgh, the sentence often occurred in Parker's letters, 'I like Froude so much.' Froude nursed him in his last illness, with kindness quite beyond words. My first letter from Froude was in answer to one to Parker : it said that Parker was much worse than I had any idea of. And indeed only two days remained.

On the morning of Wednesday March 4, 1863, I first saw Froude. He travelled all night from London ; and the journey to Edinburgh was much longer then. There was no running at seventy miles an hour, with just three stops in the four hundred miles. He arrived at our house, 78 Great King Street, at 8.40 A.M. The first record of that time says 'Very refined and frank.' He never was other than very frank to me. That morning, at breakfast, I hear him yet, saying that he supposed a very marked Scottish peculiarity was in the observance of the Sunday.

Then, looking round the room, he said that in London you would not have had so large a dining-room unless in Belgrave Square. We went away out, in fine sunshine, for Froude's first view of Edinburgh. Through Moray Place to the Dean Bridge. It was looking over that lofty viaduct, down the Water of Leith, that he said Edinburgh reminded him of Toledo. We began soon to talk of his History. I hear the words now, 'I had to do something, and I might as well write history as write a novel.' Then to the west end of Princes Street, and through the gardens up to the Castle. I had been anxious that Froude should see the beautiful city to the best advantage. And the enthusiasm of one who had seen so much of the world was delightful. There was nothing of the cynic here. The view from the Castle struck Froude as it strikes all visitors. I see him standing beside the great gun, and saying 'Mons Meg, her pellet.' To the Parliament House, where divers eminent men were delighted to make his acquaintance. I see the thoughtful refined face of Mr. Cosmo Innes looking at him intently, as they met for the first time. To the spot, easily identified, where stood the Kirk of Field: down the Canongate to Holyrood, where every bit linked with poor Queen Mary's memory was eagerly scanned. That afternoon my brother drove us round the Queen's Drive. In the evening, a few men came to dine with him. I remember, specially, Skelton, just as clever as now, though not so renowned: Dr. Robert Lee, and Professor Fraser of the Logic Chair. Froude had a good deal of talk with Lee. His word, when Lee

had gone, was 'I see your best men are exactly like our best men.' Next day was one of lovely summer weather. We went early over to the University, where Lee showed the Library. There is nothing I remember more vividly than a long walk that afternoon through Trinity to New-haven, and then along the shore to Leith. I hear Froude's voice saying, in the fading light, 'Strange, to think Queen Mary must have gone along this way.' Though he liked her not, an extraordinary interest invested her. Quite near the end, writing to me of some one who had died, Froude said 'He knows now whether it is true about the Queen.' There was only one Queen to be written about in that way. And when we got home, having come up by railway from Leith to Scotland Street, we found an application that he should sit for his photograph. Thirty-two dozen copies had been ordered for Leeds alone.

On Friday morning, early to the Castle; and in the afternoon Froude went alone to Holyrood, and examined everything carefully which bore on his History. He had finished the volume which tells of the wretched Darnley's end, before seeing the scene. But he said he would not have to alter more than two or three sentences. In the evening we went to a large party at Deanbank House. I hear our kindly host, Mr. Rose, saying with a bright look from which you would not have guessed it, 'I cannot see you, for unfortunately I am blind.' Then home: and we sat up together till two in the morning. I vividly recall Froude saying, with a wistful look, 'I am surprised to find

that you are so essentially a parson : somehow I had not expected it.' The next morning, Professor Blackie invited himself to breakfast, to our great delight. The lively Professor of those days was at his very liveliest. Froude was quite astonished. I think it was the only time I ever saw him somewhat freeze up. The extraordinary vivacity went beyond his sympathy. That evening we dined with Skelton. There was a party of men specially interested in meeting Froude. I remember Lord Neaves, John Brown of *Rab and his Friends*, John Blackwood and Professor Aytoun. Froude did not talk so much in such circumstances as when with one or two. On Sunday, he was most exemplary. He went to church morning and afternoon : never having been in a Scotch Kirk before. 'It is the queerest service I ever saw : No common prayer at all.' When next he 'heard me' (as we say) in the parish-church of St. Andrews, he liked our order better. Seeing Froude at considerable intervals of time, I was much impressed by the way in which his views changed, and that in regard to the gravest matters. I could give extremely striking instances : but I will not. But I may say that the two things which, to such as this writer, are the vital foundation of all belief, are the doctrines of a Personal God and a Future Life. And I may add that, as time went on, Froude drew ever nearer to the orthodox faith. At St. Andrews he said that he approved the Scottish way which makes the sermon so outstanding. The sermon was reality : it was a human being saying to his fellows, 'Here is something which I have found out, and believe : what

do you think of it?' And yet he added, that as you ask God's blessing before beginning your sermon, and hope to get it, a sermon is not quite to be sat in judgment on like a newspaper article or an ordinary speech. As for worship, the frequent statement was that it tended (unless carefully watched) first to Idolatry and next to Sorcery. One sees the grain of truth here. The discourse at St. Bernard's that Sunday morning was on Samson : Froude approved it. He did not care so much for the sermon in the afternoon, when we had still the crowded congregation : it was more like the regular thing : and he could not accept some of its doctrine. But the great mass of people, tightly packed, impressed him : and the good and hearty singing : though there was yet no organ, in a church which has had one now for many years.

I need not follow the little story of each day. There were pleasant little dinner-parties in the evenings : one was with Mr. Cosmo Innes. Then during the day, long walks in typical regions like the Cowgate. Much time was given to Holyrood, day after day. Finally, he and I sat up till 2 A.M. One day he went down to Dalkeith, where the Duke's chaplain had been curate to Froude's father. One afternoon comes back vividly. We were high on the Calton Hill, looking down on Holyrood : when of a sudden he said, 'Mary was not an unsophisticated girl at all : she was a crafty experienced woman.' Tuesday in Froude's second week in Edinburgh was the day of the wedding of the Prince and Princess of Wales. Edinburgh, grandly illuminated, was a wonderful and memorable sight : 'the finest

sight in Europe this evening,' was the judgment. It was pleasant, coming down in the morning, to find the great man on his knees, delighting the children by piling up their bricks of wood to a height as yet unattained. Last night I chanced upon a letter of Froude's going back, years after, upon that old time.

' However it be, nevertheless, there are somethings which can attach to ourselves which are really precious : and the most precious of them all, an old and tried friend. How well I remember that night at Edinburgh, and how jolly your boy was when he was riding about on our shoulders. Times are changed with both of us. I have the advantage or disadvantage of you by eight years. The great alteration which I find in myself is the disappearance of *Hope*. I don't mean as regards another life ; or that one has grown despondent : Not the least that. But simply that one has so short a future in this world that it is no longer worth while to think about it. Thus the personal element is taken out of every equation. And one looks at things without the twist from personal interest or emotion.

' So you see I comfort myself by trying to believe that I do grow a little wiser. Also one cares less for acquaintance, and more for the shrinking numbers of real friends, to whom, in this stiffened condition, one finds it impossible to make any more additions. Among the worthiest of these I like to account you : and so I hope you will count me, as I am sure you do. It will be a joy to see you whenever you come up. You ought to have been a Bishop yourself. The next best thing is to stay with one, and

shine in the reflected radiance. I must see more of you this time than you generally spare Your affectionate J. A. F.'

Many more things are in that one letter which I should wish to give here : but I am permitted only 'extracts.' I must not give a whole letter through. There is not one among them which would not make you think more highly of the writer of it. And Froude's style, rapidly writing a letter to an old friend (always with no punctuation whatever) is just as graceful and felicitous as in his most classic composition. Indeed he often said to me that he 'had no style at all.' All he desired to do was to make his meaning unmistakable. He likewise told me that no skill went to his writing a chapter of history. 'Arrange the documents in order that you are to give, or found upon ; and then you will find that the chapter has written itself.' And little sayings remain in memory. For though Froude was so dear a friend, and so absolutely without pretence that one was entirely at ease in a talk with him, one never forgot that here was a great man : and that any sentence which fell from him was to be taken in and remembered. I have told so very many of his sayings, and never one that he was not quite content to see recorded, that I have already made use of things I might well say here. But they must not be repeated : though the reader must search over pages which he will never see, if he would collect them. Very vividly comes back what he said repeatedly to me, a minister of the Kirk : ' Be thankful that you have no prizes.' He added that the view to such lowered terribly the sense

of right and wrong in very many of the Anglican clergy. Good Archbishop Tait would tell how, when he became Master of Rugby, an aged parson, who would give him the spiritual benefit of his long experience, said to him, 'You are a young man, Dr. Tait: take the advice of an old man: *Always have an eye to Preferment!*' The youthful Head-Master liked it not. The counsel might be understood in a very painful way. 'Hedge: dodge: conceal your real sentiments: work on the weaknesses of men (and women) set high: you never know what may help or hinder you.' Then again, seriously said: 'The position of a constitutional sovereign does not seem to me a position for a rational being.' I give the text: I do not expatriate: 'expatriate a little,' was what Chalmers used to say. Then again: 'I sent my first two volumes to the Duke of Drumsleekie: they contained something about his ancestry. He had not the small civility to acknowledge their receipt. No more Dukes!' And yet it was while walking in a lovely scene, many years after, with another Duke who had sought Froude, that the Duke (immensely rich through the favour of Henry VIII) said of a sudden, 'I know I have no right earthly to all this: It will all be reclaimed by the nation some day.' Froude and I agreed in thinking that it might cause confusion to reclaim lands stolen from the Church; but that, where the lands remained in the same family, an income-tax of fifty per cent. might still leave a man a hundred thousand a year of the national income for rendering no service whatsoever. Of a sudden, 'Doctor Dodger is a humbug.' And Froude went on, 'The other

day I dined where he was. On my entering, our host brought Dodger up, saying he was most anxious to meet me : specially with the view of asking information about a certain matter. I began at once to tell what I knew. But I speedily saw that Dodger was not listening to a word I said : he was watching the drawing-room door to see who was coming in. I cut short what I was saying, and turned away : to Dodger's visible relief.'

That evening brought a telegram from Mrs. Froude, who was staying at Maidenhead, summoning our guest away. She had been taken ill. To our extreme vexation, Froude left us on the Wednesday morning for London. It was most awkward. Skelton had a large party to meet him at dinner on the Thursday. We had a like party on the Friday. Both parties had to go on : Hamlet with the part of Hamlet omitted. Skelton's party went very well and brightly. In our case, the absence of Froude was specially annoying. For good Dean Ramsay, who for health's sake had not dined out all that winter, had made an effort, and came in the kindest way. 'I did not see Froude, but I have seen you,' were the charming man's words ; when I expressed my sorrow.

More than thirty-two years have passed since these things were : but they have come back as though they happened yesterday. I would I could tell far more of his wonderful talk. But he told me very much which would never have been said except under the seal of confession. I wish I had heard him preach. It was only 'a few times,' long before. Every one knows that his early beliefs were

at one time quite left behind. But now, he said he regarded himself as 'a liberal Broad-Churchman.' He told me he had no conscientious difficulty about resuming clerical duty. And what a preacher he would have been! I said to him that it would be an immense matter if he could publicly testify that he had seen through early difficulties, by going back to the profession he had left. A proposal had been made to him of a stall in a Cathedral. But I hear his words: 'I should not like to get a thousand a year for saying I had returned to reasonable Christianity.' Then I remember: 'Without accepting everything which is in the Articles, there is abundance to preach about.' For a time, I am sure he contemplated coming back. It was not to be. His likes and dislikes were keen. His friends know what a true and affectionate friend he was. And his dislike of Newman was strong. He thought Newman was sometimes swayed by very petty motives. Sometimes the Cardinal's doings were inexplicable: as when he set Froude, a youth, to write the Life of St. Neot. Froude disapproved, vehemently, the publication of his brother Hurrell's *Remains*. And though fond of Stanley, he declared that the lovable Dean could be 'very provoking.' He gave striking instances. And indeed we knew it was so. But there was no malice: only something like a schoolboy's love of mischief. Froude gave me, later, the grand edition of the *Directorium Anglicanum*. That was the kind of thing which made him angry. The handsome pages are covered with contemptuous annotations. 'Yes: and so years after you would have found crucifixes, and the

whole concern, in the churches in Yorkshire.' 'Did Christ wear vestments, or peddle about altars?' Speaking of the Church of England: 'Her doctrine: which of the two doctrines?' 'Aye: So Black means White, and Left Right.' Then, when it said there is *risk* if much water be mixed with the wine: 'Risk of what?' 'Why bow towards the altar, when we suppose God is not particularly there?' When mention is made of dying unbaptised: 'The mechanical theory of salvation.' Then, on being found worthy to obtain the grace of My blessing: 'Found worthy by means of the Conjurer's palm.'

Froude had indeed a dislike (curiously reminding of John Foster) of all ecclesiastical pomp of worship. Soon after I came to St. Andrews, I got designs for the restoration of the historic parish-church, and sent Froude a photograph of the proposed interior. But I met no sympathy: 'Oh, go on; and see what you will come to!' I cannot but give here a bit of a remarkable letter:

'All that I have felt myself in a Catholic Cathedral, in High Mass music, and the elevation of the Host. The personal tangible presence of God on the altar was the idea on which the Catholic ritual and constitution rose, and back to this all the sentiment connected with it inevitably tends and leads. Twenty years ago,¹ Puseyism was full of all those emotions. And the Puseyites have either gone to their proper home, or have stiffened into the hardest, stupidest, and most impracticable of pedants. Under the rolling organ of Toledo, amidst the relics of a thousand

¹ Written in 1864.

saints, the Priests with their banners and lighted tapers made beautiful by the sunlight streaming through the most glorious windows in the world, I could persuade myself for a moment that the old Church was one's true place, the only home of true piety and worship. And then, by the side of it, rose the Inquisition, and the infernal torture-chamber, and the stake, and all the Devilry. Your friend thinks she can take the good and leave the evil. She might as well try to take the tree without the shade. The idea of which the Cathedral was a part, was one, whole, and complete ; and the earth has done with it. Never let us be betrayed by sentiment into adopting forms or opinions which the intellect, in the highest consecration of its responsibilities to God for its conclusions, cannot close with as true,—true in all their parts. The service of God since the Reformation has meant the free service of the cultivated understanding, ever growing, expanding, enlarging on the earth, which is in a real sense man's present Home. The service of the middle ages was the service in which Heaven and Hell were the only realities. A man poised between them looked on earth as a brief and fugitive place of evil, where his highest work was prayer, and earthly interests and earthly knowledge alike vanity. Get rid of form and priestcraft by all means. But having cast out one devil, do not open your souls for the seven other devils of Jesuitism. Ever most truly yours, J. A. FROUDE.'

Then speaking of a church very dear to him :

' It has now fallen to an Idiot who has dressed twenty boys in surplices, and carries out the full service of the

Directorium Anglicanum. I am myself driven into Heathenism. I should really think it more rational and respectable to offer incense in a temple of Jupiter. . . . But I am grieved to miss the sight of you, associated as you are with so many charming recollections. Is it impossible for you to come to us for a few days? The Skeltons came, and liked it. I should feel like the man in Judges or Samuel who was assured all would be well with him, when he had a Levite in his house for a priest.'

Then a good word about 'your Bishop of Winchester. He might do some good if he dared. I like him better than I like most of his brethren. Happy you Scotch Presbyters if you did but know it!'

I am extremely pleased to be allowed to give some extracts from letters. The dear young lady who has authority here permits me to take what I think proper, having confidence in a friend who knew her father long before she did, and loved him as much as she can: loves, I mean, for Froude has not gone out with the last breath. Only the spirit of that just man has been made perfect: and if there was anything about him here which would have been better away (and I cannot remember any such thing), he is delivered from it now. It is far better with him than it ever was here: and he himself is far better if that could be. I am only to give two passages more. Because when Froude passed away from writing in letter-form what was virtually an essay (as you have read above), what he wrote to an old friend was both too intimate for general reading, and also too kind. He thought too well

of his friends. Much as I valued his favourable opinion, I should be ashamed to give here what he wrote, and that on many occasions. Not more than three human beings (including myself) ever saw what he wrote to me when I was made Moderator of the Kirk. I would that I deserved a tenth-part of what that kindly great man wrote: wrote many times. But I know in myself that I do not: and never did.

'MY DEAR BOYD,—I am glad to see your handwriting again. Yourself I had been conversing with over your paper in *Fraser*, and meditating how time had been affecting us both. Much that you say is true even of me. But I fear I am restless enough still, over things not moving to my mind. I don't live at peace as I should, and I don't suppose that I ever shall. . . . Carlyle is dying. He has still strength enough to be restless, so I do not expect the end immediately: but he cannot live beyond two or three weeks. I was in the North in October, looking over the places where he lived as a boy. I saw the spot in Ecclefechan churchyard where his father and mother are lying. Before long, unless something unforeseen prevents it, I shall stand again by the same grave, and shall see him lowered into it. The greatest man Scotland has produced since John Knox. That is my judgment of him. The family wish that the funeral when it comes may be absolutely private. Westminster Abbey will of course be offered, but he has peremptorily ordered that he shall be taken to the old place. . . . Martin and his wife talk of St. Andrews being moved to Dundee. St. Andrews will not be

itself without you and your church : so you must get some Aladdin's lamp to shift you both along with it. . . . Let me give you a sign of the times. A Reporter came to Carlyle's niece yesterday, to beg that he might be furnished with "Particulars of the deathbed !"

It was very like Froude to conclude the most sorrowful letter I ever got from him : 'But once more, Thank you. And pardon me for telling you so sad a story.' Indeed it was as sad as was ever told by man. And it made one think very seriously.

Also very like Froude to say, 'The other day I met Newman walking in the Park, attended-on by several. Every movement of the man made you feel you couldn't believe a word he said.' So completely were the early ties broken. And so strong was the moral disapproval of one whom he regarded as having done an evil work, in a not-quite-honest way.

We all know Newman never quite liked Froude.

CHAPTER XII

NOT SEEING HOW IT SHOULD GO WITH US

THE last two months of 1894 ran out fast, bringing many events of no more than parochial interest. On November 2 I went to see a good old woman on her birthday. That day she was a hundred years old. She was clear in mind but weak in body, and was in her bed. In the same room her daughter lay, as frail as the mother : she was eighty. I am sceptical about centenarians. But I looked sharply into this case, as into others. I was entirely convinced that the century had been reached. Registration was not well attended to in Scotland in the eighteenth century. But there was documentary evidence which would have satisfied any Judge and Jury. On Sunday November 4 we had our 'winter communion.' 1184 received : by a good deal the largest number at that season since I came here. I was not to be at the Communion here till that time twelve-months. And then feebly doing part of the accustomed duty, in a world wholly changed.

On Tuesday November 6 Principal Stewart of St. Mary's College gave his opening lecture, in the new Library Hall. A large number assembled to hear it. It was a touching thing, to see the highest place in our Divinity College

worthily filled by one who was no more than a specially-bright student in it when I came here: the first of many youths who have read the Lessons in church for me. The record of that day says 'Very admirable.' Whatever the new Principal does is sure to be so. And I noted, with pleasure, that without the least affectation, there was suitable dignity. Yet it was plainly the youth I used to know so well.

Friday the 9th brought a pleasant letter from one who had sent me many such :

Stratton, Micheldever Station : 7 Nov. 1894.

MY DEAREST BOYD,—I am here with Lord Northbrook for two days' visitation of parishes: and, much rubbish answered, sit down to answer you, as a reward of righteousness.

You would be surprised if I told you that I know some of your books better than you do. On Sunday evening, when slightly fatigued with Vol. 3 of Pusey's Life, I took up your St. Andrews: and soon my whole being quivered with an unspeakable but quiet delight. In some of your headings I fancy I see what has been already published: but perhaps you don't mind that. In fact, it may be a re-publication, which explains everything. 'Consequential about the legs' of course is not new. And I remember a very pathetic bit about Addington Churchyard, somewhere. It is like a sunset by Corot.

The Farnham Workhouse sermon was I think in the Church Magazine.

The volume ought to be very readable. Do you remember Simpkinson, Rector of Farnham? He is just bringing out what I hear is a first-rate Life of Laud.

I wondered if you would be at Froude's funeral. Of course it was an awful way to go. But I expect you to be at mine:—in the churchyard of Winchester Cathedral.

Most affectionately,

A. W.

On Tuesday November 20, Mr. Albert Dawson came to 'interview' me for the *Christian Commonwealth*. An intelligent pleasant man. He put many questions about church matters, all of which I answered quite frankly. We have nothing earthly to conceal, or to fence about. He lunched with us. Then I took him along South Street to the Cathedral and back by the Scores. It is a pleasure to show some of our ruins to such a man. So we parted.

On Monday November 26, the volume of which the Bishop of Winchester wrote so kindly, arrived. It was my thirtieth. Even after so many, the coming of a new book was an event in this house. When I came into my study in the morning, there, on the floor, beside my writing-table, was the little box from Longmans'. It contained but five copies: the rest had been sent to my few friends direct from the Publishers. The box was not opened till the forenoon. Then my wife came: and things were done solemnly. She got the first copy. It was the last book of mine she was to see.

I note now, looking back upon the pathetic little history,

what an immense number of pastoral visits I paid while my strength remained. Every day, there were three hours of such : often, a much longer time. Also, one was very weary after them. They were all among the sick and sorrowful. I was well aware that while I was thus wearing myself out, there were two or three dishonest malignants who diligently put it about that I never visited at all. I wonder if they were ashamed, in a little while. I fancy not. Let me say to my young brethren of the Church, Do not regard such. Do not wear yourselves by getting angry. Such creatures must needs be. Perhaps you did not ask them to dinner. Perhaps you did not call upon them, and listen to their spiteful tattle. Never do so. But it was pleasant, on December 13, when the best-beloved of Bishops sent me such a cheery kindly letter from the Prime Minister Lord Rosebery, who has been the kindest and most encouraging of friends to me, consenting heartily to the appointment of a new Suffragan : and adding that if he might judge from what I had written of Bishop Thorold's labours, he wondered that only one Suffragan was asked-for. The same day brought Dean Church's Life to review : and the uplifting news that our youngest lad, who had gone away to Calcutta in July 1890, leaving this house very empty, was to be in London at twelve that day, back for a while at home. He was to have a sorrowful time ; but to be an unspeakable help and comfort. I do not record the many kindly reviews of that last volume which came now, each day. Only I must name one, called 'Jocelin of Sin Tandrewce,' which appeared in the *Daily Chronicle*. I was told, in a little while, who wrote it. And

when I was told, I did not wonder that I had written above it, 'The prettiest notice yet.' Not nearly so many such appeared as of the *Twenty-Five Years*. Critics know when a volume is mainly made up of reprinted articles. Yet 88 came to this house. Two or three indicated a most virulent personal hatred of the writer. They were Scottish : and Dissenting. Yet I wondered how I had succeeded in rubbing any mortal so terribly against the grain.

Christmas-Eve was a great day in this house. We had service at St. Mary's on the evening of that day, and on Christmas-Day morning. It was the first time we ventured modestly to decorate the church. Possibly we might have done so earlier ; for no human being found fault. But it was better to be cautious. We have made considerable improvement in the worship of both our churches : and never have had to retrace a step. On that evening of Christmas-Eve, at eight o'clock, we had the nativity-music : likewise two carols and an anthem. The sermon was from 'Let us now go even unto Bethlehem' : and I think we did. But the train which leaves London at 10 A.M. reaches St. Andrews at 8.20 P.M. : and when I came home I found our two youngest lads, Harry from India and Charley from London. Harry was tall, and thin : but the same good boy who went away from us. Christmas-Day was Tuesday, and it came with a beautiful daffodil sky. According to the custom of the house, every one found many presents on the breakfast-table. The kindly reader will pardon my telling that the united family had put pretty red-tiled flower-

stands outside my study-windows : the abiding memorial of that last Christmas-Day together.

On the evening of Thursday December 27 was the 'Old Folks' Treat.' Three long tables ran parallel from end to end of the Town Hall, and were crowded. There was a pleasant innovation. In former years, the entertainment consisted of tea and cakes ; now, for the first time, there was lavish profusion of roast beef and plum pudding. Next evening was the treat of the Sunday School children. The large hall was crammed with children and lookers-on. The entertainment was quite wonderful : mainly rendered by the little folk themselves. Immense pains had been given to its preparation ; and it was a cheery success. But things are mingled in this world. Next morning, a specially amiable, patient and pretty girl of twenty, whom I had christened, and saw constantly through her last illness, went. Her great sorrow had been that her illness would keep her sister, a bright Sunday School teacher, away from the little folks' treat. I never found her but with the patient smile on her face, though she had much to suffer. Dinah was her name. When I went to-day to the house over sunshiny snow, I found she had left a kind message for me ; and had begged that I should read the service over her. I did so : in the solemn place where I have read it over so many young and old friends who had gone on before.

Tuesday January 1, 1895, was a day of intense frost. There was a magnificent yellow dawn. That morning I wrote, where it was never to be seen of any one but

myself, ‘Thankful Harry is with us. I have very much to be thankful for. Now, in my seventieth year, I see another New Year’s Day : all things fairly well.’ I did not know that it was to be an awful year : the worst I have ever seen. January 4 brought the most benignant of all possible letters from Bishop Thorold. Such never failed at every marked season. And another as kind in its own way from Mr. Gladstone, in the ex-premier’s own hand throughout : speaking in the most cheering way of the new volume. His successor in the great office had written in the most genial words, a good many days before. But no mortal is ever surprised at that, who has any acquaintance with Lord Rosebery. Who wrote to me in gentler sympathy in my black day, and since ? Not one : not Bishop Thorold himself. When I sometimes see malignant abuse poured out on the young Prime-Minister, by papers of the party to which I generally belong, I have wished that the deplorable writers did but know a very little of the man. Perhaps they might consider, too, What has this world to give him that he has not got already ?

When very great trouble is coming, you will generally find, looking back, that for a while, everything was going that way. With January of 1895, the cold began to be something killing ; and it went on for long. Houses, where the water-pipes had not been frozen for many years, suffered now. Sorrowful things occurred in the parish, very wear-ing. A fearful number of letters had to be written : there is nothing I detest more. I had to begin, resolutely, not to read long communications from strangers. A lonely lad,

dying, struggled home from China : God knows how. As soon as he reached the dwelling of his sisters, he lay down and never rose again. I read the service over him. There is one most horrible and needless burden laid on our parochial clergy : to wit, the filling up, yearly, of long and complicated Returns. I do not believe anybody ever reads them. I note that on January 17, being very weak and ill, and having finished my review of Dean Church, I set myself resolutely to the repulsive drudgery of making out these Church statistics. It is the only part of my duty here which I absolutely hate. There are one or two other things which I come near to hating. These are what may be called the secular parts of the work of the sacred office. Every meddling blockhead tries to move the General Assembly to order more returns. The sneaky and podgy style in which the questions are put, makes them more abhorrent. '*Kindly inform the Committee,*' and the like. There is no kindness in the heart of the recipients. I once received a request to give an estimate of the spiritual condition of the congregation. I could not sit in judgment on that. But I thought of the Elders : notably of seven very eminent Professors who were members of the Kirk-Session. The most eminent of all was Principal Tulloch. Was I to judge whether my dear friend was altogether such as a narrow creature of Low-Church proclivities would have declared he ought to be ? I trow not. I refused to '*kindly*' answer that Pharisaic question. I fear I answered it in a way which could not be esteemed as kind.

An interesting youth was here for some weeks at this

time, being instructed by my nephew the Cambridge graduate. The grandson of our Chancellor, the Duke of Argyll. He was very intelligent, and had a specially pleasant manner. Pupil and tutor dined with us one evening towards the end of January: the last, not being members of the family or my assistants, who have broken bread in this house. On the evening of Wednesday January 23, my wife and I dined out together for the last time. It was in the attractive new home of Professor Knight, which stands opposite the ruined castle where Cardinal Bethun lived and died. Assassination is not to be commended. But the godless Prince of the Church met exactly the end he deserved.

On the afternoon of Saturday January 26, in bitter frost, we had the last of many walks out the Links. And I noted that I had ministered in the parish on twenty-five of the last twenty-six Sundays: the twenty-sixth being a day of hard duty elsewhere. The last post that evening brought the proof of the review of Dean Church's Life. It was long. And it is noted that I feared it was dull. But I was cheered when I found it was not thought so.

Sunday January 27 was sunshiny, with intense frost. It was my bad Sunday: the one on which my services were morning and afternoon. Oftentimes had I recorded my resolution never to take an afternoon service again. For the morning service ended at 12.30. The afternoon service began at 2. For several years, I had struggled through it under a painful sense of exhaustion: which I got over by preaching quite extempore. I never got away from my

morning church till 12.45. And I had to be at my afternoon church at 1.45. When I was young, I delighted in afternoon services. These used to be the heartiest of all. There was nothing which so made one feel how years were telling. And there was not the uplifting of a great congregation. The services now are morning and evening. The afternoon congregation has failed : though in certain churches that service has to be maintained. The morning service on that Sunday was pleasant. I remember it vividly. In the afternoon a young licenciate took the prayers, and a divinity-student the lessons. But even the sermon was too much for me. I got through it heartily, by that perilous expedient : the congregation was not small, and it was very silent and sympathetic. I came home in a wonderful golden sunset. That was my last Sunday of duty here till July 7. The rest of the household sat in the drawing-room as usual after dinner. But I could bear no sound. My wife and I sat in my study that last evening. I read Dean Alford's Preface to the Gospels in his Greek Testament : and Archbishop Thomson's like Preface in the Speaker's Bible. I do not think I could read either again.

The next morning was most bitterly cold. After a long morning, I had a funeral in the afternoon, but without the service at the grave. I suppose I got a chill. That evening, it pleased God to strike me into the dust with great suffering. No one supposed I was to get better. But I was in my study and had a pen in my hand for the first time on Thursday March 14. The hand-writing was

barely legible. At 4.50 A.M. on that terrible day my wife died. She had watched over me through that crushing illness with a kindness and a quiet courage far above words. Then, when weakened by anxiety and sorrow, a slight chill turned to inflammation of the lungs ; and after two days of serious illness she left us. She never knew she was dying. I do not think she could have said farewell. She knew we could not do without her. And the thought that she was to go first had never entered my mind. She passed absolutely without suffering : in sleep. The wedding-ring which was taken off her warm hand, she would in another month have worn for forty-one years. And her birthday would have been three days before : on April 9 : the actual day of the Resurrection. She was twenty-two on that great day in 1854, and was married on April 12. But though she would have been sixty-three in less than another month, no one ever thought her an old woman. With that smooth unlined face, and hair hardly beginning to be grey, she did not look one. 'The face was of five-and-twenty,' were Bishop Thorold's words. And with the energetic, careful nature, with the busy hand which wrote so regularly the long letters to the members of the family far away, with the fresh interest in everything which befell, she had not grown old. I had carefully planned everything for my own laying to rest ; and for making things smooth to her when I was gone. Should the anxious morning come (and very many have come), it will be something to think, *Nothing can vex her now.* And how she bore things : keeping them from one who

never could bear them as she did. Aye, she lived and died for others, as Christ did Himself.

Nothing I could write can express what that time was. So it is best to be silent.

Three of our sons arrived in the morning, having travelled from London through the night. Our daughter arrived from Dublin in the afternoon. So of her six children five were round her grave ; and Granby Burke our son-in-law, as good as a son. I was still so weak that I could not be there : on that Tuesday March 19. Only our eldest son, at Calcutta, was absent. In the room where she was laid, the service of the Church of England was read by Bertie : only the household being present. That of Scotland was rendered in the most sympathetic way by my good colleague Dr. Anderson. And the service at the grave was solemnly read by Mr. Wallace Williamson of St. Cuthbert's at Edinburgh ; who had most kindly come over for that duty. No man in the Kirk could do it better. I would trust about six to do it as well : and no more.

Yet I cannot quite pass away from that time with these poor words. It is an awful thing to be really very ill : with lingering trouble. Great pain is a terrible fact. Still worse, the wandering of the bewildered mind. It is strange to have days quite taken out of one's life through unremembered delirium. It is worse, when consciousness returns, but the mind is beyond control. One forgets : and it is better. But one thing remains : the sense what an extraordinary blessing to suffering humanity are the trained Nurses of these latter days. Their knowledge is

equal to that of any ordinary doctor. Their skill, and patience, are above praise. I had two: one for the day and one for the night. Glimpses flash on one, suddenly, of great suffering: of burning in fever: of terrible experience how long time may look. I remember when a quarter of an hour seemed several hours: when a miserable night appeared a month. Each evening, my wife read the Psalms to me. It was a great step when a Sunday came on which we could have the entire service. When one got a little better, this life came back: when at the worst, everything had ceased to be: all one's past life and work. I spoke only to my wife: always near. Even she was frightened when one morning I asked, feebly, 'Who are you?' I can remember a time when I told her I had given up hold of everything: I had bidden everything farewell but only her; and I did not mind. After she left us, a friend sent a letter she had written at this time: 'it seemed ages since this trouble began.' But she always bore up before me: very like Bishop Thorold in some things: quietly heroic, and determined never to give up. She wandered a little near the end. Nearly her last words to me, that last afternoon, when not able to speak, were whispered: but expressed the brave spirit: 'It's bad to-night, but things will be better to-morrow.' And they were so for her, far better: but awfully worse for us whom she left behind. She never thought of herself: but that last evening she had got a little frightened. She asked the Nurse, 'Is it dangerous?' But she went on, 'I'll be very quiet, and keep warm, and it will go away.' She had

entreated me, when I desired to be released, to try to live for her for just a year or two : and I tried hard, only for her. The next time, I hope to go under quickly. If ever a kind, brave, unselfish saint went to Paradise, she is there.

Each day, Bertie read prayers, all of us gathered beside the white oak coffin, all surrounded and covered with beautiful crosses and wreaths of flowers. On the Sunday, Bertie celebrated Holy Communion there, the vernal sunshine streaming in.

It was Tuesday April 9, her birthday, before I was fit to be conveyed to her resting-place. That day three weeks she had been laid there. Harry and I, now left by ourselves, took two beautiful wreaths to lay on the hallowed turf · the only birthday gift now. A cross, laid over the narrow bed, is always filled with fresh flowers.

In due time, a beautiful Cross of grey granite was set at the head of the grave. It bears the name, and the days of birth and departure. Also the text of scripture, 'Until the day break, and the shadows flee away.'

CHAPTER XIII

TO FARNHAM CASTLE AND AYLESFORD VICARAGE

BISHOP THOROLD was an incomparably better man than I ever fancied myself. Yet when he, not long after he became a Bishop, passed through the like unutterable trial, he wrote me a long letter which I looked over a few days since, in which he said 'I am very, very unhappy.' It is much easier to convey the consolations of religion to others than to take them for yourself. The other day, I received a long and well-meant communication from an unknown friend, pointing out that as I was sure that she who left us was happy, it was wrong to be so beaten down. But I recalled wise words of that dearest friend, written long ago, 'To have one very dear to you in Paradise is not like having her with you continually here.' Also I remembered how, in my inexperienced youth, when in my first parish, I wondered at the abiding grief of a mother who had lost her little child. I fancied that comfort would be taken as in fact it cannot be for very long. 'Are you not quite content, when you think how much safer and happier your little girl is with Christ than she could ever have been with you?' I see the poor woman's face of wonder, plainly, over forty-three years : I hear her

words, ‘It’s just that I miss her out of my arms.’ She was right : if our Maker knew how to make us. And I was preposterously wrong.

Looking back over this brief memorial of the darkest time by far in an anxious life, I feel how miserably inadequate it is. Of course I do not desire to write here any record of the multitude of little things which come back : though indeed I could write here what I never said to any mortal but Bishop Thorold. That time of suffering, and of feeling that everything here was past and gone, and of entire oblivion of any work one had ever done : and infinitely more the taking away from this house the presence which made it a Home, and which one blindly thought had never been valued enough : cannot be told. And there are things which if we could tell, we would not. Through all that dreary time till the end of April, my chief support was to read daily the morning and evening service of the Church of England : lamenting bitterly that we have none such : and that every attempt made to supply the desolate want only makes one feel the more sorrowfully that it is not supplied. When a lad, my father told me that just on the afternoon on which he spoke, he had been called to visit a poor member of the congregation who had been cruelly burnt so that he soon died ; and found that an illiterate city missionary was there before him. And while the sufferer writhed in torture, the vulgar youth, instead of praying (through Christ) for relief or help, went on at great length to explain to God that we never ventured to pray unless in Christ’s Name : this over

and over. It is an awful thing that an uneducated block-head should be allowed to say to the Almighty (in your name) the first thing that enters into his empty head. Every National Church has in fact a Liturgy. To the worshipper, the prayer is ever a provided form. The whole question is, Whether the provided prayers shall be magnificently good, or vilely bad.

The Bishop wrote at once, very wisely as well as very sympathetically: and begged me to come to him as soon as I could be moved, and to stay for a long time. Equally kind was the Vicar of Aylesford. I could go to these two houses when I could have gone nowhere else. And I should never have gathered myself up, had I remained here. So on Thursday April 25, not knowing that exactly three months remained to the Bishop of Winchester, my son Harry and I went away. I had two or three times walked out a little way, but had never been three hundred yards from this house. So it was an undertaking. Till now, one had always sat by me, packing; and stood at my study windows to see me go. The railway authorities are more than kind. We had to rest on the way. We left Edinburgh by the Corridor Train at 2.30, and going through dismal rain and cold mist reached York at 7. Our rooms were ready in the Station Hotel: extremely handsome and comfortable. The windows of our bedroom looked on the great Minster. We lunched in the dining-car, soon after leaving Edinburgh: my first such experience. Everything was excellent. But it is less comfortable than you would expect: the movement of the carriage swings things about.

In the bedrooms, a touch makes them blaze with the electric light. Next morning, Harry went out to explore. As became his father's son, he went to service at the Minster. In the afternoon, we walked slowly away to Evensong: the first time I had been in church for three months. The congregation was not so large as I remember it: but the music was fine and the worship most reverent. A young priest intoned the service beautifully. Two nights of rest at York: then on Saturday morning to London. By the familiar 5.5 train to Farnham. Our two London lads met us at tidy King's Cross, and saw us off from shabby Waterloo. We got on very slowly: but the hedges and trees, still leafless in the North, were green and beautiful. It had been terribly dark and rainy coming from York: and everything was drenched in Surrey. At Farnham Station a note was given me from the thoughtful Bishop that he was to have met us; but the day was dreadful and he was asthmatic. That kind thoughtfulness was very like him. We were speedily housed at the Castle; and I saw the Bishop at once. I cannot speak of that time. The two girls were at home. Characteristically, the Bishop had the *Spectator* of that day ready to show me, with a specially sympathetic review. And there was a sorrowful cheer in going to evening chapel, where the Bishop, looking tired, read prayers.

The Sunday was restful. All the household went in the morning to the parish-church. I could not go: and there was a Confirmation at Guildford in the afternoon, with a drive of twelve miles to reach it. So at the hour of

prayer, the Bishop and I had service by ourselves in the Chapel. He wore a surplice, as on weekdays there : I sat in the Chaplain's stall. The worship was very solemn and touching. So we joined ourselves to all the congregations worshipping over the land. Great indeed are the privileges of the devout English Churchman. Then at 1.30 the Bishop departed to Guildford : and my boy and I walked in the grounds and the Park. He had never seen so nearly an Episcopal dwelling before, and was greatly delighted. When I had in a little to go in, the daughters of the house and he went for a long walk in the Park, to look for primroses. The sun shone brightly into my room in Bishop Fox's tower : and there I read what vividly brought back the past ; and felt quite resigned to the conviction that I should never preach again. After the drive of four-and-twenty miles, and the long service in a large church at Guildford, still the evening prayer in the Chapel faithfully gone through, though the Chaplain was absent.

Never was man more overworked than the Bishop all that week. He had six Confirmations : each on a separate day, each involving a long drive. On Monday morning he was off to London before nine o'clock : having a Confirmation on the way. Harry drove out in a little pony cart to Aldershot, to see his Cousin, quartered there. I wrote my letters, few compared with what had been. For the first time, there was no letter home. And I grieved to think that sometimes, when I had to write more than twenty, and the hand was weary, the daily letter home (so waited for) was cut too short. It was always the last to be written.

I read a little volume which the Bishop had given me. It was fairly good. But I noted a sentence : 'Only man's eternal destiny can justify his claim to freedom.' Which appeared grossly untrue and absurd. If we were appointed to go out at the end of this life, we should still have the right not to be slaves while the poor pilgrimage was going over. Then I read the Poems of Bishop Alexander of Derry. Some of them very fine. I thought of writing to thank him. But I was weak, and did not. Which I regret. Then I thought of writing to him (a stranger) when the great blow fell upon him. But it seemed presumptuous. I knew he would get letters of condolence beyond numbering. The Bishop got back before 8 P.M. And we had quiet talk in the evening : and Chapel. Dorothy had gone away at 6 to the Children's Hospital at Shadwell, where she was learning to be a Nurse. 'That she may be able to take care of me when I get into my second childhood' : her father had written to me. Strange, indeed, to see a girl like that going through the whole work, not lightened for her in any way ; and quite happy in being useful : though the beautiful Castle was left behind for a frowsy spot in East London. Sybil was very down at her sister's departure ; and went for all Tuesday to Winchester, to an Art School. There is parting everywhere.

On Tuesday morning the Bishop had his terrible pressure of correspondence, and in the afternoon a great gathering of clergy. Harry went away alone for a drive, early. When he came back, we sat out in sunshine greenness, and quiet, amid innumerable daisies. I was

very sorry to lose him : but he was to go for a little to his brother Frank in London, then to Aylesford, then to Dublin to Granby Burke and his sister. I saw him walk away at 1.40, quite cheery. His presence had been much to me. And he had seen me housed where I was at home. After dinner, the Bishop and I had a long talk. He was very frank : and quite saw that my time here could not be long. A year or two, we thought, at the outside. But the way before him was growing short indeed.

On Wednesday, May-day, he drove away by 8.30, till Friday evening : for Confirmations. In such a diocese, a Bishop no doubt is more than welcome in many pleasant houses : but he is not in his own home. He had written a little before, from a beautiful country-house, that he was to sleep in the twenty-second bed since he had seen his own house. That day was bitter cold and dark : 'like St. Andrews at its worst.' I read a great deal, in those days : the list of books is striking. Most of the new books of value were added continually to the fine library. I was able to sit out a good deal, in bright sunshine. About this time, the blossoms came in great beauty. On Friday evening, the Bishop came back : also Mr. Awdry, son-in-law of Bishop Moberly of Salisbury. He was to be Suffragan, with the title of Bishop of Southampton. Bishop Sumner, though ceasing to act as Suffragan, could not give up the title of Bishop of Guildford. Hence a new title had to be devised. The new Bishop was most pleasant and intelligent. Of course, a scholar and a gentleman, or Bishop Thorold would never have desig-

nated him for the place. I looked with much interest at his wife, remembering her father at Selsdon Park long ago. Bishop Awdry had been Second Master of Winchester College: the office once held by Bishop Wordsworth of St. Andrews. He told me a fact, not often paralleled. When he was married, he was one of a family of fifteen children, all living. And his wife was one of a family of fifteen children, all living. It was at a later time that he came to the Castle with his wife. Now he came alone: to discuss the question of his taking the office of Bishop. On the afternoon of Saturday May 4, Bishop Thorold had two Confirmations. He came back, very weary, to dinner. And now I found how anxious his household were about his excessive overwork. Knowing what I knew, it was strange to think of the absolute idleness of certain Prelates of a previous generation. Who was the Bishop who preached only once a year? He must have preached intolerably ill. But looking at his history, it was plain that he would have preached intolerably ill, though he had preached twice each Sunday.

Sunday May 5, the third after Easter, was dark and cold. As last Sunday, we two had service in the Chapel at 11 by ourselves. There was the regular service there at 8.45 in the morning. I could not bear to think that it was Communion Sunday at St. Andrews. It was very strange and sad to be absent. But I had come through so much, that this was only one thing more. It was a comfort to think that Dr. Mitford Mitchell of Aberdeen was there in my place. I did my little

best to help him, and all at St. Mary's that day. So, more worthily, did the Bishop. The same kind friend had been with me at my last Communion in that church : which was my wife's last in this world. That day, after Chapel service, and after the excessive labour of the previous week, the Bishop wrote the whole of a sermon to be preached before the University of Cambridge the next Sunday. He had thought of his subject before, but had written nothing. And he did not merely set down notes from which to preach extempore. The sermon, which was one of half an hour, was written out fully : so that after being preached it was printed from the manuscript. I saw it in manuscript, but I read it carefully twice over in proof. It was an admirable discourse. Not merely thoughtful, scholarly, and devout, but bright, lively, and most interesting. It bore no marks of haste. And it had a leisurely feeling. No mortal would have guessed it was the rapid work of an overdriven man ; pretty nearly worked-out. One or two Bishops have told me that they had to write their sermons in railway carriages. When I came to know the sermons, I was not surprised. If, like Samuel Wilberforce, a Bishop can give a charming sermon without any writing, it is well to aim at great variety. But a very few sermons may serve a Bishop for a year ; and they ought to be the best. People can quite well judge of a man's preaching, who are unequal to estimating his other qualifications. And good folk who firmly believe that a Bishop has superhuman powers, are jarred when they discern that it needs no miracle whatever to preach as

well as that. When I ventured to say this to the beloved Bishop of Winchester, he shook his head sorrowfully ; but admitted that I spoke truth. And it comes back, vividly, over thirty years, how a man, essentially a preacher, being raised to the Bench, said, sadly, ‘ But I can never preach to my own congregation any more.’ Preachers will understand. I am quite sure that was the very last sermon which Bishop Thorold wrote fully out. Commonly, he preached extempore : with a fluency that never failed : and holding himself well in hand, never becoming extravagant. The best of Chaplains, Evelyn Alexander, who had (in God’s mysterious decree) to go before, was quite pleased to record how just once, in the chapel at Selsdon Park in one evening, being tired and nervous, the Bishop flared up, and declared that if a woman became very bad, she was ‘ worse than a devil.’ When we ventured to recall this solitary instance of extravagance, he did but say, with the sweetest possible smile, ‘ Too bad to remember that.’ We, trained in a republican Church, can hardly rise to the awe with which devout English folk regard those far up in the hierarchy. I was amused, once. Archbishop Tait, standing in a beautiful churchyard, said, solemnly, ‘ Well, I think this is the most beautifully situated church in my Diocese.’ Half-a-dozen stood by, each well aware that the church was not in the Diocese of Canterbury. But not a soul spake a word. North of the Tweed, the Primate’s blunder would have been corrected on the instant. And the Archbishop had far too much good sense to have felt aggrieved. I

have indeed heard of one placed high, who, having made a very stupid blunder and been respectfully set right, never spoke to the Corrector any more. Which showed that the person set high was indeed a very small man. In fact, what Carlyle called 'a fool.'

The Bishop had five Confirmations this week, but was only one night away from Farnham. On Monday morning we learned that the saintly ex-Chancellor, Lord Selborne, was gone. Never did man rise to the highest place in a contentious vocation, keeping so spotless a record. Rundell Palmer never did a dishonest or a malignant thing. Both dishonesty and malignity have characterised divers who reached the woolsack : likewise ugliness and vulgarity. As for Prime Ministers, one remembers the great Duke's words : awful words to remember. Save only Sir Robert Peel, 'I never knew one of them that would not tell a lie whenever it suited him.' Let us trust that the Duke of Wellington was mistaken. Let us comfort ourselves by thinking he spoke long ago. One remembers the words of the poor ignorant peasant in Hampshire, dying, to the parson who told him of the Blessed Redeemer's sufferings and death : sad to say, a quite new story. 'Was that long ago?' 'Yes, very long ago.' 'Then' (with a sigh of relief) 'we'll hope it's not true.'

On Wednesday May 8 the Bishop went over and buried the devout lawyer. I should have gone with him, if I had been able. That day a fine hawthorn under the Keep was in glory. So too an apple-tree and a pear-tree under the terrace which looks upon the pretty town and the most

valuable of English hop-gardens. On Thursday May 9, two Confirmations. Friday, a busy day at home. It was bright and warm. In the afternoon the Bishop and I sat out together, both well-wrapped-up. We looked at the blossoming trees; and he pointed out the beautiful grouping of some elms in the Park. I did not want to be cheered. It seemed heartless. But he listened with unfailing patience to all I had to say. And he suggested things, both wisely and kindly. I was vexing myself with one particular thing about my great loss. I see him now take my hand, and look at me earnestly; and, speaking very slowly, put it so away that it never came back.

Saturday was blazing summer: and he went away to Cambridge to preach that sermon. It was a busy Sunday with him, but he managed to write a long letter. He had been pleased with the large and silent congregation. And he thoughtfully proposed that my Curate-son should come for two nights, and take me to Aylesford: not quite fit to go by myself. Then he said that he had a curious feeling that I should be getting to church that day: the first time save at York Minster. Singularly, I had done so. I could not go to church with the others. But later, I crept feebly down, and got into a corner of the well-filled building in time to hear a good little sermon by the junior curate: very devout, and unaffected: the first I had heard since January, and then I only heard myself. I fear the critical spirit will not go even from a failing preacher. For I added, that day, ‘Who could make a sermon quite worthy of the magnificent text: “I am He that liveth, and was

dead, and am alive for evermore"?' I read Lowell's Letters, two big volumes, which I found very tiresome and uninteresting: my own fault. But I quite understood why, when at p. 114 of Vol. II, I found 'To learn patience, read the works of A. H. K. B.' (*sic*). If you do not like a man, be sure he cannot like you.

On the morning of Tuesday May 14, the Bishop was to have gone up to Convocation: but he had suffered so much from asthma through the night that he could not. It was a disappointment to him: but it was pleasant for me. For the day being intensely hot, we sat out together a great deal, he listening patiently to my miserable talk. For as the blossoms and daisies grew more beautiful, one was always more crushed down. Now he set out his plan for me: that after my time at Aylesford I should return to him not till the end of June, but till August. This he pressed, urgently. But I was terribly anxious to try if I could do a little duty, and had arranged to return to St. Andrews to preach, if possible, on the first Sunday of July. I see him leaning over the terrace-wall, contemplating a beautiful pear-tree below, white and fragrant; and absolutely declaring that he would not permit this. How young he looked, the slender figure, as he sat down on the low wall, covered with roses, and said in a masterful way, 'You are not quite yourself: you can't judge what you should do: I am determined: you have to stay here till August:' August he was never to see! Then, 'Was it not curious? I felt, on Sunday, that you would be walking away down to the church. You see, we understand each

other.' He was kinder than ever, but there was a curious change. I felt he thought he was speaking to a dying man.

We had a man with us for two nights who interested us all, and who had been heavily bereaved but was bearing up as some cannot under the like. He was cousin of my old Professor, Lushington of Glasgow : who got the Greek Chair when Tait, only Fellow of Balliol, declined it ; but beating Robert Lowe. Professor Lushington's wife was Tennyson's sister. Strange, how after long time you meet with a name which has been familiar. For our visitor was son of the famous ecclesiastical judge, Dr. Lushington : who could have told all the truth about Lord and Lady Byron. And from boyhood I had unreasonably disliked the name : for that he and my uncle whose name I bear had been rival candidates for the undesirable burgh of the Tower Hamlets : and at the poll Dr. Lushington had the assurance to beat my uncle : an unpardonable offence to a little boy. Mr. Lushington had been high in the Indian Civil Service, and had been in the midst of the Mutiny. He was able to tell us very striking and interesting things. He had met Norman Macleod on his Indian mission-tour : and had heard the very ancient story of 'The wee man may pray, but the big man maun tak' an oar,' transferred from the Highland loch where it might possibly have been true, to the Ganges where it was quite unthinkable.

The blossoms went over this year far too soon. On Wednesday May 15 they were fading fast. We were to have sat out that afternoon. But the day was doubtful and the Bishop had been asthmatic : he was to preach

twice at Bournemouth on Sunday, and it was well to be careful. So the last chance of being out together passed away. Only four at dinner : the Bishop and I, Sybil and Miss Butler. What is best remembered is that I found with great surprise that my friend had never read the awful ghost-story in *Redgauntlet*. I lament to say that he did not fully accept anything said by me to the glory of the greatest Scotsman and just about the best : the beloved Sir Walter. He used to smile at my determination never to add the surname. But that evening he read *Wandering Willy's Tale*. And he was impressed duly by that grandest of all such stories : which only a Scotsman could have written. I have seen him, wearied out, drop asleep after dinner over very high-class literature. But this evening he was specially wide-awake. That man is little to be envied who, in the circumstances, would not be so.

The next day I made out what was for me the trying journey to Aylesford. For I am a wretched and incapable traveller. Yet, looking back, it appears simple. I left Farnham at 1.55. Alone to London. But at Waterloo my three boys, Frank, Bertie and Charley were waiting ; and they saw me off from Charing Cross at 4.32, the Curate travelling thence with me. Harry was waiting at Aylesford Station. At the Vicarage, where I was to be till June 13, the Vicar and his wife were kind beyond expression. Indeed, the charming Mrs. Grant has been like a daughter for long. Bertie went straight off to have service in the little church at Eccles. Next day, in winter cold, Harry departed for Dublin. I walked along the Medway with

him to the railway : the longest walk yet. I cannot refrain from giving a letter which came that morning from the friend departed. One sees the sympathetic thoughtful nature of the man who, torn asunder with engagements beyond his strength, would write so.

Farnham Castle, Surrey : May 16, 1895.

DEAREST BOYD,—I am thinking of you on your solitary journey, and shall miss you a great deal. Never have I enjoyed a visit from you more. It was so pleasant to see you day by day putting on your old looks, and quietly being happy with all the happiness that is possible for you just now.

Next week, I have seven Confirmations ; and then go to Bournemouth for two big sermons. ‘As thy day, so shall thy strength be.’

If I thought I was wilfully tempting God in working, I should hesitate to rest on that promise. But I don’t feel to be. On Saturday I confirm at Blackmour.

Now, dear fellow, the Lord be with you, and give you peace always by all means. He has been very close to you lately. Or perhaps I should say, He has brought you very close to himself, and things you would not learn before are now in possession of your heart.

Another thing. Common sorrow deepens a sense of brotherliness.

My love to Bertie.

Most affectionately,

A. W.

Thinking of the patient and never-failing sympathy of the best man I ever knew, one thinks how another very dear friend somehow failed to understand human beings placed as Bishop Thorold was. Here is a little bit from a long letter which I came upon last night.

MY DEAR BOYD,—You were meant for a Bishop, though I am glad you are not one. For I agree with my old friend Dean Milman (and with Luther too) that no good man ever undertook that office without being demoralised by it.

To have the honour and the rank without the deteriorating influence is a high privilege.

How gladly I would see you down here, and take you sailing over the waters which I have known and loved since my childhood.

Ever yours affectionately,

J. A. FROUDE.

This letter was written when I was Moderator. Froude could not be delivered from the idea that, as such, I had all the good of being an Archbishop and none of the evils. And little as he cared for titles, he delighted in the *Right Reverend*: so evanescent. But in these latter years, by way of solace on stepping down, an ex-Moderator is *Very Reverend* for his life. I think the good men rather like it. It has never been proposed to call us *Rather Reverend*: as a famous Bishop of Winchester once proposed concerning Rural Deans.

Lest it be omitted, I must here preserve a word about the Rector of Farnham. The Bishop knew not that long

before a year had passed, Mr. Simpkinson would be busy upon his own Life. These lines are from a letter dated Dec. 9, 1894. This is Dec. 5, 1895.

'Simpkinson has written a book, on a subject which he understands. He took his First in History, and Bishop Stubbs was his tutor. Both Gladstone and Bishop Stubbs highly approve of "Archbishop Laud," which is a brave, clear, well-proportioned, and thoroughly readable book : one of the few one wishes were longer. To-morrow 30 youths arrive to be examined. Don't you pity them,—and perhaps us? They are here three days.'

But we ought to have taken warning from repeated attacks of illness. That letter begins :

'You will wonder what has happened to me? The truth is, I have been in bed with an attack of bronchial asthma, which just knocked me down as a prize-fighter might knock down a St. Andrews student, and left me on my back to see how I liked it.'

He always wrote cheerily. Of course I gradually came to know he was sometimes depressed enough. But he kept his troubles to himself, bravely and resolutely. A bit of what Helps called 'real life' comes back out of the past gone for ever. We were talking of what we both had owed to our kind trained-nurses : of the unfailing patience and kindness with which they did their irksome and trying duty. We agreed that the pretty uniform was a good thing : marking them off. I said, 'The fact is, one does not think of them as human beings.' The Bishop assented with the deep feeling of one who had

gone through great bodily suffering : ‘ No : as angels ! ’ And of a surety, one has thought, very little lower indeed. Neither of us could ever be grateful enough, or speak warmly enough. Yet I recall what one of my nurses said to me : ‘ Now that you are no longer in immediate danger, the interest of the case is very much diminished. When one is fighting with death, it is quite different.’

I found, last night, a forgotten letter from Mr. Lowell. I trust no reader fancied I meant to deprecate that most eminent man, when I confessed with shame that I could not read him with interest. And against the declarations that he found me dismally dull, let me set some kind words. I had met him in Edinburgh, and been charmed with him in private : as I was with Matthew Arnold, whose writings I have always found most irritating : where not dull, infuriating. And when Mr. Lowell was run for our Lord Rectorship, I wrote to him. Here is a line from a long letter of reply :

‘ I have this morning received the objections made to my eligibility by the supporters of the other candidate. They seem to me reasonable, and more than probably valid. This does not prevent me, however, from thanking you warmly for the only too kindly tone of your congratulations, and from regretting that a connection with the University should not bring me into nearer personal relations with a man whom I so much respect. Whatever happens, your congratulations will always be among the pleasantest of the trophies I have brought away from the contest.’

Of course, Mr. Lowell was a most courteous gentleman. And when I had that long talk with him, I was able appropriately to quote certain lines from the Biglow papers. He was in fact elected Lord Rector by the votes of our students: but it was decided, very regrettably, that not being a British subject he was not eligible to hold the office.

At the same time with Mr. Lowell's letter, I found another, not without interest from a keen Presbyterian. I give a bit of it.

MY DEAR D.D.—I see you figuring in the *Scotsman* to-day. In the matter of Churches, no doubt that 'lecherous and treacherous Beast' Charles II was right after all. Episcopacy is the Church for gentlemen: Presbytery for men. Preach a sermon from that text, and I will come and hear you by express train, even though you do not read the Lesson of the Day.

Yours with human love and Christian catholicity,

J. S. BLACKIE.

Thus the genial Professor Blackie, soon to go. And the thought of quiet uplifting Sundays at Aylesford brings in a bit of a letter from the Autocrat: quite forgotten till now. Under the circumstances, I do not give its date. That is right, plainly. And coming from the delightful old man, it is pathetic.

MY DEAR DR. BOYD,—It is *Sunday*, and I have been to the only church or 'meeting house' in this little

village. I have heard a long sermon from the text 'God is love.' I had not thought it possible to get anything but sweetness out of those dear words. But such ranting and roaring as I have listened to have jarred my nerves as your poor Hoods and Thomas Airds were racked by crowing cock or other outward disturbance. So I have been sitting down and soothing myself, not to slumber, but to restful and cheerful peace with the Third Series of the 'Recreations.' I have found it full of interest, genial, often playful, but especially I have delighted in its personal particulars and anecdotes. First of all Norman Macleod, whose name I have long known, but of whom I never before had any clear picture in my mind: then kindly, sweet Dean Stanley, whom I met at our Rev. Phillips Brooke's at dinner when he was in Boston: and Charles Kingsley, whom I met and talked with at Mr. James T. Fields's.

My Sunday hours have passed most agreeably in reading about these, and the old Professor Buchanan, not to speak of the other papers: to one of which at least (At the General Assembly) I must return, for the controversies in the Scottish Church have a special hold on me, as running parallel with the conflicts in our own religious bodies. I can therefore thank you for your very pleasing and instructive Essays with a better conscience than I can to many distant friends who send me books I cannot read, and could not even if I had time.

How much we in New England and you in Scotland have in common! It would be as easy, doubtless to show

what differences there are between them, but the differences are largely external and the resemblances deeply rooted in a common human nature, acted on by many similar conditions. In both it is delightful to see the crude and bitter fruit of that gnarled and knotty old tree of Puritanism, rounding, ripening, colouring in the sunshine of a truer civilization.

Believe me, Dear Dr. Boyd, Very truly yours,

O. W. HOLMES.

The name of Kent is delightful to me as it was to Dickens. But, not to name the black shadow which was over all things, these were days of almost ceaseless pain, sometimes severe, and of incapacity for any employment but reading. But it was a lovely corner of the famous county, amid great cherry orchards and hop-gardens: where the red sails looked strange above the miraculously rich trees as they glided up and down the famous Medway: where blossoming hawthorns blazed as in Ayrshire when one was a boy: where huge elms towered towards heaven: where eight sweet bells filled the air round the beautiful church, in which daily prayer was wont to be made: a special help (never missed by me) to one who abides where the church, unless it be a show-place sought of sight-seers, is carefully locked up from Sunday to Sunday. I joyed, sadly, in the old bridge, crossed centuries since by Chaucer's Canterbury pilgrims: in the quaint tidy houses of the picturesque little town: in the beautiful antique house called *The Friars*, rising on one side

straight from the river, and on the other side charming with an old-fashioned garden: in the grand avenues about Mr. Brassey's attractive mansion: in the rural path out to Eccles, Bertie's special 'corner of the vineyard': every spot associated with depressing pain. My first Sunday, May 19, was dismal December. On each of my four Sundays there I had the great privilege of Holy Communion: also on St. Barnabas' Day. This was Rogation Sunday. In the morning, the parish-church, bearing the name of St. Peter: a helpful service, a good congregation, excellent music, and an admirable sermon from the Vicar. The sixteenth Sunday since I ministered, or was at a complete service. In the evening I drove out to Eccles, St. Mark's: little more than a mile. It was pleasant to see how they had beautified the plain little church, and how carefully everything was done. The surpliced choir numbered twenty: and one felt the heartiness of the congregation, which quite filled the building. Bertie gave an excellent sermon on Prayer. Both the Vicar and he had not a scrap of 'paper.' It was most satisfactory to find that the pretty Vicarage, not a small one, was just as enjoyable a place to live in as Farnham Castle itself. For the great majority of the men who enter the Church will assuredly have to be content with the lesser dwelling. The next morning, early, the Vicar and Mrs. Grant departed for a holiday in Paris: and we remained in possession.

Thursday May 23 was Ascension Day. And that evening, at St. Mark's, where I was breaking no law in so doing, I said my first words, briefly. It was a delightful

thing to see 150 hard-working folk, after a hard day's work, come to church on a weekday evening. The hour was 7.30. The service was full choral. I could not stand. But I sat on a chair at the entrance to the chancel, and spoke for twelve minutes without book. I was thankful to have done it : but it was startling to find how thin, weak, and unmanageable was my voice : rather terrible, indeed. But I cannot forget the wonderful kindness of many of the congregation when service was over. It was more like the demonstrative Methodists than the staid Church of England. And nothing has cheered me nearly so much, since I went down, as to see how my son's services were valued by the kind good people among whom his work had lain. On Sunday May 26 I went with him to early Communion in the parish-church. Then he went to his service and schools at Eccles : and in the evening I went to the parish-church, where he did the whole service save the Lessons. The Anglican Clergy, all I have known, work at very high pressure. When I was a boy, the Church work of Scotland was much the harder. But the Church of England has come up from that easy-going : and it is just the other way. Most of us work to the limit of our strength. But services are multiplied in England, to a degree quite unparalleled here. It was very long since my boy and I had so many days together. And I was profoundly interested in seeing all he did : and deeply thankful that he had found his life-work in a sphere which so exactly suited him. The work of either National Church is the happiest of all, if it is the work for which

God made you : the most miserable of all, if that be not so.

I could expatriate on that time : but I must not. But on the evening of St. Barnabas I was at a festival which interested me greatly. It was a tea party in the school at Eccles to the Sunday-school Teachers and Choir : 62 were present. Everything was most hearty : the arrangements perfect. I have often been at the like in Scotland : and it was curious to mark the points of entire resemblance, and the points of great difference. Old Lord Eldon said that a Trustees' Dinner 'lubricates business.' I am quite sure that a big congregational tea party makes the parochial machinery play sweetly. The hymns of the two countries are now much alike : the songs are extremely unlike. The speeches are identical, to a startling degree. *Auld Lang Syne* would not be intelligible in Kent : and a touching song, of no small length, plainly immensely popular at Eccles, splendidly given by one in authority in the Flock there (not the parson), of which every verse ended with the words 'and live on Water-Creases,' save the last, which concluded with the words, enthusiastically received, 'as green as Water-Creases,' would not have been understood at St. Andrews : save by the rare Londoner there.

I hated everything I read in that time of suffering and darkness, save only Galt's *Annals of the Parish*. I had long possessed that work, but could not but get the beautiful edition in two volumes which the famous House of Blackwood published in the first days of June. When

I read the book as a youth, it was the comic side of it that impressed me. Now, it appeared as a work of the deepest pathos. It can hardly be praised too highly. Unhappily, you must know Scotland well to appreciate it duly. The first thing I composed after incapable months was a little review of it which I dictated to Bertie. I carried the book with me when I returned to Farnham Castle : it was the last that the Bishop of Winchester read through, he lying in his bed of suffering. But he enjoyed it thoroughly ; and repeatedly quoted with delight the good author's final words : 'Really I have no more to say, saving only to wish a blessing on all people from on high, where I hope soon to be, and to meet there all the old and long-departed sheep of my flock, especially the first and second Mrs. Balwhidders.' The beloved Prelate likewise was deeply touched by the hope expressed by the simple yet shrewd old Scotch minister, that the 'time will come to pass when the tiger of Papistry will lie down with the lamb of Reformation, and the vultures of Prelacy be as harmless as the Presbyterian doves.' I never have seen anything of the vulture about Prelacy, and just this morning I have sorrowfully read in a newspaper a letter from a leading minister of a dissenting Presbyterian 'Boaddy' in which there is no trace whatever of the dove. It is sad to see the smartness of a specially vulgar and brutal Old Bailey barrister, such as I remember long ago, applied to the vilification of the decorous churches and ritual of the amended National Kirk. I doubt not the unhappy man knows no better.

I shall never see Aylesford again. For the Vicar is now Rector of Guildford, and his Curate has gone with him : certainly to a greater sphere of usefulness. My last day there was Wednesday June 12. The Vicar was away in London, doing important duty. That evening we had a helpful service at the parish-church. My boy did it all : and gave an excellent little sermon on The Trinity. I heard it with devout thankfulness.

Nor did I mind at all, when informed that a bright young licenciate, having made application for a vacant living, was met with the intelligent remark from the Session-Clerk, 'Na, Na : we'll hae nane o' Doakter Byde's kitlins here!' Kitlins was his way of saying kittens. Thus did he indicate the fine young fellows who had helped me in my services. They would be sure (he thought) to be Episcopalians : possibly Papists.

But though an occasional well-meaning blockhead may seek to trip them up, my young workers have had their full share of preferment. And some have risen just as high as can be here.

CHAPTER XIV

THE LAST OF FARNHAM CASTLE

ON one of my Aylesford Sundays, I had a letter from Sybil that her father was ill in bed ; and that to his great sorrow he could not take the Ordination in Winchester Cathedral to which he had looked forward with great interest. I felt I ought not to trouble him by going back : but received an urgent message that nothing must prevent my coming : that he had been looking forward to it, and was getting better. Thursday June 13 was his birthday. He was seventy : but when well, looked about fifty-five, and said he 'felt about forty.' At morning service in the parish-church we had special prayer for him : 'formerly Bishop of this Diocese.' When I reached the Castle, very shaky and anxious, I was grieved to find the Bishop was still in bed, weak. The Doctor said I must not see him : it would prevent his sleeping to talk eagerly as he was sure to do. He thought of everything, and had directed that I was to take the Chapel service each morning : the evening services to be suspended for a little. On the evenings of Whitsun-Day and Trinity Tuesday I had preached at Eccles, and found my voice becoming manageable. But nothing so prepared me for taking up

part of my duty at St. Andrews as that regular reading prayers in the Chapel at the Castle. It was helpful in more important ways: and I was thankful for it. But it was bringing back my voice. I do not know what Liddon would have said if he had heard me regularly reading the Absolution: on more than one occasion over a Bishop devoutly kneeling. I felt quite entitled so to do. On the afternoon of Friday June 14, I went slowly up the long stair to the Keep: this for the first time this year. The roses and honeysuckle were most beautiful: also the view through the trees of the quiet lovely English landscape round. On Saturday Baillie came: left on Loch Maree, far away. He remained at the Castle till its master was carried out of it. That evening we went up the Keep together.

Next day, Sunday June 16, to the parish-church. All as usual, and an excellent sermon from the Rector. We stayed to Communion. Curious, walking up to the Castle, I met a gentleman last seen at Strathpeffer: which is not seven hundred miles from Farnham, but about ten thousand. He and his daughters were staying at the hotel, both our years there.

It was very strange to be in the house, not allowed to see the Bishop till the Longest Day. Dorothy was away at her nursing work: but Sybil saw him continually, and reported. I did not get frightened: but Baillie did. We both knew how he had thrown off illness before: and we knew how the arrears of diocesan work accumulating would lie heavy on him. When at length the cautious

Doctor allowed me to see him for just ten minutes, I was cheered. It was merely precaution. He looked quite himself: bright, cheery, affectionate as always through these thirty-three years of our friendship. He told about himself: but was anxious to know what I was doing. I told him that the Editor of a monthly of tremendous circulation for which I had already written had asked me when at Aylesford for a paper: that I had answered I could not write: but that since coming back to the Castle I had tried to do just a daily line. Indeed it was the first thing which lifted me a little out of the dust. For though my friend had thought I was reviving when here before, it was only when making an effort before people. Most of the day I was in my room alone. I called my little paper *At the Castle*: and Mr. Baillie made the most charming pictures of the historic palace, to illustrate my pages. Though it helped, many will understand how sad it was to take up the long-abandoned pen, and to write a little in a hand which was not like mine. Froude used to say my handwriting never changed: but Froude did not see these sorrowful pages. On Saturday evening a great Doctor came down from London to see the Bishop. He stayed to dinner. Somehow, though a quiet man, he had the manner which inspired confidence. But he said little of his patient.

One day that week twenty-four Winchester boys came, with the Head-Master Dr. Fearon. He was singularly bright and natural: yet he felt his awful charge. We remembered how Dr. Vaughan had said that no man

could be a Head-Master for more than fifteen years. But we thought of Bishop Moberly's thirty. Dr. Fearon, like Bishop Wordsworth and Bishop Ryle, had received priests' orders in the chapel here. In my peculiar fashion, I ascertained that the terrace before the Castle was 223 steps in length : and that the steps up to the Keep were 79. Ten great boxes of red geraniums were set along the terrace : and the low wall bounding it blazed now with great red roses. It was on the Longest Day itself, which blazed like that of which Wordsworth wrote the famous poem, that I noted how, beautiful as things were, the apple and cherry blossoms of a month ago were gone, and one missed them. And I thought to myself, it need not be said under what association, that it would not be wise or right to sit down here : and, mourning over the beauty gone, to forget the beauty which was present. I am quite aware, though the thought has no practical force at all, that while we miss continually what has gone out of our life, it is probably wrong to refuse to think of anything but our loss. Gone, like the blossoms, are those who were dearest. The low voice, the appealing look, can never come back. As Shakspere said, plainly thinking the fact could not be emphasised too much, 'Never, never, never, never, never !' It must be elsewhere that we shall meet again.

June 23 was Sunday. The record of the time says, 'Please God, St. Andrews this day fortnight. But I dare not think of it. Jehovah-Jireh.' I could not see the Bishop : a disappointment. But morning service at the

parish-church was pleasant: though I had to sit while people stood. Baillie and I went up the Keep, and looked at the roses. I had hoped to go to evensong, but it was terribly hot, and I feared the walk. So I took to my essay, and finished it. Only begun on Tuesday. Not bad, for a weary and broken soul. ‘It has taken up my mind, and helped just a little. My first writing since I was left alone.’ But next day was a great day. The Bishop had been taken into the great drawing-room, and was getting perfectly well. I saw him for 35 minutes. That day I wrote a letter at his dictation: no mortal would have guessed that the sender of that letter was not in cheery health. Bright was the word: we both laughed: even I in some kind of desolate way. I marked the wistful face with which he watched me. As the touching poem, *Death in Yarrow*, says, ‘Well he kenned, I warrant, There is something wrang for a.’ He never dreamt that he was to go first. And surely as he believed he would go to far better, there is the leaning to the ‘dear green earth’: and he was cheerful because he was getting well. I remember how thoroughly he sympathised with the poor Scotch minister who would go from something very different from Farnham Castle and the See of Winchester; but who desired to abide here. The good old elder said, in his shrewd way, ‘Oor minister aye preaches aboot goin’ to Heaven; but he’ll never go to Heaven as long as he can get stoppin’ in Drumble!’ We desire, more than anything, to meet again those we have lost: but we should like them to walk into the room where we work, in the

old likeness that we knew. Did not one once solemnly say to me,—one who will not mind at all now though I repeat his words,—‘ She came back to me last night : she came into a room I did not know, where there were other people, looking bright and well, and exactly as she used to be. But I said to her, I am afraid I am dreaming : Surely you died, and I saw you lying dead : Tell me, was that all wrong, and are you here with me as we were so long ? But she only smiled, and gave me no answer : I don’t remember her speaking at all. Then I said again, I am terribly afraid I am dreaming, and that you are not really here. I took both her hands, and held them fast : they were warm, and her face was smiling. I said oh tell me the truth : are you really here, or am I dreaming it ? As I said this with terrible anxiety, the hands melted away, and the face faded, smiling still : and I knew I had only dreamt she had come back to me.’

It was now he said how much he had liked the *Annals of the Parish*. I had sent him the book by Sybil, thinking it just suited one in his state. It was no effort to read it. It treated the kind of work to which the Bishop had given his life. And it suggested no painful thoughts. A mild cheerfulness was there, along with the homely pathos. And the occasional poke at the Church of England amused. As when Mr. Balwhidder mentioned that some found fault with him for marrying a good girl in the parish to a ‘Papist’: but that ‘as Miss Caroline had received an Episcopalian education I thought it of no consequence.’ Would any one out of Bedlam suppose,

because the Bishop smiled pleasantly at this, and the like of this, that he was not loyal to his own great Communion? Only such as the contemptible blockhead who sent me yesterday a malicious anonymous letter abusing me for knowing so many of the Anglican hierarchy. I confess I have had a large acquaintance there. In not one solitary case was it of my seeking. It came to me.

All those closing days at the Castle, save slowly walking down to the Post-office daily, I never went out of the grounds: hardly even into the Park. But now, looking forward to what I might never be able to do, I began on Tuesday June 25 to write a sermon to be my first at St. Andrews. Different indeed from the Bishop's elaborate University Sermon, all written on a Sunday afternoon. For I wrote a little bit daily, and the discourse was seldom out of my mind till I finished it on Sunday June 30, my last whole day there. On Wednesday June 26 came Mr. Awdry and his wife, to stay till Saturday. On that day he, with others, was to be consecrated in great St. Paul's: which a good many people do not know is London Cathedral. The one English Cathedral which is habitually called by its saint's name. If you asked a cabman to drive you to St. Peter's he would not know that you were, in pedantic fashion, naming the great Abbey. Which of course is not an Abbey, but an Abbey Church. This is meant for the information of those who know not that Cathedral is an adjective: and is used as a noun exactly as is the adjective locomotive. On that grand summer day, I had a long talk with the Bishop, and found him specially

cheery. He had been interested in a special Scotch number of the illustrated weekly, called *The Gentlewoman*. It gave a number of excellent portraits of Scotsmen, more or less known to him: and among them a pretty picture of my study, and a portrait, approved by her who is gone, of my unworthy self. I was not allowed to see him again till Saturday. Now, for the first time, I found him very desponding. He had had a night of much suffering and no sleep: and he said to me, very solemnly, that through that dark time he had given up, and wished to be at rest. Every morning he was specially prayed for in the Chapel service. And it is, to some, a very perplexing and disheartening question, that matter of the efficacy of the most earnest prayer. I said all I could: though it was not for me to counsel one so much my better. And I had gone through it all myself.

But Sunday June 30 was quite different. Slowly, alone, through a dark, cold day, to morning church: thinking, confusedly, of that day twelve months, our first Sunday at far Strathpeffer. One thing which had made Saturday a sad day to my host was that he was cut off from taking part that day in the consecration of his suffragan. He never said so. I remember his words, years before, 'I feel these things, but I don't speak of them.' Some poor souls cannot feel anything very deeply, without speaking of it to some one very dear. I stayed, that last day, to Communion. I wonder, this sunshiny December day, if I shall ever again be so present in an English church. Indeed, I have a strong conviction. The little

party was at afternoon tea in the 'winter drawing-room,' when a message came that the Bishop wished particularly to see me. I found, thankfully, that the cloud of yesterday had quite passed away : he was at his cheeriest, and even more than commonly kind. 'Have you finished your sermon?' I had done so, a few minutes before. 'Now bring it and read it to me : I want particularly to hear it.' I never addressed a great congregation with more feeling, than I did that one hearer, listening to the last of the innumerable sermons of his life of three score years and ten. 'That text is a sermon, for both of us.' 'So soon as I shall see how it will go with you.' He could not remember, for a minute, where the solemn words stand. They are the Saint's whose name the Cathedral bears, where he had prayed to be yesterday. Then I went on. I never had more earnest hearer, anywhere. He lay on a sofa in the great drawing-room, with the magnificent avenue in the Park before him. Two or three times, he murmured a word. Nobody ever understood that sermon better. Well he knew what was in my mind in writing it, though it was not said.

I trust it is not conceited to say that from the day, nearly thirty-four years before, when he wrote to me (a stranger) the long letter which began our friendship, we were each aware of a great sympathy : never more than at the last. He had said, years before, but when a Bishop, that I was one of his two best friends : far different from mine, of a surety, was the worldly place of the other. I wonder whether the like was ever said, before, by a great

Prelate to a humble Presbyter!¹ He suggested no change in the sermon. But when I got back to St. Andrews, and sent him the proof of the Essay *At the Castle*, for the first time he pressed for several changes. I made them all. For I saw that writing in a weak feverish state, I had written some things better left unsaid. Indeed, when the paper was published,² and I read it, finding it quite new to me, I felt I might have struck out more. But it was received everywhere (that I know of) with kind sympathy. One could speak out one's heart in what was never to be spoken, as in a sermon it could not be.

We had a long time together, that Sunday evening. His way was to part extremely quickly, and with few words. Now it was different. And another message came at 9 P.M., asking me to go back. Then I would not stay long: remembering how a dignitary, allowed to see him for ten minutes, remained an hour: and that night could not the Bishop sleep, like the monarch of old. Next morning, Monday July 1, I was arrayed in his surplice for the last time, and took the Chapel-service: concluding it, as several times before, with the beautiful short intercessions from the Communion Service at St. Giles' when I was Moderator,—and ever since, when the Moderator possessed some measure of taste and culture. But I have heard of a Moderator who, blundering lamentably through a wedding, knew not that only the Christian names are given in saying the binding words: of another,

¹ *Occasional and Immemorial Days:* pp. 145 sq. *The Condition always Understood.*

² *The Quiver*, November 1895.

who said in a loud voice, ‘Let Parties join hands !’: and of a lowly attendant upon one who, being unhappily permitted to assist at a wedding, when the celebrant dictated the words to the ‘Parties,’ giving only the Christian names, thought that this was a blunder, and burst in, for both man and woman, with a loud ejaculation of the surname in either case. I can say no better for the St. Giles’ collects (of course from ancient sources) than that a Bishop who joined in them in that chapel thought them worthy to come where they did. When ready to go, up the Keep once more, and three times round it looking diligently at the roses : then the familiar terrace for the last time. Finally, a long talk with the Bishop, extremely well and cheerful on this parting day. We talked of plans for the months before us, as often before. But he pulled up sharp ; and said, very seriously, ‘That will be decided on, so soon as I shall see how it will go with me.’ It was I, to-day, who would have parted quickly. But he kept me, in an unusual way : I knew what was in his mind. At length I must go. His last words were of blessing. I left him in that grand apartment, where the great portraits of his predecessors look down from the walls in their garter mantles : poor enough creatures some.

After that, I came away from the Castle as quickly as I could. I rested that night in London, and the following night in Edinburgh. There on Wednesday morning my boy Harry appeared, having left Dublin the evening before. Then having reached St. Andrews on the afternoon of that July 3, I have never left it since. And this is Saturday

December 7. Arriving here, as often before, a little letter was waiting me, written after I came away. It was very short. ‘Farnham Castle, Monday. “Fear not, but let your hands be strong.” With much love, A. W.’ As with my own more familiar text, I knew not where these words could be found. They come from an Old Testament prophet.¹ Of course, an infinity of things to be thought of. But next day, in wonderful summer, we went along South Street, beautiful with the limes, to the Cathedral. The churchyard was grand, with its two ruined Cathedral churches, and the bright blue sea so near, below. Our own sacred spot was there: the turf blazing green, and a cross of roses laid on it.

That same day, another letter from Farnham. The reference at the beginning of it is to one I wrote to the Bishop from the University Club at Edinburgh, where I abode on Tuesday night after coming from London by the great train.

Farnham Castle, Surrey : Wednesday afternoon.

DEAREST BOYD,—Your letter just come, and in such a steady tranquil handwriting. All yesterday I was thinking of you, and also to-day. I am not quite sure if it is morning or afternoon, when you preach at St. Mary’s. I rather hope you won’t attempt the parish-church just yet.

Baillie is quietly happy, and eagerly expecting Cassell’s reply. There can be no doubt that he has done them very prettily. I wonder what the title of your paper

¹ Zech. viii. 13.

will be. Good-bye. It makes me quite happy to think of your having been here, but you know I wanted to keep you till the end of the month.

Most affectionately,

A. W.

Sunday July 7 came : anxiously anticipated. It was the season of visitors : and St. Mary's, sometimes 'thin' enough when we are left to ourselves, was very densely packed in every corner : a cheering sight even to me. The Choir was full, and the music lifted up. It was strange, putting on one's bands again ; and the robes : as never looked for. And the sermon read at the Castle the Sunday before, kept attention. The record of the day says, 'Feeling enough, but holding tight.' I wrote to the Bishop that afternoon. But Monday brought a letter from him, showing that he had been remembering, kindly.

Farnham Castle, Surrey : Sunday afternoon, July 7, 1895.

DEAREST BOYD,—So the sermon is over. I long to know how you bore it. The text was a sermon in itself. This afternoon, when I have been sitting out in the grounds, I trust you have been resting : and soon the reaction will come, and you will feel all the old love and delight in the duty, which if judiciously curtailed, I expect with your eminently strong constitution and hereditary longevity, you may discharge with undiminished blessing for ten years to come. You are really much stronger and younger than I am : and I have more scars.

C C

Your paper I have read twice, with deep interest. It is very pathetic, and will moisten not a few eyes among your innumerable friends. . . . In my own judgment, you are likely to live in the hearts of Scotchmen even more by what you have done to elevate and dignify their public worship both in prayer and praise, than by the Recreations themselves. The Scottish Hymnal is the delight of my life. I love the book.

Are you quite sure that the present Head Master of Winchester College was ordained in this chapel? I never heard it. The present Warden of New College was: so also the Bishop of Liverpool.

I am better. Baillie is still here. You are constantly in my thoughts.

Ever most affectionately,

A. W.

The next morning Bishop Wilkinson, formerly of Truro, who succeeded Bishop Wordsworth here, and was here for the Sunday, came in: as kind as could be. He said they had remembered me at the Communion yesterday. But indeed, in all my trouble, there was no place where I was remembered more kindly and constantly than in the Episcopal Church of this place. That day Professor Story came to stay a few days. It was a great comfort to see him once more. On Sunday July 14, when I attempted the parish-church for the first time, I felt it as a privilege that he was with me and took the prayers. A very fine young fellow, Reid, one of the staff of St. Giles' Cathedral,

read the Lessons. The church was as plain as ever. But there was a vast crowd : and the chief thing about any church is the congregation. It was near six months since I had been there : and I had never thought to be there again. The week before had brought the last two letters I was ever to receive from my best friend. And that Sunday evening I wrote to him for the last of countless times.

Farnham Castle : Wednesday July 10, 1895.

DEAREST BOYD,—Thank you so much for your letter. Baillie's drawings had not been done on smooth paper, which is essential to photographic reproduction : but he is gallantly doing them over again ; and he thoroughly enjoys his task.

I don't think it good for you being alone. One thing that did you good here was having people with you at your meals. As for myself, I am really getting on at last. I sit and drive out, and potter about the place on foot, and get some difficult letters done. But my head is not quite fresh yet, which perhaps is as well. The weather here is splendid. How I wish we had you back !

Ever most affectionately,

A. WINTON.

Then the last letter of all. He knew that I was looking out the material for a final volume of sermons. It was time to stop : for this was my fifteenth such volume. My first proof came just a week after he died. And the book was published in the first days of October.

Farnham Castle : Friday July 12, 1895.

DEAREST BOYD,—I particularly want to know the subjects of your *Sermons*.

Baillie is working hard at the *Quiver* sketches.

I am distinctly and solidly better ; but writing soon tires me.

I am constantly thinking of you.

Most affectionately,

A. WINTON.

He wrote that letter on Friday. It reached me on Saturday evening. I answered it fully on Sunday. But that Sunday he sat out a while in the grounds, not adequately wrapped up : and got the fatal chill. It was with him exactly as it had been with me. Only he was taken from his great place, and I struggled back to my modest one, maimed, and good for little. It was Sunday July 14. By Tuesday there was little hope. Baillie wrote to me on that day, and every day after till the end. Thorold had been improving steadily. He was able to lunch with the family one day, ‘full of chaff and good humour.’ He was a cheery man, to have gone through so much. There was great pain : and by midnight on Tuesday the relatives were written to. A great London surgeon, summoned on Wednesday, said it was possible he might get through : and that afternoon he was able to read the newspaper, but was not allowed to look at his letters. A Bishop’s letters are sure to bring worry : they are often what Thackeray called ‘thorn letters.’ My last two were not

opened. On Saturday the Bishop was confident: but Baillie's letter was desponding. After Sunday there was no hope: and the brave young Dorothy, called from her nursing, saw it. The daily letter grew heart-breaking. And when a telegram came from Farnham at 8 in the morning of Thursday July 25, I knew what it must be. He had departed at the beginning of that day. Only one blow could have fallen heavier on this house: and that had fallen a few days more than four months since. On July 21 I had written, 'I am continually praying that Thorold may be spared. I know he would like to live.' On the day he was taken, I read over his last letters with many tears. On Saturday a telegram came from Dorothy, asking to stay there for the funeral, on Monday July 29. But I was absolutely forbidden. Yet he had made me solemnly promise to go: and he was to be here if I went first. But, as that sermon bore for its title, 'The Condition always Understood.'

On Sunday I preached in the parish-church at morning service, everything being taken for me save the short sermon. There was a great crowd. I said not one syllable about the unutterable loss: yet every word of that discourse was indeed inspired by it. The record of the day says, 'Wonderful how I got through my sermon, not breaking down: for I break down continually when by myself.' It need not be said that with such a man, 'there was no lying in state, nor anything of that kind.' That vile mockery is for quite different people. I fancy it is done with now, in this country. That evening, I preached

a second time, at evensong at St. Mary's: a service I always delighted in. But I got such a warning that I shall attempt it no more.

At the hour of the funeral I read the burial service: but it seemed vain. It was a solemn time in Winchester Cathedral. The two Archbishops were there, and many Bishops and Clergy. The service was read by the Dean of Winchester, the Bishop of Rochester, and the Archbishop of Canterbury. At the grave, as he had told me years before, they sang 'Now the labourer's task is o'er.' So, under the green turf outside his Cathedral Church, in the spot which he had chosen, Bishop Thorold of Winchester was left to his rest.

Often he had said to me, 'We know nothing distinctly of the state after death. The longer we think, the less.' 'It doth not yet appear what we shall be.'

Several of those present, with sympathetic kindness, sent long letters describing the funeral. I wonder if the dear Bishop was looking on. The warmth of affection shown by very many would have soothed his heart. I am afraid by this time he knows what poor creatures are certain of his friends, who were transfigured by his loving nature. Keen, brave, determined, he was all that. But that sweet amiability was the main characteristic. Once, or twice, I have known him singularly misjudge character. He was so good a man, that he thought others like himself. And they were not so.

Many sayings, many looks, came back from the past, in these last days. Many playful words: many as solemn

as could be. When Rector of St. Giles, I was staying with him in Bedford Square: and going down to the Sunday School, he pointed to a fine range of building he had got up. ‘A fine piece of brickwork. It was not I that built it: it was Christ.’ I never have passed the spot without recalling the words. Then, ‘My great ambition is to write a book that should be read: and to build a church that should be filled.’ Then I thought of his verses, when he had to resign St. Giles’ through failing health: ‘Shall I go, or stay?’ and the fervour with which, praying without book, he took the ‘Spare useful lives’ of our floating liturgy. I recall the bright letter, ‘I am going to be married to Emily Labouchere’: and then he expatiated, pleasantly. He was a very special friend of Archbishop Tait; and was profoundly interested in things I could tell him of the Primate’s early days. And the long journeys came back, generally with Baillie for companion: Mexico, ‘The Rockies,’ Vancouver, Alaska, the village in the United States called *Thorold*, where of course he preached: Australia and Japan. These were the things that rested him, and he looked forward to his long voyages like a schoolboy. ‘I know you think us two fools, for being so excited about all this.’ How hard he tried to get me, a stay-at-home soul, to go with him: vividly picturing out what we should see. ‘You must have a water-shed in your life: eight or nine months off duty. You never have had a proper holiday.’ Which indeed was true. I recall Stanley, when Thorold was appointed Bishop. It had been put about that he was to

run off to America for a rest before his consecration. ‘That shows greater firmness than I thought Thorold possessed. It shows he’s fit to be a Bishop.’ Which some had doubted, who did not know him. No one who did. But it is a fact, to my own knowledge, that one placed high, who in a little while was to declare that Thorold was the ideal English Bishop, on a certain morning opened his *Times*: of a sudden exclaimed ‘Who do you think is to be Bishop of Rochester?’ and then violently pitched the paper to the other end of the room. Never was a more mistaken judgment expressed in this world. Never was judgment more penitently retracted. Knowing the Bishop as I knew him, I yet never told him *that*.

‘Do you remember that first letter I wrote to you, which was the beginning of our friendship? After I had written it, I kept it the whole afternoon before I could screw up courage to send it away. It was the only letter I ever wrote to any unknown author.’ I remember it, very vividly. It was the solitary letter that ever came to me, addressed to ‘The Author of *Leisure Hours in Town*.’ I regard the coming of that letter, and what followed upon it, as happy an incident as ever befell me in what, amid many troubles and anxieties, has been, at the University, in my profession, and otherwise, a modestly successful life.

I know how it has been said, by a malignant person in my own Communion, ‘Oh, his great friend is the Bishop of Winchester: He has no business in the Kirk

at all. When he was in Edinburgh, his great friend was Dean Ramsay. Let him take himself off.'

It was something like an echo of that stupid saying, when a big English Prelate said to Bishop Thorold, ' You must make that great friend of yours a good Anglican.'

But the Bishop replied, without a smile : ' I confirmed and married his daughter. I ordained his son Deacon and Priest. He is not far from the Kingdom. He knows the Church of England just as well as you or I. He had me beside him when he was Moderator of the Kirk.'

Never far from Bishop Thorold indeed. Miles untold nearer to him than to some blatant spouters in my own Assembly, now removed. And where he is now, though I cannot see or hear him for the present hour, nearer to him than ever.

I said, as I drew a previous volume to its close, that if I was permitted to complete thirty years in this charge, I might yet be able to tell the story of the years since the Twenty-Five. I have been allowed to do so. And it has lifted some little out of the dust to write these pages. The daily task of work is the best thing, now. I cannot get through the parochial duty out of doors, as of old. I need not wonder, entered a good many weeks on my forty-sixth year as a preacher. Most of those who started with me have dropt in the way. Only once each Sunday I attempt to preach : but the work remains very congenial, and I seem to have plenty to say. I think of Tulloch's consternation, when I said to him that I should

like to preach every day, if people would come to church. ‘You have a morbid appetite for going to church,’ he said sorrowfully. I do not expect ever to minister anywhere else. But I always preferred my own plain churches to any other. The weaver of Kilwinning prayed for ‘a good conceit of himself.’ But better still is it to be pleased with one’s surroundings. Twenty-three Sundays are gone since I read to Bishop Thorold that last sermon he was to hear. And I have been singularly happy in the help I have had. Long ago, at the funeral of an aged minister, I fear I smiled when a saintly old man whose work had lasted for near sixty years offered a suitable prayer wherein were words of which I knew not then the pathos. ‘We thank Thee that when our aged brother was no longer able to minister himself, Thou didst enable him to provide an asheestant to help him.’ The story went abroad that he added, ‘whom he paid out of his own pocket’; but I can testify he did nothing of the kind. People are very sympathetic and reasonable: remembering how I worked while I could. A limited number of unreasonable folk, while exhorting me not to work beyond strength, expect me to do *for them* all I could if in high health. But these are exceptions. And they mean well.

On one of the last days of the Bishop’s life, I received intimation that I had been appointed a Fellow of King’s College, London. There I went, ages ago, to the school, ruled by Dr. Major, a frightened Scotch boy. There, afterwards, I went as a lad to the College. Bishop

Lonsdale of Lichfield, then Principal, is gone long years since. But my Professor of Classics, the great Double-First, Archdeacon Browne of Wells, abides. The honour came to me too late to be much valued. But it was very kindly meant. And it is pleasant for me, placed where I am, to have my niche in a College severely Anglican.

Other things go on. A letter comes from Calcutta to St. Andrews (sometimes) in sixteen days: drawing the absent nearer. And the dear Tom Morris is content with me: my youngest boy ranks as a golfer. On the great day in September, he was just three strokes behind the winner of the blue ribbon of the Green, and he was equal with two players who had won it.

The outstanding visitors of these last days have been the late Home Secretary, Mr. Asquith, who is indeed our county member: and Mr. Crockett, kind, unaffected, natural: quite unspoiled, though as popular an author as writes our language at this present. The Marquis of Bute, elected our Lord Rector for a second term (I wish the other candidate Viscount Peel could have been elected too), is going on with his work among our ruined buildings. The undercroft of the Refectory of the Abbey has been beautifully restored: a charming piece of groining, finely executed by clever masons who never did the like before. It is a great thing to have a man of the highest culture in such things, who can afford to do what he desires. We can but hope that this most interesting restoration will be fully carried out. I have a conviction that it will be. Better still, if this born

architect would take in hand the restoration of the parish-church. For that will not be done in the life of this generation unless in such a case.

And how silently the people on Sunday August 18 listened to an Irongray sermon, first delivered on the banks of the beautiful Cluden on a bright autumn day when my wife was twenty-six and I was thirty-two! It was exuberant in words: but there were real truth and feeling there. And I was told, long ago, that the great Archbishop Whately had it read to him twice in the last week of his life. I wish to think the story true.

Now, on Sunday January 26, 1896, the Third after Epiphany, after morning service at St. Mary's, I read these last lines in print. The thirtieth Sunday since I left Farnham: the anniversary of the last Sunday of duty before our great trouble came. I have never been more than a mile from this house but once. Then I drove out two. Good old Archdeacon Browne of Wells has gone at last:¹ and Dr. Burns of Glasgow Cathedral, who preached for me on the first Sunday of November, hale and well, died yesterday: my junior.

A pleasant beginning of a better way which has just been made, may fitly find its record on my closing page.

In a time of deplorable taste, the ancient names of our streets were sacrilegiously tampered with. Fine old Scottish names, some of them beautiful, all of them quaint and characteristic, were cast out in favour of bogus new ones,

¹ *Ante*: p. 395.

absolutely without interest or significance, and just what might be found anywhere else. Two generations back, there were souls here who saw not that the entire charm and glamour of St. Andrews are in its antique air; and that to make it modern is to spoil it. I have indeed seen, not without emotion, the sacred city of a thousand years described, in a degrading advertisement, as ‘this rising and fashionable watering-place !’ It was a blow.

A row of houses, looking on pleasant gardens, built in what must here be called recent days, for long bore a name quite too insignificant to preserve. But it has just been given, by those ‘under the Queen and over us’ (to quote the floating liturgy), the suggestive name of Greyfriars’ Gardens: a name racy of the solemn spot, and accurately stating what the ground was centuries ago.

So we may hope that the grand old names of The Southgate, The Swallowgate, The Northgate, may be brought back to the places to which they of right belong. Even Kirk Wynd, Prior’s Vennel, The Huxter Wynd, and other characteristic titles. In deference to modern prejudice, and to avert conceivable deterioration of the value of house-property, possibly the ancient street known of old (doubtless for good reasons) as *The Foul Waste*, may be permitted to retain its recently-invented name.



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